

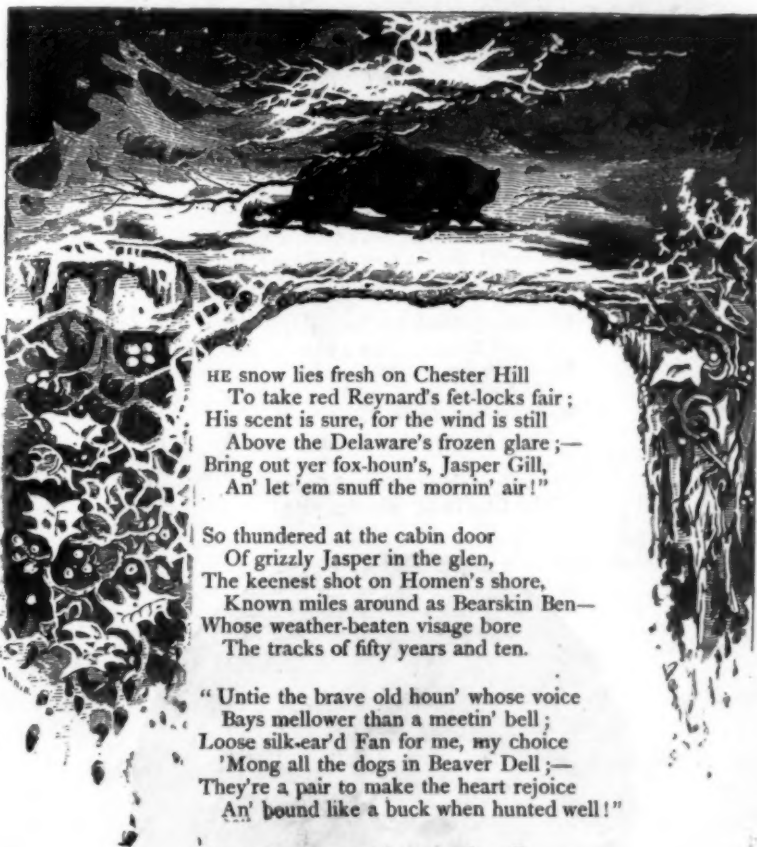
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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FEBRUARY, 1872.

No. 4.

THE FOX-HUNTERS.



HE snow lies fresh on Chester Hill
To take red Reynard's fet-locks fair ;
His scent is sure, for the wind is still
Above the Delaware's frozen glare ;—
Bring out yer fox-houn's, Jasper Gill,
An' let 'em snuff the mornin' air !”

So thundered at the cabin door
Of grizzly Jasper in the glen,
The keenest shot on Homen's shore,
Known miles around as Bearskin Ben—
Whose weather-beaten visage bore
The tracks of fifty years and ten.

“ Untie the brave old houn' whose voice
Bays mellowier than a meetin' bell ;
Loose silk-ear'd Fan for me, my choice
'Mong all the dogs in Beaver Dell ;—
They're a pair to make the heart rejoice
An' bound like a buck when hunted well !”

Gray Jasper hears his comrade call,
And, whistling to his eager pack,
Down snatches from the cabin-wall
His rifle, hung on stag-horn rack ;
Bids wife farewell till twilight-fall,
And strides away on the red-fox track.

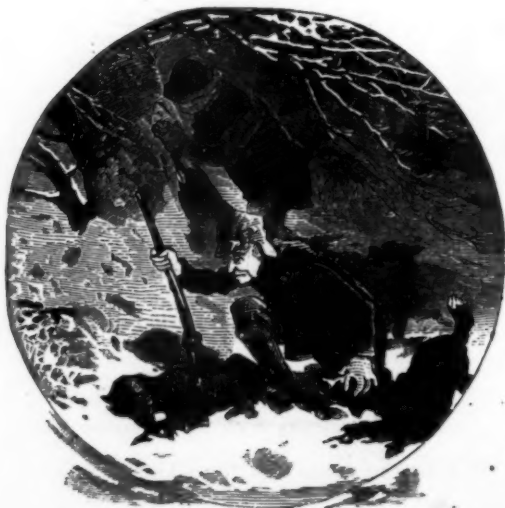
O'er mountain-crest, 'cross lowland vale,
Where Hero hotly leads the chase,



These bluff old woodsmen press the trail,
Close Indian-file, with tireless pace—
Till, hark ! the fox-hound's deep-toned hail
Proclaims the game on the home-stretch race.

Athwart the brow of Chester Hill
Scared Reynard, like a blazing sun,
Flies on before his foes until,
O'erleaping rock and ice-bound run,
He draws the aim of Jasper Gill
Along the barrel of his gun.

The ledges ring to the rifle's crack !
The fatal bullet whistles past !



A loud "halloo" comes echoing back
To Bearskin Ben, on the rising blast :
A crimson stream bedyes the track ;—
And Reynard strikes his flag at last !



"Call in the dogs !" cries Jasper Gill ;
"The sport is done, the chase is o'er ;—
I've gi'n yon thievin' skulk a pill !
He'll rob my poultry-yard no more.
Come, Ben, let's beat to the cabin sill,
Where the old wife waits us at the door."

Beside a roaring hickory blaze,
With laugh and joke and rustic cheer,
These glib-tongued cronies sound the praise
Of dog and gun in Molly's ear,
Till the old dame's needle almost plays
A tune through her good man's hunting-gear.



THE WONDERS OF THE WEST—II.

MORE ABOUT THE YELLOWSTONE.



THE GREAT CAÑON AND LOWER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE interesting accounts that have been given in this MONTHLY, from time to time, of the remarkable natural phenomena in the valley of the Yellowstone, have created a general interest throughout the country.

During the past summer the writer enjoyed unusual facilities for exploring this singular region, and he gladly bears witness that the statements of Mr. Langford were in no respect exaggerated. Indeed, it is quite impossible for any one to do justice to the remarkable physical phenomena of this valley by any description, however vivid. It is only through the eye that the mind can form anything like an adequate conception of their beauty and grandeur.

We may make our story more clear to our readers if we take as our starting-point Fort Ellis, a beautiful frontier military post, located near the head of the fertile valley of the Gallatin. By the great kindness of the officers of that post, we were provided with all the outfit that was necessary for our adventurous journey to the Yellowstone. On the 15th of July last we commenced our winding way over the grassy hills that form the divide

between the waters of the Missouri and Yellowstone. Our course was nearly due east for about thirty miles, when we came to the valley of the Yellowstone, and then we ascended the valley for ten miles farther, and pitched our permanent camp near Boteler's Ranch, close to the lower cañon, and at the farthest point to which it would be safe to go with our wagons. From this point we changed our mode of travel to pack-animals. Here began the more difficult part of our journey. The whole party were filled with enthusiasm to catch a glimpse of the wonderful visions of which we had already heard so much. Opposite our camp were the Yellowstone mountains, with peaks rising 12,000 feet above the sea-level and 6,000 feet above the valley. For beauty and symmetry of outline I have never seen this range equaled in the Far West, and several members of the party, who were familiar with the mountains of Central Europe, were struck at once with the resemblance to the Alps. But we will continue our way up the valley, leaving behind us the lofty volcanic hills, which wall us in on each side, and enter the lower cañon. Here granite walls rise on

either side to the height of a thousand feet or more, and through the narrow gorge the river dashes with great velocity. The bright green color of the water, and the numerous ripples, capped with white foam, as the roaring torrent rushes around and over the multitude of rocks that have fallen from above into the channel, give a most picturesque view to the eye as we look from our lofty heights. Not the least attractive feature, and one that to us amounted to a wonder, was the abundance of fine trout which the river afforded. There seemed to be no limit to them, and hundreds of pounds' weight of the speckled beauties were caught by the different members of our party. But we cannot linger here, although the scenery is very attractive, so we hasten on to the Devil's Slide, or Cinnabar Mountain, as it is usually called. It is one of the singular freaks of nature which occur very seldom in the West; is formed of alternate beds of sandstone, limestone, and quartzites, elevated to a nearly vertical position by those internal forces which acted in ages past to lift the mountain ranges into their present heights. As we stand at the base and look up the sides of the mountains, we are filled with wonder at the apparent evidences of the convulsions of nature which could have thrown 3,000 to 5,000 feet in thickness of rocks into their present position. Ridge after ridge extends down the steep sides of the mountain like lofty walls, the intervening softer portions having been washed away, leaving the harder layers projecting far above. At one locality the rocks incline in every possible direction, and are crushed together in the utmost confusion. Between the walls at one point is a band of bright brick-red clay, which has been mistaken for cinnabar, and hence the name of the mountain. The most conspicuous ridge is composed of basalt, and the igneous material was poured out on the surface when all the rocks were in a horizontal position during the Jurassic period. Indeed, all the rocks are either of the Carboniferous, Jurassic, or Cretaceous age. During the day we passed many



BATHING-POOLS; (DIANA'S BATH).

examples of volcanic action, which in any other region would have excited attention. Small lakes, covered with wild fowl and fringed with a luxuriant growth of vegetation, occupied the old volcanic craters. On the evening of the third day, as we came to the junction of Gardiner's River, the warm springs began to appear near the edge of the stream. The white calcareous deposit, which always indicates that those springs do exist, or have existed, covered the bottom, and from underneath this crust a stream poured a volume of water into the river, six feet wide and two feet deep, with a temperature of 130°. A little farther up the stream were a number of hot springs of about the same temperature, with nearly circular basins six to ten feet in diameter and two to four feet deep. Around them had already gathered a number of invalids, who were living in tents, and their praises were enthusiastic in favor of the sanitary effects of the springs. Some of them were used for drinking and others for bathing purposes.

From the river our path led up the steep sides of the hill for about one mile, when we came suddenly and unexpectedly in full view of the springs. This wonder alone, our whole company agreed, surpassed all the descriptions which had been given by former travelers. Indeed, the Langford party saw nothing of this. Before us arose a high white mountain, looking precisely like a frozen cascade. It is formed by the calcareous sediment of the hot springs.

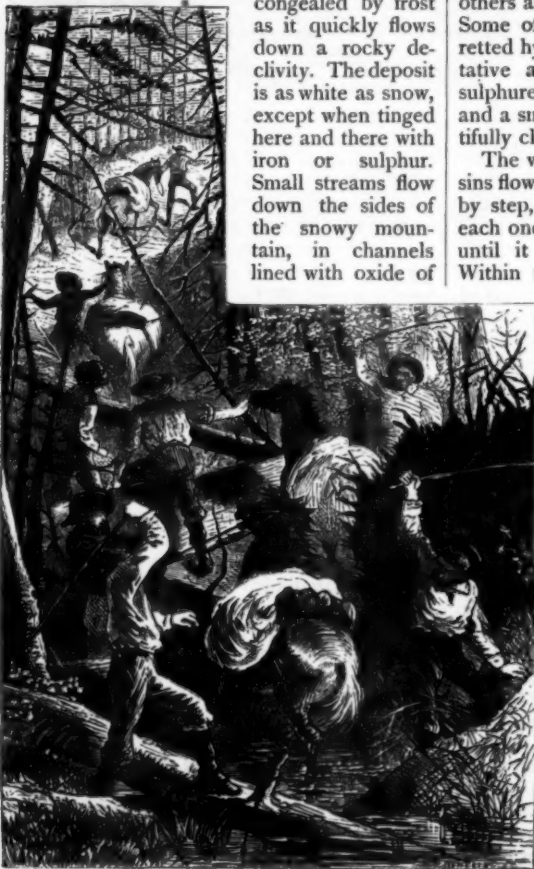
precipitated from the water as it flows down the steep declivities of the mountain side. The upper portion is about one thousand feet above the waters of Gardiner's River. The surface covered with the deposit comprises from three to four square miles. The springs now in active operation cover an area of about one square mile, while the rest of the territory is occupied by the remains of springs which have long since ceased to flow. We pitched our camp upon a grassy terrace at the base of the principal group of active springs. Just in the rear of us were a series of reservoirs or bathing-pools, rising one above the other, semi-circular in form, with most elegantly scalloped margins composed of calcareous matter, the sediment precipitated from the water of the spring. The hill, which is about two hundred feet high, presents the appearance of water

congealed by frost as it quickly flows down a rocky declivity. The deposit is as white as snow, except when tinged here and there with iron or sulphur. Small streams flow down the sides of the snowy mountain, in channels lined with oxide of

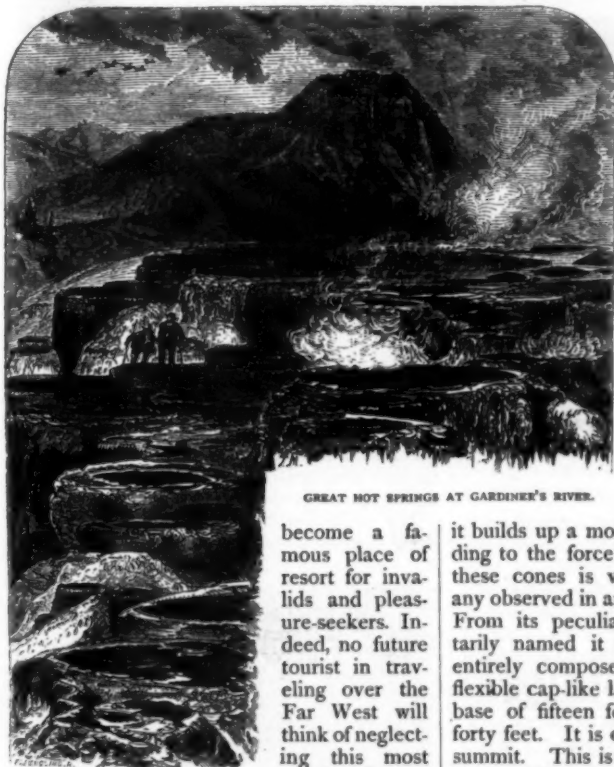
iron colored with the most delicate tints of red. Others present the most exquisite shades of yellow, from a deep bright sulphur to a dainty cream-color. In the springs and in the little channels is a material like the finest Cashmere wool, with its slender fibers floating in the water, vibrating with the movement of the current, and tinged with various shades of red and yellow, as bright as those of our aniline dyes. These delicate wool-like masses are undoubtedly plants, which seem to be abundant in all the hot springs of the West, and are familiar to the microscopist as diatoms. Upon a kind of terrace covering an area of two hundred yards in length and fifteen in width are several large springs in a constant state of agitation, but with a somewhat lower temperature than the boiling-point. The hottest spring is 162° ; others are 142° , 155° , and 156° , respectively. Some of them give off the odor of sulphuretted hydrogen quite perceptibly. A qualitative analysis shows the water to contain sulphuretted hydrogen, lime, soda, alumina, and a small amount of magnesia. It is beautifully clear, and slightly alkaline to the taste.

The water after rising from the spring basins flows down the sides of the declivity, step by step, from one reservoir to the other, at each one of them losing a portion of its heat, until it becomes as cool as spring-water.

Within five hundred feet of its source our large party camped for two days by the side of the little stream formed by the aggregated waters of these hot springs, and we found the water most excellent for drinking as well as cooking purposes. It was perfectly clear and tasteless, and harmless in its effects. During our stay here all the members of our party, as well as the soldiers comprising our escort, enjoyed the luxury of bathing in these most elegantly carved natural bathing-pools, and it was easy to select, from the hundreds of reservoirs, water of every variety of temperature. These natural basins vary somewhat in size, but many of them are about four by six feet in diameter, and one to four feet in depth. With a foresight worthy of commendation, two men have already preempted 320 acres of land covering most of the surface occupied by the active springs, with the expectation that upon the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad this will



TRAVELING IN THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY.



GREAT HOT SPRINGS AT GARDINER'S RIVER.

physical phenomena of that most interesting region.

The level or terrace upon which the principal active springs are located is about midway up the sides of the mountain covered with the sediment. Still farther up are the old ruins of what must have been at some period of the past even more active springs than any at present known. The sides of the mountain for two or three hundred feet in height are covered with a thick crust of the calcareous deposit, which was originally ornamented with the most elegant sculpturing all over the surface, like the bathing-pools below. But atmospheric agencies, which act readily on the lime, have obliterated all their delicate beauty. Chimneys partially broken down are scattered about here and there with apertures varying in size from two inches to two feet in diameter. Long, rounded ridges are also quite numerous, with fissures extending the entire length, from which the boiling water issued forth and flowed over the sides. Thus the sediment was continually precipitated in thin

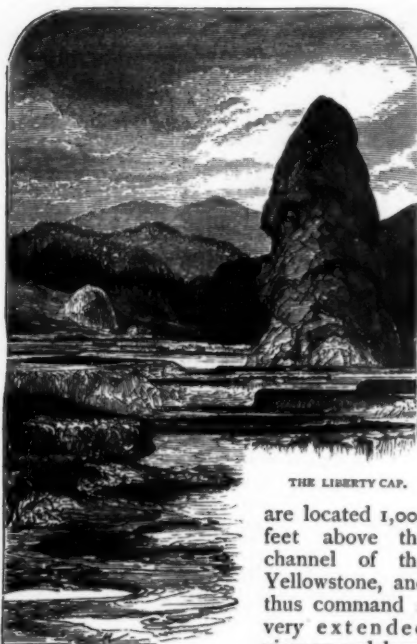
become a famous place of resort for invalids and pleasure-seekers. Indeed, no future tourist in traveling over the Far West will think of neglecting this most wonderful of the

it builds up a mound varying in height according to the force of this pressure. One of these cones is very remarkable, surpassing any observed in any other portion of the West. From its peculiar form we almost involuntarily named it the "Liberty Cap." It is entirely composed of carbonate of lime, in flexible cap-like layers, with a diameter at the base of fifteen feet, and a height of about forty feet. It is completely closed over at the summit. This is probably an extinct geyser, and was the most powerful one of this group.

Sometimes the orifice is in the form of a fissure 100 to 300 feet in length, and the mound built up by the deposition of the sediment will be of oblong shape. As the mound rises, the hydrostatic force diminishes, until finally the spring entirely conceals itself at the summit, and either becomes extinct or flows out through fissures in the sides. Classed with reference to their chemical constituents, there are two kinds of springs in the valley of the Yellowstone, viz.: those in which lime predominates, and those in which silica is most abundant. In respect to beauty of form, the calcareous springs build up monuments that far surpass the others. The stalactites and beautiful fresco-work in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky are precipitated from springs holding a great amount of lime in solution. The remarkable forms which lime is caused to assume through the influences of water is well shown in all limestone regions.

The scenery in the vicinity of these hot springs is varied and beautiful beyond description. I have already stated that they

oval layers, so that a section of these oblong chimneys presents the appearance of layers of hay in a stack, or the thatched cabin of a peasant. Some of these chimneys were undoubtedly formed by geysers, now extinct; others by what may be called spouting-springs, as those which are in a constant state of violent ebullition, throwing the water up two to four feet—a phenomenon intermediate between a boiling-spring and a true geyser. The water is forced up through an orifice in the earth by hydrostatic pressure, and overflowing, precipitates the sediment around it; and thus, in time,



THE LIBERTY CAP.

are located 1,000 feet above the channel of the Yellowstone, and thus command a very extended view up and down

the valley. To the north the Devil's Slide can be distinctly seen, while on either side the mountains rise to the height of 2,000 feet, inclosing the valley as with gigantic walls. From the summit still higher, piercing the clouds, are numerous basaltic peaks, presenting a great variety of unique forms. To the eastward is a bluff wall composed of 1,200 to 1,500 feet of strata, revealing one of the most perfect geological sections observed in the



THE FIRST BOAT ON YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

West. On the summit is a thick cap of basalt which extends up Gardiner's River, and forms the floor over which the waters of the east, middle, and west forks of that stream flow, and dash down in most beautiful cascades.

In the sides of the cañons of these branches are rows of basaltic columns as perfect as those so familiar to all who have visited Fingal's Cave in Staffa. In all my explorations in the Far West I have never seen such exquisite exhibitions of this semi-crystallized structure. Between the middle and west forks stands the dome-like form of Mount Everts, clothed with a dense growth of pines, its summit covered with fragments of basalt. From its top the view is grand, reaching over a radius of fifty to one hundred miles in every direction. On the west are the higher ranges of mountains about the sources of the Gallatin and Missouri forks, with their loftiest peaks covered with perpetual snow.

We must not linger here, however, amid these impressive scenes, but wind our way up the valley in search of more wonders. These will meet us in rapid transition from step to step. We can only stop a moment to glance at one of the greatest beauties of the valley—Tower Falls, or Tower Creek, where the water makes a vertical descent of 156 feet. On either side the somber brecciated columns stand like gloomy sentinels. But an excellent description of these falls has been given in a former number of this MONTHLY.

Near this point the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone River commences, and continues about thirty miles to the Great Falls. In some respects this cañon is the greatest wonder of all. The river has carved out a channel through the basalt volcanic breccia and hot spring deposits, one thousand to twelve hundred feet deep and one to two thousand feet in width, at the bottom of which the water foams along with torrent-like rapidity. But the striking feature of this remarkable view is the effect of colors derived from the hot spring deposits, which have a brilliancy like the most delicate of our aniline dyes. None but an artist with a most delicate perception of colors could do justice to the picture. The well-known landscape painter, Thomas Moran, who is justly celebrated for his exquisite taste as a colorist, exclaimed, with a sort of regretful enthusiasm, that these beautiful tints were beyond the reach of human art. Between the Upper and Lower Falls a fine stream, called Cascade Creek, empties into the Yellowstone. Standing upon the east margin of the cañon one can look up

the channel of this little creek a few hundred feet and enjoy a full view of Cascade Falls, which have given the name to the creek. The water as it pours over a succession of basaltic steps separates into a number of little streams, giving to the whole view a most pleasing effect. Above the Falls the river seems to flow quietly along over the surface but little below the general level, and here it may be said to present some of its finest and most attractive views. If below the Falls this river surpasses all others in the West for its rugged grandeur, above the Falls it excels in picturesque beauty.

About half a mile above the Falls on this creek the gorge is so narrow and deep that the traveler looks down from the margin above into an abyss so dark and forbidding that a very appropriate name comes almost involun-



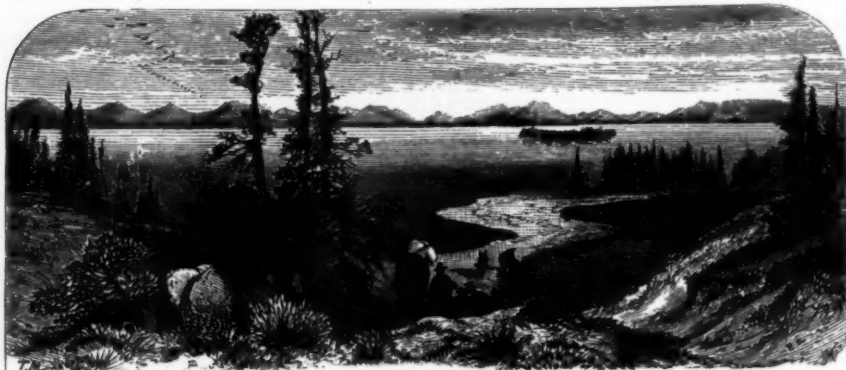
RUINS OF HOT SPRINGS AND GEYSERS.

tarily to one's lips — the "Devil's Den." The sides of

the gorge are very rugged, composed of angular masses of basalt and obsidian cemented with volcanic ashes. There is also a large amount of sulphur mingled with the ashes, so that the debris looks like the remains of an old furnace. On either side of the river, as we ascend the valley, are remarkable groups of hot springs. There is a singular group on the south side of Mount Washburn, which is well worthy of the attention of the traveler. The deposit formed by these springs extends across the Yellowstone River and occupies a large area. Most of these springs contain clear water, but there are several which are called mud springs. These mud springs do not differ in their origin from the others. Some are what may be called dead springs, as those which have passed the period of their activity and now are filled with turbid water. Others are in a constant state of agitation, and may be called living springs, while others at certain periods throw out great quantities of mud, and may be called mud geysers. There is every grade, from simply turbid water to thick mud. The superficial deposits here are composed of basalts and hot spring deposits, as silica and feldspar. And as the aperture through which the hot water reaches the surface sometimes extends a considerable distance through this material, it is dissolved from the sides of the passage, and, mingling with the boiling water, becomes in due time much like boiling mush. Whenever the mud becomes so thick as to close up the orifice for any length of time, a sort of explosion takes place, which sometimes hurls masses of the mud to the height of fifty or one hun-



THE DEVIL'S DEN.



YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

dred feet. At "Mud Springs" and "Crater Mountains" there are several of these mud springs, with basins varying in size from a few inches to thirty feet in diameter, mostly with circular rims and funnel-shaped orifices.

The most interesting of the mud springs occur in the valley of the Fire-Hole Creek. Some of them are filled with very black mud, others a brownish clay; but in a few instances the mud has the snowy whiteness which is due to the decomposition of the silica deposited from the hot waters. To heighten the effect, it is also tinged with the bright red from the oxide of iron. Some of these may be called alum springs, from the fact that the mud is composed largely of alum. Sometimes there will be a group of fifteen or twenty of these little mud springs, with orifices from two to six inches in diameter, all of them operating at the same time with a low thud-like noise.

We made our first camp on the northeast shore of the Lake, near the point where the river takes its departure from it. Here we had one of the finest views of this beautiful sheet of water. This portion of the Lake is about ten miles wide. Our camp was located

in a broad, open, meadow-like space, with the grass two feet or more in height, adorned with bright flowers having a great variety of colors. A dense growth of pine surrounded it, and to the eastward the range of forest-covered hills was 1,200 to 1,800 feet above the Lake. At this place we launched our little boat, which was destined to perform most excellent service. We had transported the framework on the back of a mule from Fort Ellis. We covered the frame with a heavy canvas, which rendered it perfectly water-tight, and with this little craft, twelve feet long, three and a half feet wide, and twenty-two inches high, the entire length and breadth of the Lake was navigated many times. Soundings of the Lake were made in every direction, and the greatest depth discovered was three hundred feet. Messrs. Elliott and Carrington made a survey of the shore-line from the boat, and, with the numerous bays and indentations, they estimated the distance to be about one hundred and seventy-five miles. So far as beauty of scenery is concerned, it is probable that this lake is not surpassed by any other on the globe. There is not space in the present article to make more than this passing allusion to it; but we hope at some future time to do more ample justice to this region, and trust that the few isolated facts which we now skim from the surface will sharpen curiosity for the complete account.

While some were making an exploration of this beautiful lake, the writer, with a small party, made a trip over the high divide between the waters of the Yellowstone



GREAT SPRING, FIRE-HOLE BASIN.

and Missouri Rivers into the Fire-Hole Basin. We had already encountered many of the difficulties attendant upon traveling in this rocky and densely wooded region, but we were not prepared for the impediments which seemed to block our pathway everywhere. We were without a guide, and endeavored to make our courses with a compass. The autumnal fires sweep through the dry pines at times so that many square miles are covered with dead trees. These are soon blown down by the winds, and their long bodies are lodged upon each other in every possible direction. Sometimes these fallen pines are piled up in a sort of irregular net-work, for six or eight feet in height, presenting insurmountable obstacles in the way of the traveler. Then again the small pines grow so thickly that it seems almost impossible to find an interval between so wide as to admit a pack-animal with his load. The traveler may thus wind about among the fallen pines or the dense growth of living trees for an entire day, and yet at night find that he has not made a distance of more than five or six miles in a straight line. After encountering many obstructions, we arrived at the Fire-Hole Basin, and spent five days in exploring its wonders, making charts, sketches, photographs, and taking the temperatures of the springs. The boiling-point of water at this elevation is about 192° to 196° . We ascertained the temperatures of more than six hundred hot springs in this valley, and there were as many more that were dying out, to which we did not think it worth while to give our attention. Many also must have been overlooked by us; so that within an area of about five miles square we may estimate the existence of about 1,200 to 1,500 springs, with basins of all sizes, from a few inches in diameter to three hundred feet. The springs in this valley are of three kinds, but varying much in their active power: 1st, those in which the ebullition occurs only at intervals, and which may therefore be called intermittent springs; 2d, such as are constantly boiling and bubbling up, therefore permanent springs; 3d, those whose surface is always undisturbed, and in which there is no bubbling or boiling up. The first class reach the boiling-point only when in operation—when in a state of repose the temperature of the water is as low as 150° . The second class have a temperature equal to boiling water, or not far below it—in this region, varying from 180° to 196° . Some of the largest of the springs are in a constant state of agitation. One of the largest in the Fire-Hole Basin is represented in the accompanying sketch. The basin is about two hun-

dred feet in diameter, and the sides of the crater, which have been much broken down, are about thirty feet deep. The crater is so filled with dense steam that it is only at periodical times that it is cleared away so that one can catch a glimpse of the seething caldron below. From one side of it five streams of water are ever flowing, which in the aggregate form a river ten feet wide and two feet deep. The delicate shades of coloring from the iron and sulphur are most finely displayed upon the surface over which this water flows.

But perhaps the most striking exhibition of Nature's forces in this wonderful region is that of the "Grand Geyser," which is well shown in the accompanying illustration. While we were in the Fire-Hole Valley this geyser played only at intervals of about thirty-two hours; but when it was in active operation the display was grand beyond description. As we stood



THE GREAT GEYSER OF THE FIRE-HOLE BASIN.

near the crater or basin, it threw up, with scarcely any preliminary warning, a column of hot water eight feet in diameter to the height of two hundred feet; and so steady and uniform did the force act, that the column of water appeared to be held there for some minutes, returning into the basin in millions of prismatic drops. This was continued for about fifteen minutes, and the rumbling and confusion attending it could only be compared to that of a charge in battle. The steam poured out in immense masses, rising in clouds a thousand feet or more in height. After the Grand Geyser had ceased playing the water of the basin retired from the surface, and the temperature fell gradually to 150°. Another geyser in the same group, and named by the Langford party "Old Faithful," was far more accommodating, and played at intervals of only an hour, throwing up a column of water at least six feet in

diameter and one hundred and fifty feet high, for a period of about fifteen minutes. The ease with which this column of water was sustained at the great height during the period of its operation rendered it a marvel of beauty as well as of power.

We may say, in conclusion, that we have been able in this article to do little more than to allude to a few of the wonderful physical phenomena of this marvelous valley. We pass with rapid transition from one remarkable vision to another, each unique of its kind and surpassing all others in the known world. The intelligent American will one day point on the map to this remarkable district with the conscious pride that it has not its parallel on the face of the globe. Why will not Congress at once pass a law setting it apart as a great public park for all time to come, as has been done with that not more remarkable wonder, the Yosemite Valley?

THE MORMONS AND THEIR RELIGION.



BRIGHAM YOUNG.

THE traveler across the continent has his attention drawn to the Mormons and Mormonism in a singular manner just before entering the Salt Lake Valley. The Pacific Railroad passes the Wahsatch Mountains through the deep gorges known as Echo and Weber Cañons. On the left the hills slope away so gradually as to present nothing of extraordinary interest. But on the right hand the rocks tower almost perpendicularly to the height of a thousand feet or more. Of granite, sandstone, and conglomerate, they have

presented an unequal resistance to the attacks of the weather, rain-storms, blasts of sand, and alternate heat and frost, so that they rise here in solid walls, and there in detached masses, presenting the appearance of castles, cathedrals, columns, domes, and spires, on a scale so grand as to cast the most ambitious attempts of human art and skill entirely into the shade. Not even Ehrenbreitstein is worth naming in comparison. Among the picturesque objects thus presented, "Hanging Rock," the "Witches' Rocks," and "Pulpit Rock" are conspicuous. But while gazing upon these sublime "sentinels of the sky," one's attention is arrested by piles of smaller rocks on the lofty edge of these towering heights, and he is informed that they are the "Mormon fortifications!"

It appears that when, in 1857, the United States Government first determined to station a military force in Utah, Brigham Young foresaw that it would frustrate all his plans for the isolation of the Latter-day Saints from the Gentiles. He therefore resolved to resist the movement, and, for this purpose, fortified the pass of the Wahsatch Mountains at Echo Cañon. The old emigrant road lay along the foot of these frowning walls, and Brigham, posting his men on the heights where they commanded the road, had extensive supplies of rocks brought to the edge of the precipice, which were to be rolled down on the advanc-

ing troops. Wiser and more peaceful counsels prevailed, however, and these munitions of war now serve as monuments of folly.

But we are soon passing by the farms of Mormon settlers, and by the time we reach Ogden, the point of junction between the eastern and western lines of the Pacific road, curiosity leads us to switch off upon the Utah Central, of which the prophet Brigham is president, for a visit to the holy city of the Mormons.

The new and yet small city of Ogden is situated at the mouth of Ogden Cañon, one of the gorges of the Wahsatch Mountains, and the ride thence to Salt Lake City is one of thirty-eight miles southward, between the great Salt Lake on the west and the snow-covered steeps of the Wahsatch on the east.

Great Salt Lake is an extensive inland sea, being one hundred and twenty miles in length, and in some portions sixty miles in breadth. It receives the waters of the Bear River, Green River, and "the Jordan," which runs northerly from Utah Lake, swollen as they are annually by rains and the melting snows of the Rocky and Wahsatch Mountains, yet "has no outlet and no life." The evaporation during summer suffices to restore the equilibrium, and the water is so charged with salt that in the autumn the pure crystallized mineral is found on the margin of the lake in a stratum eighteen inches deep.

The capital of the Territory is about sixteen miles east of the southern extremity of the lake, and near the river Jordan. It is built on the slope where the great plain rises to the foot-hills of the Wahsatch. This snow-tipped range, on the east, runs like a wall from far north to far south, the lofty ridges of the Oquirra stud the western horizon seventy miles distant, and the broad plain stretches hundreds of miles away to the south. The situation is thus one of the most picturesque and beautiful that can be imagined.

The city, which has a population of about fifteen thousand, is so laid out that the streets, at right angles with each other, coincide with the cardinal points of the compass; and of the one hundred and eighty blocks thus



A WAGON-LOAD OF MORMONS AT OGDEN CAÑON.

formed, each one contains a plot of ten acres, while this square is again subdivided, by lines crossing at the center, into four "corner building-lots," of two and a quarter acres each.

The streets are broad and without pavement. Between the carriage-way and sidewalk is a shallow ditch filled with running water, which surrounds every block in the city, and serves to irrigate the gardens and lawns which are the charm of the town. This water is brought from the mountains and distributed at the highest point of the city during the season, and when winter approaches it is turned in another direction, to prevent the inconvenience of its freezing in the streets.

The townspeople thus have fine opportunities for establishing a *skating-rink*! and the wonder is that, among all the other facilities for amusement (which include a racing-park and a theater), the "rink" has not been introduced. It would be an "edifying" sight to behold the venerable and patriarchal head of all the Mormons engaged in skating with his numerous wives and progeny!—quite equal to that which is presented in the "Family Boxes" they are wont to occupy at the theater.



WITCHES' ROCKS, ECHO CANYON.

Among the principal buildings are several very fine private residences, a number of large warehouses, the City Hall, Theater, the Episcopal church, the residence of Brigham Young, the New Tabernacle, and the Temple. It seems evident that "the President," as Brigham Young is styled by the faithful, originally intended to adopt the style of an Oriental monarch in more respects than one. The ten-acre block on which he resides is surrounded with a wall some ten feet high. Within this inclosure are three houses, which serve as residence, office, and harem of the prophet; a museum, which is his private property, and the "Tithing Office," in rear of which is an extensive yard, with sheds for the accommodation of the teams which come in from the plains loaded with the "tenth of all the increase."

The new Tabernacle is a monster in size and a monstrosity of architecture. Elliptical in shape, it will seat from fifteen to twenty thousand people, and on a series of low brick walls, broken by so many doors that they are rather a succession of piers, sits an immense oval dome, like an old-fashioned "cover" over a large Thanksgiving turkey.

The edifice is furnished with an organ, clumsy in appearance, not very excellent in tone, but the largest in this country, with the exception of that in Music Hall, Boston. The organ stands at one extremity of the ellipse, behind four circular rows of seats, which are occupied by the dignitaries of the church. The highest seat is occupied by Brigham Young and his two "Assistant Presidents." The next range below accommodates the twelve apostles; the two lower tiers are for the numerous bishops, elders, and other offi-

cials, while the galleries and seats on the floor of the house are for the people generally. Strangers are always ushered into a pew by themselves, not as a matter of honor, but that they may be conveniently seen and directly addressed by the occupants of the pulpits.

But the Temple is the wonder of the city. This edifice, which is to contain, among other things, a throne for the Messiah, "when he shall descend and reign upon the earth," is to cover much less space than the Tabernacle. The order of architecture is peculiar to itself, yet has a Gothic appearance, and the edifice is to be built of granite from foundation to the topmost spire. The walls are now about six feet above the surface. When they were level with the ground a million dollars had been expended upon them, and when completed the whole structure is to cost *ten millions*! These figures are given on Mormon authority. But it is hard to believe that the managers of the affair have not been taking lessons in the art of building from certain officials in New York City.

The city is divided into "wards," both civil and religious. There are five of the former, with each its alderman and other officials, who, with the Mayor, constitute the city government; and of the religious or "church wards" there are twenty in the city, while in the Territory there are about one hundred. Each of these church wards has its church edifice, or place for holding meetings, and its bish-



PULPIT ROCK, ECHO CANYON.

op, teacher, and other officers. As these officials hold direct and personal relations with all the people throughout the Territory, and are also in constant communication with the

"Heads of the Church," the latter have abundant facilities for ascertaining and making provision for the existing state of things in every locality, far and near.

Such is the Mormon Jerusalem,—the center and seat of that new form of religion, or, as he would have said, that "restored form of Christianity" which originated with Joseph Smith, in 1827, in the town of Manchester, Ontario County, N. Y.

According to Mormon statements, the thing came to pass in the following manner: Joseph Smith, then a young man and a devout Christian, was greatly pained and puzzled by the differences he beheld in the Christian churches. He therefore gave himself to prayer for direction as to which of all the contending sects was in the right. His prayers were answered. It was announced to him from heaven that they were all wrong, and that he should be commissioned to restore the true form of the Church to the world.

An angel finally appeared and guided him to a spot where certain golden plates had been concealed for hundreds of years. These plates contained inscriptions, in a strange language, which the new prophet was inspired to translate. The contents proved to be a history of two races of people, one of which left the tower of Babel, while the other comprised two colonies of Jews which left Jerusalem about six hundred years before the Christian era. These were the ancestors of the American Indians. The whole being translated and published, was entitled *The Book of Mormon*, because the account "was written on the plates by the hand of Mormon," who copied it from other plates, which were written or engraved by one "Nephi," this Nephi being a son of one of the original emigrants from Jerusalem!

The Book of Mormon professes to approve of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and claims to be a supplement to them, an additional revelation of equal authority.

The chief end of this new revelation is to introduce a new prophetic dispensation, to restore the original and only true form of the Christian Church, with Joseph Smith as its prophet and head, with whom and his successors the gifts of prophecy and of revelation are always to reside. The angel, who seems to have been the usual medium of communication between heaven and the new prophet, also revealed to him the name of the new organization. It was to be called "THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS," the awkwardness of the title proving that this particular angel was not sufficiently



MONUMENT ROCK, ECHO CAÑON.

well versed in the English language to use it with elegance.

The form of the new church was next revealed to the prophet. It was to have a two-fold priesthood, consisting of the "Melchisedec" and the "Aaronic" divisions; of these the former is the superior. From it the President or head of the church must be chosen. It enjoys the special privilege of receiving revelations from heaven, and "holds the keys of all spiritual blessings."

This division of the priesthood comprises the following "orders," which rank as they are named:—

Apostles, who "are to be special witnesses of the name of Christ, to build up, organize, and preside over the church, and to administer in all its ordinances and blessings."

The Patriarch,* whose duty is "to bless the

* This title is frequently bestowed on Brigham Young, probably because of his services and success as a husband and father. The office of "Presiding Patriarch or Evangelist" is actually held by John Smith, a nephew of the Prophet Joseph, and does not appear to confer much power on its possessor.



GENERAL VIEW OF SALT LAKE CITY, SHOWING THE MORMON TABERNACLE.

fatherless in the church, and to foretell what shall befall them and their generations. He also has authority to administer in the other ordinances of the church."

The High Priest, whose "special duty is to preside, but he may also administer in the ordinances and blessings of the church."

Finally, all the members of the "Melchisedec Priesthood" are called "Elders," and they are to "preach, baptize,* administer the Lord's Supper, lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, bless children, take the lead of all meetings, and ordain other elders, priests, teachers, and deacons."

The term "quorum" is a favorite with the Mormons, and signifies a *company of elders*, with its presiding officer. Thus we have "the quorum of the Twelve Apostles," of which Orson Hyde is President, and "the quorum of seventies." There may be several quorums of the "seventies," but it is so arranged that the "first seventy" has seven presidents, and these are to preside over all the other quorums. The churchly authority is thus very wisely confined within convenient limits.

There is also a "High Council," consisting of twelve High Priests, the business of which

is to settle any important difficulties that may arise in the church.

The "Aaronic" division of the priesthood comprises Bishops, Priests, Teachers, and Deacons. It seems to have been devised for the purpose of infusing a Jewish element into the new church, and to make provision for such Jewish Priests and Rabbis as should be converted to the Mormon faith; for the Bishops belonging to this branch of the priesthood must be literal descendants of Aaron. None such, however, have as yet offered themselves as candidates for the high honors. This entire division is entirely subordinate to the Melchisedec priesthood. Indeed, it is but "an appendage" to it. Its Bishops must be ordained to their office by the Presidency of the church, and the Presidents are "after the order of Melchisedec." The Bishop presides over all the lesser offices of the Aaronic class, "ministers in outward ordinances, conducts the temporal business of the church, and sits as a judge of transgressors." The Priests are to "preach, administer the Lord's Supper, and to visit and exhort the saints." The Teacher is to "watch over and strengthen the church," being careful to "see that the saints maintain unity, live in love, and do their duty." The Deacon is to "assist the Teacher, and also attend to the comfort of the saints."

From this glance at the outward form of the

* The Mormons baptize by immersion, and do not baptize children until they are about eight years of age.

Mormon Church, it will be seen that in its organization it is an attempt to reproduce, in part, the form of the Jewish Church, as, in its general spirit and practices, it seeks to revive many of the ideas and customs of Judaism.

As we rehearse the titles of the various officials, and note their respective functions, there seems to be a greater distinction in the titles and grades of office than in the several duties pertaining to them. But it must be remembered that if Mormonism is not an attempt at a Theocracy, it nevertheless contemplates the closest possible union of Church and State, and that not only the religious affairs of the saints, but also those of a temporal and civil nature, fall within the jurisdiction of the officers of the church. In practice everything is so arranged that there is "a place for each man, and each man has his place." Places and occupations enough are provided to supply every one who has sufficient intelligence and force of character to give him influence, and to afford a position equal to his capacities for every one who has sufficient ambition to make him uneasy.

No one can attend one of the semi-annual conferences of "the Latter-day Saints," in the Tabernacle, without perceiving that great worldly wisdom has been exercised in the organization of their church. In the exalted seats, which are occupied by the several grades of its officials, one beholds abundant indications of intellectual brightness, activity, and ability, united, in certain instances, with apparent honesty and sincerity, and in certain other cases with marks of shrewdness, duplicity, and great capacity for political intrigue. Turning from the dignitaries to the saints, which constitute the audience, there are appearances enough of simplicity, sincerity, and honesty, but hardly a man shows a face that bears the marks of anything above mediocrity of talent, while the most of them fall far below it.

In this feature of the church, in the liberal supply and distribution of offices, in the undoubted religious fervor that animates them, and in the facts that many, if not most of these people, have been rescued from extreme pov-



BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCE, SALT LAKE CITY.*

erty, furnished with the means of transportation hither, and provided with homes and lands and opportunities for gaining a livelihood, we find a sufficient explanation of Brigham Young's marvelous power over them.

The doctrines of Mormonism profess to be derived chiefly from the Old and New Testament Scriptures, and constitute a corrupt form of Christianity. They were stated by Joseph Smith, in 1842, as follows, viz :—

"We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

"We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

"We believe that these ordinances are: First. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Second. Repentance. Third. Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. Fourth. Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that a man must be called of God by 'prophecy and by laying on of hands' by those who are in authority to preach the Gospel and administer the ordinances thereof.

"We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz : apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

"We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

"We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

"We believe all God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many

* The house on the right is known as the "Beehive;" that on the left is called the "Lion-house," and is the harem. The low central building is the "Office" of the President.

great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

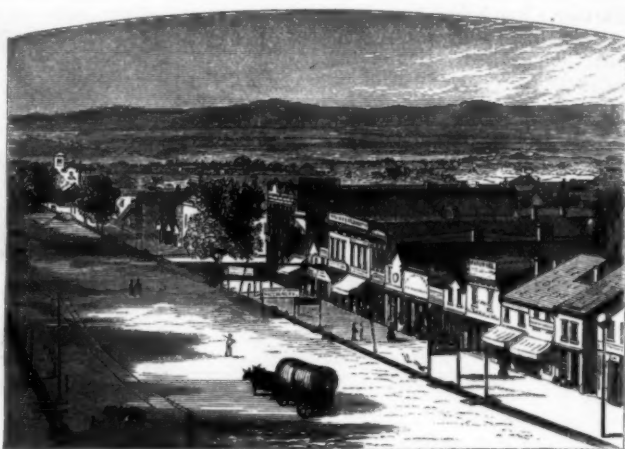
"We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this continent; that Christ will reign personally on the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiac glory.

"We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.

"We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, magistrates; in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul: 'We believe all things, we hope all things;' we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

As a confession of faith, this appears well; but in strange contrast with it is the shameless polygamy practiced by "the saints;" the manifest impostures and frauds of the priesthood, which professes to receive revelations from heaven, and to serve without salaries while amassing great riches; and the original imposition of the "golden plates," the truth of which is solemnly declared and published by ten of their leading men, while every Mormon preacher and exhorter, in almost every address, takes occasion to "testify" that he "knows it all to be true by his own experience!"

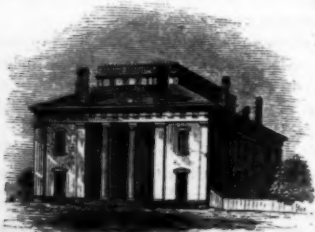


STREET SCENE IN SALT LAKE CITY.

But the creed itself is so framed as to cover the pious fraud of Joseph Smith, which placed the book of Mormon on a level with the Bible, and constituted himself the prophet, priest, and ruler of the church on earth, while, if we accept the authorized interpretations which are given of it by the Mormon authorities, it is grossly corrupt. Thus we are told that "God exists in the form of Man;" that "there are many Gods, only one of which is to be worshiped by the saints;" that revelations from God have been received by Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon, and many others; that every saint may have revelations; and that "if a church have not revelations, it is not a church." It is true that, in conversation, Brigham Young makes the term revelation synonymous with intuition. But this is not the view taken of it by the saints generally.

Among other absurd things, it is taught, in the authorized publications of the Mormon leaders, that there have been many "dispensations" of religion on the earth, *e.g.*, "one through Adam; one through Enoch; one through Noah; one through Jared, when he and his friends were led from the Tower of Babel to America! one through Abraham; one through Jacob; one through Moses; one through Lehi, when he with his family went from Jerusalem to America! one through Jesus Christ, when He established His church in Asia and America! and was crucified at Jerusalem; and one through Joseph Smith, in these last days, which is the greatest and best of all."

The Mormons also claim that their mission-



THE THEATRE.

aries who are sent to peoples whose languages are unknown to them, are miraculously empowered to speak and preach in these languages.

In other respects the doctrinal teachings of the Mormons more nearly approach those of most Christian denominations; but they are careful to set up a claim as exclusive as that of the Pope of Rome. "All other churches are man-made." The "one true Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" is distinguished from all others by many signs,—especially by its *Priesthood*, with a Prophet and Revelator at its head; and by its spiritual gifts and *holy practices*!

Among the customs of "the Latter-day Saints," as established by revelations from heaven, the following may be named:—

No wine is to be drunk, except at the Lord's Supper; and then only when made by the saints.

No tobacco is to be used except for outward applications,—as an embrocation "for bruises and the like."

No flesh is to be eaten, "except in winter, and in time of famine, when it becomes a necessity."

A plurality of wives is allowed, but *not* a plurality of husbands, "unless former husbands are deserted!" and if, in any case, a woman is untrue to her husband, it is a capital offense. "She is to be destroyed."

"Sealing" is to be performed only by the proper authorities of the church.

The term "sealing" designates the marriage ceremony when performed by these authorities, and Mormons can be properly mar-



ORSON HYDE, PRESIDENT OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

ried in no other manner. In their view, "sealing" differs from marriage among the "gentiles" in some very important respects. For example, the latter are married for the present life only. They pledge themselves to each other "until death does them part;" but a Mormon takes a wife for this life and forever. She is thenceforth his for time and for eternity; and if he has a dozen wives here, they are to be his in the next world also. Moreover, they are to live together in the next world the same as in this, and are to continue having children without end;* while the poor "gentiles," doomed to solitary blessedness from the time they enter the next world, will be *servants* of their more fortunate and well-married neighbors, the Mormons. In this respect Mormonism is more grossly voluptuous and sensual than Mohammedism itself.

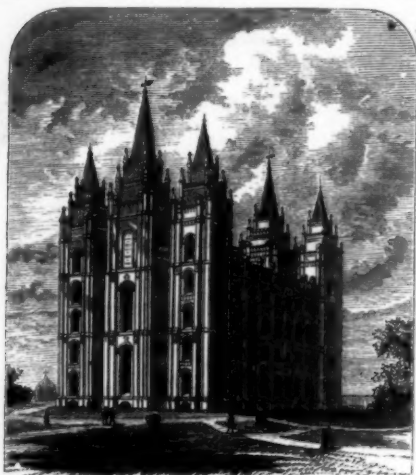
The "revelation" which introduced this feature into Mormonism was first made public by Brigham Young, in July, 1852, five years subsequently to his first arrival at Salt Lake; but Brigham asserted that the revelation was received from heaven by "the Prophet Joseph" (Smith), in July, 1842 (two years before his death), and that by him it was committed to the keeping of his successor, to be made known in due time.

The "revelation" is professedly addressed

* That this notion is entertained by them was learned by the writer partly from "the revelation on celestial marriage," partly from conversation with Mormons, and partly from declarations made by Orson Hyde in a sermon delivered in the Tabernacle.



JOSEPH P. SMITH (NEPHEW OF JO. SMITH, JR., AND ONE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES).



THE MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

to the Prophet Joseph, and expressly authorizes him to restore the practices of the olden times, and to take a plurality of wives, as did Abraham and David and Solomon, while it also expressly commands "Emma," the wife of the Prophet, to receive all the virtuous wives that should be given to her liege lord, and not to leave him, but to "abide with him and them, and cleave unto him." Brigham and his supporters also assert that the Prophet Joseph did actually take unto himself additional wives.

If these things were so—if Joseph Smith did have such a paper in his possession, and



ORSON PRATT, ONE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

if he ventured to make its contents known to her whom, in certain portions, it directly and by name addressed, especially if he adopted the polygamous practice which it authorizes—"Emma" must have been aware of it. But she,* together with David and Alexander, the two sons of herself and the Prophet Joseph, declare this whole story to be false, and affirm that no such revelation was ever received by him, to their knowledge, and that he never had but one wife. It follows, therefore, either that Joseph had not the courage to introduce this feature of the Mormon system, and handed the matter over to "Brother Brigham," or that the latter *forged* the paper, and foisted it upon the people, when, being in the center of the continent, so far from both the eastern and western borders of civilization, he thought he should never be reached by the laws of the United States, or be disturbed in his iniquities. Either supposition is possible,—nay, probable; but the greater probability rests with the latter.

The protest of Joseph Smith's widow and sons has no influence with the great body of the Mormons in Utah. The authority and example of Brigham, who is Prophet, Priest, and more than King, in their estimation, bear down all opposition; and, as he has some "sixteen wives and fifty children," the practice of polygamy is general, though not universal, among his people. His children follow in his saintly footsteps, his sons being polygamists, while three of his daughters are wives of one man.† His "Twelve Apostles" are likewise involved in the system, and, in addition to their lawful wives, are said to have concubines (called "wives") as follows, viz.: Orson Hyde, three; Orson Pratt, two; John Taylor, six; Wilfred Woodruff, two; George A. Smith, four; Amasa Lyman, four; Ezra Benson, three; Charles Rich, six; Lorenzo Snow, three; Erastus Snow, two; Franklin Richards, three; George Q. Cannon, two.

If it should be thought strange that not one of them all proved faithful to his lawful wife, the wonder ceases when we learn that Brigham's authority is of such a nature that should he intimate to any one of his followers the propriety of taking another wife, the hint would not go unheeded, and perhaps could not be neglected with safety.

The debasing effects of polygamy on the character of those who practice it are evident. In circumstances favorable to the free utter-

* The Prophet's widow is now the wife of a respectable hotel-keeper at Nauvoo, Ill.

† Among Brigham's sixteen wives are two sisters.



MRS. ALICE YOUNG CLAWSON.*

ance of his thoughts, a polygamist is sure to express himself in such a manner as to show that his mind and heart are corrupted. Even Brigham Young can hardly converse half an hour with lady visitors without some allusion to his amours, to his women and children; and few Mormon sermons are delivered in the City of Harems without defending or advocating the peculiar institution.

But the saddest effects of polygamy are experienced by the sex whose lot it renders hapless and hopeless. Among the women one meets in Salt Lake City, besides the "gentle" visitors, several distinctions may be made. There is a class of respectable-looking middle-aged or elderly women, who probably are the original and lawful wives of the men who sit on high in the places of honor! Then there are the *young ladies*, who do not seem to be numerous—perhaps because they are introduced into the harems as fast as they become marriageable. Those whom one meets compare favorably with those of other frontier towns. Among the married dames there is a class of youngish women with bold, brassy-looking faces that are anything but agreeable, and that suggest suspicions which ought not to be cherished against any who are called "saints." With the exceptions thus named, the Mormon women, generally, have a subdued, dejected, disheartened appearance, as if their will was

broken, their courage lost, and they had fully accepted the position of hopeless inferiors, to whom their husbands are as "lords," whose will is law, whose words must not be questioned.

Not all the women, however, are satisfied with this arrangement, as a late trial proves, in which the lawful wife complained of her husband for taking two other wives, and had him convicted. An instance was related several months since, in which the husband informed his wife that he was about to take another helpmate. "Very well," said the mistress of the shanty, "you must find a place for her then; you must not bring her here!" Another story was told, in which the second wife of a polygamist inn-keeper, learning that he proposed to receive another partner in the matrimonial business, went to wife number one, and proposed that they two should unite in dissuading Mr. — from his intention. "No, madam," was the sad but resolute reply; "you broke my heart when you came here, and I am willing to have you served in the same manner."

Nor is the idea of sharing a husband with some half a dozen others regarded as altogether agreeable by the young ladies. An acquaintance of the writer said to one of this class, who was receiving the tickets at a place of amusement, "Your position here must be a very pleasant one."—"On the contrary," was her reply, "it is very irksome."—"You should marry, then," observed the visitor. "Never," said the spirited girl, "till I can marry a whole husband. I will not have a part of a man!"

The question arises whether Mormonism is to be perpetuated or destroyed.



A MORMON FAMILY.

* Young's eldest daughter—an actress, and one of the three wives of H. B. Clawson, the other two being her sisters.



GEO. A. SMITH.*

Judging from what is said in some of the newspapers, the speedy dissolution of the system may be expected. Indeed, it is supposed that the suits lately brought against Brigham Young and others of the leaders for bigamy, are to put an end to Mormonism itself.†

But those who indulge in such expectations know but little of the system, of the profound religious enthusiasm on which it is based, of the means which it possesses for its own extension and perpetuation.

Polygamy will doubtless come to an end, and this end may be reached speedily. It is but an excrescence on the system, and is not essential to its identity or success. The wonder is that a man so astute and capable as Brigham Young has shown himself to be in most other things, should have introduced such an element of confusion and weakness—not to say open wickedness—into a religious organization on this continent in this nineteenth century. It would not be strange if, being condemned and sentenced by the United States Court for bigamy, he should see the uselessness of contending against fate, and not only yield himself, but advise his followers to do the same. More than this, he may possibly turn it to good account, by claiming that the

bereft husbands and discarded wives and bastardized children are the victims of a heartless persecution—"persecuted for righteousness' sake."

Let the result of these legal proceedings be what it may, and the end of polygamy come when it may, Mormonism as an organization will not fall with the latter, and may not be weakened, but rather strengthened by its destruction. From the hasty glance we have bestowed upon its doctrines it will probably be admitted that, corrupt as it is, and in many respects a caricature of Christianity, it must be regarded, nevertheless, as a satellite of the Christian system, and one of its sects.

It professes to be an improvement on all other Christian churches, both in its doctrines and in its organization. The latter, to say the least, is marvelously planned and exceedingly efficient. Mormonism is also strong in numbers, in the extent of its possessions, and in facilities for further extension. With the exception of the comparatively few gentiles and dissenters in Salt Lake City and in the neighboring mines, the population of Utah Territory, numbering one hundred and fifty thousand, is composed of Mormons. Their settlements planted on those spots where sufficient irrigation can be obtained to render the land fertile, and the numbers of every settlement being limited by the amount of water that can be secured for purposes of irrigation, they have complete possession of the plains to a distance of four hundred miles south from Ogden, and they can keep possession. They have agents and missionaries constantly and successfully at work in the rural districts and among the laboring classes of England and several countries of Europe. They are supposed to have a large amount of funds in Europe to be employed for the purpose of transporting emigrants hither, and abundant means to assist them in locating, rearing habitations, and entering that department of labor in which they are to gain a living. To assist those who are of the faith, in emigrating and settling in the Territory, is the professed object of the "tithings," which are made up of one-tenth of the income of every Mormon. If the funds thus raised at any time prove insufficient, there are still other methods of securing the amount needed. For example, there is an island fifteen miles long, in Great Salt Lake, called Church or Antelope Island. It is well stocked with cattle, which are the property of "the church;" and when additional funds are needed to assist immigrants in coming to this land of promise, some of these cattle are

* First Counsellor, Church-Historian, one of the three Presidents, and next in authority to Brigham Young.

† Thus the *Courrier des États-Unis* for Oct. 7, 1871, heads its leading article "L'Abolition du Mormonisme," and proceeds to show that the die is cast, because the U. S. Government has undertaken the destruction of polygamy.

sold, and the proceeds are forwarded to "the office" in Liverpool.

Thus the Mormons can introduce into the Territory sufficient numbers of those who cherish their faith to retain an overwhelming majority; and the knowledge which the leaders have of the hitherto uncultivated portions of the plains, and the sources of water in the mountains that may be employed for irrigation, give them the advantage over all others in locating farms and planting settlements.

Moreover, they are fanatically zealous for their church and the faith. Although the most of them are perverts from Christian churches (mostly from the Methodists and Baptists), they show no favor to those who desert them, who doubt any of their dogmas, or who question the authority or wisdom of the Heads of the church. They are also careful in teaching their children and training them in the knowledge of their tenets and the practices of their religion. In short, they seem to be wanting in none of those elements and characteristics which have rendered religions much more corrupt and false than is Mormonism successful and enduring for centuries; and this may be the case with "the Church of the Latter-day Saints" in Utah.

Much has been said of the schism that has taken place among them. It seems to have originated in other than religious differences. The increase of "gentile" merchants in Salt Lake City, and the competition in business which they introduced, was thought to render some plan desirable for retaining the trade of the faithful in the hands of the faithful, in order that a tenth of the profits might still continue to flow into the treasury of the church. Accordingly a joint-stock company was formed, which was called "Zion's Co-operative Commercial Institution." The stock was to be owned by Mormons, and at the different branches, or stores, of the establishment Mormons were required to make their purchases, and warned not to trade elsewhere.

But while this plan required certain merchants who were successfully conducting large business enterprises to relinquish them, it gave



STARTING FOR THE SILVER MINES.

the chief management of the new "Institution" to Mr. Clawson, a triplicate son-in-law of Brigham Young, and these two worthies would probably contrive to obtain the lion's share of the profits. The merchants in question, therefore, protested against the new arrangement, and, as a natural consequence, lost favor at court. A serious quarrel thus commenced among the saints.

A leading spirit among the malcontents was Mr. Godbe, a Londoner by birth, the proprietor of a large warehouse, who had been a practical polygamist, a liberal contributor to the enterprises of the church, and a principal supporter of the *Utah Magazine*. He was joined by several influential men. Among them were Mr. Stenhouse, a Scotchman, editor of the *Salt Lake Daily Telegraph*, who had formerly been sent as missionary to England and Switzerland; and Mr. Harrison, one of the editors of the *Utah Magazine*. Questioning the infallibility of the Head of the church was not a sin to be overlooked. They were, therefore, summarily cut off as "apostates;" and, in addition, Elder Kelsey, a member of the court which pronounced the sentence, refusing to vote against them, was himself included among the apostates, and excommunicated with the rest.

The dissentients have originated a new church, called "The Church of Zion," which appears to be a compound of Mormonism and Spiritualism. The leaders of it, who seem disposed to join hands with the "gentiles" against Brigham Young and the other authorities of the mother church, profess to be inspired from above, and also to receive "communications from spirits," as from Heber C. Kimball, a deceased apostle, from the prophet Joseph Smith, from the Apostles

Peter, James, and John, and from the Lord Jesus Christ! Some of them, however, have deserted the imposition entirely,—whether with the instinct of rats leaving a sinking ship, or as rationalists, cured of a delusion; and having dismissed their supernumerary wives, they profess to be living with their lawful helpmates only.

It is evident that the Mormon millennium is not yet at hand. Strong as the system is in many respects, it will require all the skill and prudence of the Chief Managers to keep it from disruption in present and prospective exigencies.

Polygamy is and must be a constant source of danger. For had all things moved on smoothly until the death of those who have accumulated estates, it is not difficult to foresee that the rival claims of the legitimate and illegitimate heirs must eventually give occasion for disturbance and litigation, if the authority of the United States Government and laws shall be fairly established in the Territory. As that authority has been asserted, and the leaders themselves have been called to account, the issue is fairly joined and the question may speedily be decided whether polygamy is to be sacrificed, or Mormonism itself.

Another element of weakness and trouble from which extrication will be difficult, if not impossible, was introduced by ignoring the right of eminent domain which pertained to the United States Government, and settling the Territory without securing proper titles to the lands occupied. Hence, if a "gentile" gets possession of a building spot, even in Salt Lake City, and regularly enters in the

Land Office a claim to the eighty acres of which his actual property forms a part, he seems to have the only legal title to the same, although it be occupied with the usual city improvements.

It is said that within a few months the Mormon officials have entered the entire tract which is covered by the City of Salt Lake with the Register of the Land Office. But it is questionable whether this step has not been taken too late to prevent very grave difficulties.

Furthermore, the undoubted abundance and richness of the silver deposits in the Territory are attracting thither a large mining population. Between Cottonwood Cañon, six miles distant from Salt Lake City, and the Paiute Mine, which is three hundred miles away, there are, at least, six localities where silver abounds. Among the mines already in operation and in the market are the "Emma Mine," twenty-eight miles from the city, and the "Tintic Mine," seventy miles distant. One-half of the former is said to have been sold for half a million dollars, and the latter is held by a joint stock company with a capital of half a million. Miners are flocking thither from all directions, and it is evident already that cloaking polygamous practices with religious pretences is not favored by the code of *miner* morals. Consequently, every accession to their numbers strengthens the opposition to Mormonism. All things considered, Brigham Young, who is now more than seventy years of age, has occasion for the active use of all his wit and wisdom. The evening of his life is not blessed with a cloudless sky, and the bed on which he reclines is not one of roses.

THE CHARITIES OF THE FATHERLAND.

"CHARITY covereth a multitude of sins."

It always seemed to us, in meeting and conversing with American tourists abroad, that there was an unkind inclination to notice the failings rather than the virtues of Continental cities, and a tendency to descant upon the general vice and depravity of European lands, without taking the trouble to learn the cause of and the whole truth concerning the evils that were alleged to be universal.

No traveler leaves Munich, or Vienna, without having it impressed upon his memory by guide-book or friend, that these are exceedingly licentious cities, in which the illegitimate nearly equal the legitimate births,

and where vice, depravity, and folly abound to the exclusion of all that is pure, loyal, and true in social life and the family circle. Yet we are sorry to say that those whom we found most inclined to inveigh against the immorality of Continental society were those who seemed to find their principal pleasure in what they condemned, and took little interest in the redeeming social traits.

The illegitimate births of European cities we found largely accounted for, as in Vienna, by the trammels thrown by the government or the church around the ceremony of marriage. The cost is frequently so great, or the preliminaries are so irksome, that the poor or



THE GREEN FIR; (RAUHE HAUS).

careless prefer to live together as married couples without the sanction of the authorities, until it is more easy to obtain this. And thus in Munich as well as in Vienna one can find thousands of poor families, as worthy and upright as any, whose children are reported by the church as illegitimate, because their parents were unable or unwilling to comply with the complicated requisitions of the Romish hierarchy.

For ourselves, we were rejoiced to learn that where sin abounds, charity also greatly abounds. One cannot but find a pleasure in visiting the multitude of charitable institutions throughout Germany intended to relieve almost every form of human suffering and sorrow.

The *Romance of Charity* is the fitting title of an English work by De Liefde that is evidently inspired with admiration at the extent and influence of many of these establishments in Europe, and whose author has spent years in acquainting himself with their operations and the history of their rise and progress. To these pages we are indebted for much information that we could have obtained in so compact a form from no other source, and with which we shall take the liberty, with this acknowledgment, of incorporating our own experience, when this process will make our story more interesting and complete.

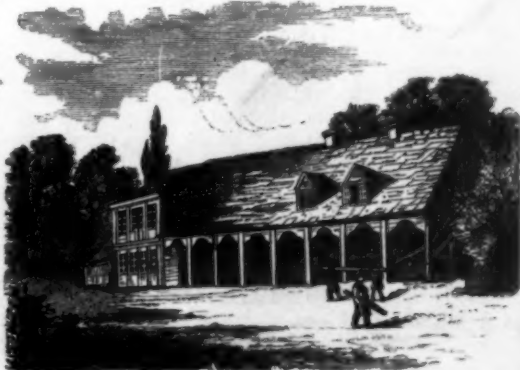
Of all institutions for the reformation of youthful vagrants or criminals in Germany, none is better known than the so-called *Rauhe Haus*, near Hamburg. The name is an unfortunate one, for it means Rough House, and conveys in this connection an inapposite idea. But this was a matter

of pure accident, arising from the fact that the owner of the original tenement in which the establishment was commenced rejoiced in the cognomen of "Rough," and thus his house, and all others that finally formed a group, received this appellation. But the Germans have lost the significance of the name, and look now only to the influence of its good works. It was founded in 1832, by Immanuel Wichern, one of the noblest of men. He was then a young candidate for a pulpit, having just finished his theological studies and received a license to preach. His home was in Hamburg, the great seaport of Northern Germany, and one of the wealthiest, busiest,

and gayest cities of all the land.

Hamburg's streets, crowded with fashion and beauty, also swarmed with homeless and houseless children. As Wichern took his daily walks his kind heart was attracted by these poor waifs, and he followed them into the miserable lanes where they found a retreat. Here their sufferings so affected him that he resolved to devote his life to ameliorating their condition, if Providence would show him a way. But he was poor and unknown, without either money or influence with the great,—his only instrument of success was his faith in God. He knew that the evil was of such magnitude that nothing but spontaneous Christian charity could remedy it, and he resolved to endeavor to procure aid to found a retreat away from the city, where he could undertake the reform of a few of the abandoned boys whom he met in its streets.

He communicated his intentions to a few pious friends, who agreed with him to pray



THE GOLD BOTTOM.



THE BOOK-BINDING OFFICE.

and act in behalf of the good cause. The result was that, after many tribulations and disappointments, money enough came to him, through government aid and bequest, to commence his enterprise. On looking around for a suitable spot, his eye lighted on the Rauhe House, destined through him to become famous in the history of European charity. At first its owner was unwilling to part with it, but at last fortunate circumstances placed it at the disposal of Wichern, who, with his mother and a few boys, took possession of it. In a short time he had about twelve of the worst youthful rogues that Hamburg could supply—children of drunken parents, and themselves of the baser sort, nurtured in and accustomed to crime.

Thus Wichern commenced his labors in the original Rauhe Haus, endeavoring to make a happy and moral family out of these terrible elements. He lived with the children, ate

with them, and even slept in the same room with them, that he might exercise a continual control over them, but it was one of love and not of fear. Their time during the day was fully occupied in labor in the garden or workshop, in the school-room or at recreation. His first effort was to teach them the value of system and order, and then he set them at work in beautifying the grounds about the house, removing unsightly embankments, and making hedges and walks. In this labor the boys took so much interest that they solemnized the completion of each new undertaking by cheers and games.

The Rauhe House soon became so popular that parents came begging for permission to put their children under Wichern's care; but his ideas were so fixed on the family relation that he was unwilling to receive more than twelve into the original house, considering this number quite as many as one father could conscientiously attend to. But he presented the case to pious and wealthy persons, and soon had means enough to build other houses on the grounds, and thus commenced a species of reformatory settlement. The boys themselves took a great interest in the new enterprise, and broke ground with festive exercises and prayer. Wichern had told them that if a new family came he must take it and pass them over to another, and, though this was not very pleasant news, they consented, in view of the good they would do, and cheerfully accepted as teacher and father a young Swiss who had come to join Wichern in his philanthropic work.

Thus arose the first house amidst rural beauty, and when it was completed its reception-room was filled by the friends and patrons of the cause, one of whom had provided an organ, that music and songs might lend their charms to the consecration. Wichern led the boys from the old to the new house, and installed them there with his paternal blessing, while he returned to take charge of a new family. But again his wants increased with enlarged numbers; they needed outbuildings of every kind, and especially one where they might all assemble for festivities and religious worship. And in addition to this, the girls began to apply for the benefits of Wichern's home and training. This again brought friends to the rescue, who re-



THE CHAPEL.

solved to construct a new and larger building as the chief house for the home of Wichern and his family, that the old one might be given to a family of girls. This new building received the name of The Green Fir. As the principal house it was always the scene of the Christmas festivities, in which the fir-tree holds so prominent a place; there was thus an endeavor to connect some attractive name with each new house, indicative of its chief prerogative or use.

In inculcating the value of industry in teaching the boys, Wichern was very fond of using many of the trite old German sayings, and thus he often repeated the adage, "Labor has a golden bottom," or foundation; and when he concluded to erect a workshop in which to teach them various useful trades, he adopted for it the significant cognomen of The Gold Bottom. This workshop was greatly needed to occupy them in the winter, and the first thing they did was to cut down a great birch-tree and learn to transform it into wooden shoes for themselves, to avoid the expense of boots and shoes of leather. Then we soon find them making matches, wooden spoons, and a great variety of wooden articles for their own domestic use, and finally for sale.

Thus one trade after another sprang up as their necessities grew. Soon they took to ordinary printing and bookbinding, and we give the illustration of the humble beginning of a business that has already grown to such proportions as to be well known all over Germany. The publications of the Rauhe House have their peculiar characteristics, being mostly devoted to elementary education and



INTERIOR OF THE RAUHE HAUS CHAPEL.

religious and benevolent works. Their extensive distribution has greatly assisted in the foundation of many hospitable institutions or retreats for the outcast and depraved. The system of Home Missions has been largely developed by the guidance of works issuing from the press of the Rauhe House.

A large room on the ground floor of the Green Fir had been used as a place of prayer and religious worship, but it was so crowded morning and evening at family devotions that the cry went up for a chapel, without the least idea whence one was to come. But He who hears the young raven's cry also heard this, and inclined the hearts of a few of His children to give of their worldly goods for this purpose. Soon there arose a neat little chapel, which will contain about three hundred people. It has pulpit, and gallery with organ, and is ever festooned with wreaths indicative of the perpetual festival of Christian love and human charity celebrated within its walls. The girls occupy the center, while the boys are on one side, and the visitors or adults connected with the establishment on the other. There are various adornments of carving and sculpture interspersed with Bible precepts, so that the whole has an elevating and refining influence over the inmates of the institution.

The applications to enter were still so numerous that it was necessary to crowd the houses so as to force two families into one—to the great discomfort of the inmates. Again the appeal for more room went abroad. A wealthy patron inquired how much it would cost to build another if the boys did it mainly themselves. The calculation was



THE BEE-HIVE.

handed to him, and he advanced the money, but only on the condition that the boys should build it entirely. This task they undertook with pleasure, for they numbered forty-three now, varying in age from ten to twenty-two years, and some of them had had considerable experience in the construction of the other houses. Thus arose in a short time a beautiful and spacious cottage, appropriately named *The Beehive*.

This had scarcely been filled by its swarm when the great fire occurred which laid nearly all Hamburg in ruins. Many homeless ones fled to the Rauhe House for refuge, but there was scarcely a vacant corner here into which they could creep, and still it was impossible to send them away without food or shelter. Wichern resolved to put an appeal in the papers for seven hundred and fifty dollars to build a new house for twenty-four helpless children that had fled from the great conflagration. Hamburg was in ruins, and yet in a few days Wichern had a thousand dollars, and announced through the papers that the people in their calamity might cease their gifts. With this amount two adjoining buildings were erected for girls, and received the name of *The Swallows' Nests*. Each house was an improvement on the other, these two containing sick-rooms, and also private rooms and other convenient apartments for the girls and the sisters in charge of the two families.

Two years after this a wealthy family of Hamburg had driven out one afternoon to the Rauhe House, and were delighted to find that so much had been done with the money given



THE SWALLOWS' NESTS.

to them, but learned that there was still need of more. The next mail from the city brought a remittance of about four hundred dollars for a new house, and in a few months the boys had again constructed what they named *The Fishers' Cottage*, because those who took possession of it were regarded as the fishes caught in the gospel net, and they were to be trained to become fishers of men.

All this activity had attracted the attention of the world, and the Rauhe House was becoming a school for the training of laborers for the Home Missions. Many of the boys had grown up to enter on this work, in gratitude for their own rescue from vice and ruin. Some of the Brothers of these Missions brought money with them to defray the expenses of their stay, and the influence of others caused rich gifts to come in from unexpected sources. New outbuildings were constructed for farmers and bakers; and a few Christian friends, who felt that Wichern deserved something more than mere grati-

tude for his invaluable labors, built him a pleasant little cottage, and added largely to the grounds by purchase. Wichern's labors now were becoming of national importance, and the Prussian Government called him to Berlin to assist in organizing the great system of Inner Missions of that capital. He could not, however, wholly desert his first love and the scene of his early labors; so he resolved to spend his winters in Berlin, training Christian young men for the Missions, but in summer he stayed with his great family at the Rauhe House.

The grounds and settlement of this establishment had now become so beautiful, and were pervaded by such



THE FISHERS' COTTAGE.

an atmosphere of Christian love and systematic industry, that a plan was conceived of establishing there a boarding-school for young boys. This was soon carried into execution, and the result was Vine-Hill. It is the largest of the buildings erected, being about one hundred and seventy-five feet in length, and composed in reality of three connected houses. Its recitation-rooms are large and airy, and the accommodations in the line of board, lodging, and instruction are ample, and are all generously paid for by the parents of the pupils. The teachers are mainly young clergymen, who also engage in teaching the Brethren of the Missions, and in the pastoral work required by the establishment and the neighborhood.

The success of Wichern's labors has been simply marvelous: the homeless have received homes, and orphans a parent; the vile have been reclaimed, and a spirit of evangelical missionary work has been created that has given direction to many of the philanthropic enterprises of Germany. A school also has been established for the education of home missionaries for houses of refuge and correction, as well as for the prisons of Germany; and as a specimen of the kind of men that fill it, we give one of their manifestoes to the philanthropic world: "We the Brothers here assembled come from all parts of our beloved Fatherland. Our homes are in Prussia from the Memel to the Rhine; in Baden, Bavaria, Hesse, Württemberg, Thuringia, Hanover, Mecklenburg, Holstein and Schleswig. There is not one of us who was not in a position to earn his daily bread. Want has brought none of us here.



VINE-HILL.

When, in distant lands, we heard of the work which the Lord has begun and is carrying on in this House, we prayed that we might be sharers of the blessing and of the work amongst the children. Our house-father called us here to be helpers in the work, and not one of us has obeyed this call without the blessing of his parents. We bring neither money nor property; and if there were some of us able and anxious to give of their substance, they were prevented by a ripper wisdom than their own. What we have we freely give, namely, ourselves, as a thank-offering to God for the good of the community."

Wichern receives into this Mission school only such men as he thinks fully fitted for the work—rejecting about half who apply. And he finds plenty of places for all whom he graduates. By the hundreds he has applications for directors or assistants of reformatories; for teachers in ragged schools; for overseers of orphanages, prisons, and hospitals,—and by the hundreds he has supplied such to all quarters of the world, even to the United States, Russia, Turkey, and the islands of the South Sea. Thus the Rauhe House extends its influence over the greater part of the civilized world, and those who leave its precincts carry with them a pledge of loyalty to the Brotherhood, be they where they may. They correspond with each other, and with the establishment, and promote each other's welfare in every possible manner; they utter the same prayers at the same hour all over the globe; they have simultaneous festivals of love that remind them of noted events in their own career and in the history of the House.



THE HOUSE OF REST.



CHRISTIAN HEINRICH ZELLER.

And in all this they have no selfish motive, and make no effort to advance the special interests of any church or state. They labor for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in His love for the good of suffering humanity. They are bound by no vows, and connected with the Brotherhood by no indissoluble ties; they wear no peculiar dress, and are committed to no peculiar creed except the broad precepts of evangelical Christianity: "Love one another" is their great law; and "If ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me," is their abundant encouragement.

For want of space we leave the story of the Rauhe House but half told. We may say, however, that, go where we will in Germany in pursuit of charities, we will find its continuance. Berlin is magnificently full of institutions that directly or indirectly find their origin in the "Establishment." We have spent weeks among them without exhausting them, and have daily wondered at the marvelous patience of those who are endeavoring to give speech to the mute, and reason to poor driveling idiots. We have admired the Christian resignation of men and women who give their lives a sacrifice to the well-being of the very scum of humanity, and mingle daily with

vagrants, thieves, and harlots, in the effort to reform them.

As we walk the streets of that capital, our eye is ever attracted by retreats for the aged and the blind, the orphans and the homeless; we see asylums for indigent and invalid women, and industrial bazars for the remunerative employment of poor girls. All classes take an interest in these; and many of the benevolent and philanthropic organizations of Berlin are under the direct patronage of the Crown-Princess Victoria, and wear the prestige of her name.

We now pass to the consideration of an institution far better known to the world than the one that we have just treated of: it is the famous establishment for Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth on the Lower Rhine, not far from Düsseldorf, so celebrated for its inimitable school of modern art. It was founded about the year 1830, by that noble man Fliehn, who a few years ago went to his abundant reward. Many years of his early life were passed in unrest at the sorrows and sufferings of humanity, and during these he

wandered through prisons and hospitals to make himself acquainted with the sufferings of their inmates, and study the problem of their relief. He finally commenced his practical labors as chaplain of the prison of Düsseldorf, but soon found a wider sphere in the establishment of a hospital for the relief of the sick poor. He was met, however, at the very outset, by an almost insuperable difficulty in the great want of intelligent and trained nurses. Those whom he was able to engage were mostly poor and ignorant, and frequently persons who had failed in nearly every other employment.

He thus established his Deaconess-House, with a view to raise up a band of intelligent and devoted women who should devote their lives in Christian fidelity to the care of the sick, the instruction of prisoners, the care and education of poor children, and the consolation of the afflicted and sorrowing. From a very humble beginning, the institutions of Kaiserswerth have grown into a settlement of noble edifices devoted in some way to the alleviation of the suffering of mankind. There are no less than six groups of buildings, and it really requires days to become intimately acquainted with them all. We give in illus-

tration the so-called House of Rest—a home for aged and infirm deaconesses, who, after they have fought the good fight, prefer to come back to their old home to receive the welcome salutation, "Well done, good and faithful servants; enter ye into your reward on earth."

We wander over the principal establishment and learn that five or six hundred sisters are continually within its walls, unless called away by some sudden emergency, such as war, famine, or pestilence. Some make nursing their special care; others prepare themselves to instruct. In their immense hospital a thousand invalids receive care during the year. Sometimes a fourth of these are Roman Catholics, who are never questioned as to their creed, though it is a Protestant institution; if in the dying hour they desire a priest, full permission is granted to one to come and administer extreme unction. In all their institutions the Bible alone is the Christian text-book; it is read daily to all, and its simple truths are explained.

There is a large establishment for the training of young girls to be the teachers or directresses of infant schools of orphan or vagrant children; and also a female orphan asylum for children that may have lost one or both parents. This is largely used for the education of the orphan daughters of teachers and clergymen, and many of these girls become deaconesses, so that it is a sort of supplementary school. Again we find another building devoted to female prisoners released from the prisons, and for magdalens; and this boasts, since its establishment, of having reformed some six hundred girls and restored



THE DÜSSELDORF ESTABLISHMENT.

them to society and usefulness. The finest building of the colony is devoted to Protestant insane women, and is patronized by many of the wealthiest families of the land. Besides physician and pastor, there is over a score of deaconesses in constant attendance, whose kind ministrations do much to alleviate the terrible trials of the inmates, a large proportion of whom are returned cured to their families.

In the immediate neighborhood there are filial-houses, that are adjunct to the great purposes of the cause, and from these we may start on a pilgrimage over the world and everywhere discover stations under the control of deaconesses from the mother-colony. Germany has a hundred of them; and we find them on the banks of the Lower Danube and in the city of the Sultan, in Asia, in Palestine, in Africa, and a few in America—one in Pittsburg. Their noblest field of mercy is opened to them when the fire-brand of war is hurled among the nations. During the war between Prussia and Denmark, arising out of the Schleswig-Holstein question, they first showed their efficiency, and by their skillful medical training and patient Christian love soon came to be regarded as angels by the soldiers, who at first hooted at the idea of women being of any use on the battle-field. And again in the war of 1866 they were an influential portion of the sanitary organizations, and, knowing no foes, were found wherever misery and distress needed alleviation. But the crowning triumph was reserved for them in the recent bloody struggle between the Germans and French. When all others sank in despair at the magni-



THE GERMAN HOUSE AT LAKE-DINGLINGEN.

tude of human misery following in the train of such gigantic conflicts, the deaconesses were the first and the last among the dying and the wounded, administering succor and consolation, until numbers of them gave way to utter exhaustion and found the hero-death amidst horrors worse than those of the fiercest conflict.

But we cannot begin to enumerate their field of labor; it is as broad as that of human suffering and sorrow, and who will measure that? It is a gratifying fact that the renown of these self-sacrificing women is reaching our shores and challenging the attention of Christians. We honor the church that has recently made a decided movement in this direction, and are most confident that it will find a rich reward in so doing. Many of the churches abroad are now employing deaconesses in pastoral visitation, who find access to retreats that would be quickly and indignantly closed to men. The lanes, the alleys, the cellars, the purlieus of great cities seldom insult or reject a modest, plainly-dressed, loving, Christian woman, coming on her errand of mercy to do whatever her judgment tells her the poor and the out-cast most need.

Our churches have long neglected an element of strength that the Catholics have been steadily using to the increase of their numbers and power. Very few give full value to the influence exerted by the organized bands of women in the Romish Church. Why should not the Protestant Church have its Sisters of Charity, without veils, and vows, and secret ties that do violence to womanhood? There is in the world abundant room for the unselfish labors of women who long for a sphere of activity to do good in the name of the great Master, and the sooner we open this to them, after the manner of the Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth, the sooner we shall profit by an experience whose value can never be recorded on earth.

Christian Heinrich Zeller is the hero of the so-called "Poor School" long since established in the quaint old mediæval castle of Beuggen, on the Upper Rhine. We do not wonder that the Germans love and guard the Rhine, for its banks are adorned with so many monuments of true Christian labor that it may well seem the cradle of their humanity, as it is of their national glory. In early life Zeller's heart was pained at the destitution of poor children in the distant and scantily-peopled hamlets of



OTTO GERHARD HELDRING.

his country, where it was difficult to maintain schools of any kind, and especially so to obtain the service of Christian teachers. In sorrowing terms he frequently declared to his friends, that many of their dear German children might as well be in heathen lands as to live so destitute of the warming rays of Christian love. He therefore resolved to make himself the shepherd of these abandoned sheep, and, after more tearful struggles than we have space to relate, succeeded in obtaining from the ruler of the Grand Duchy of Baden the privilege of occupying the long-deserted Castle of Beuggen, most romantically situated on the river's bank, and in the midst of a singularly pleasing landscape.

After a world of trial in making it fit for human habitation, and obtaining from Christian benevolence the means to equip and start it, he and his wife entered it with tears streaming down their cheeks, and covered its portals with this device: "The Bible, and nothing but the Bible." They had grasped the sword of the Spirit to wage battle against spiritual destitution, and determined to raise up a band

of young warriors in this field whose simple motto should be, "The Bible and the example of Christ." The period was mature in need and ripe for such an effort. The long series of wars between the first Napoleon and the Germans had just closed, and many portions of the country were in utter desolation and destitution. The school soon found pupils among the poor of the neighborhood, and the pastors of various parishes induced young men who were being trained for the Inner Missions to go there and teach a while. In a short time Zeller began to send out his missionaries wherever there was the greatest dearth of Christian teaching, and thus he seemed almost to rescue his country from the barbarity that cruel war had been so long cultivating, before the Government or the Church was able to resume its labors. The utility of the Poor-School of Beuggen was so soon demonstrated that aid began to flow in from every quarter, and it became a permanent institution. Zeller long since went to his rest, but the Castle of Beuggen-on-the-Rhine continues to send forth its valiant warriors of the faith, as loyal, patient teachers of the poor and lowly children in the isolated hamlets of the Fatherland.

Turning now from the humble Zeller, we introduce our readers, in the accompanying engraving, to the Düsseldorf Asylum, an institution founded under a like impulse and at the same period as that of Beuggen, but by a philanthropist in a very different sphere of life. Count von der Recke also perceived the terrible destitution of the entire land after the Napoleonic wars, with its thousands of desolated hearthstones, and multitudes of poor, neglected children who were running nearly as wild as savages. The rude instincts of war seemed to have taken possession of the entire population that had so long been under its baleful influences, and the young especially were growing up into a race of malefactors.

The cities, the villages, and even the public highways, were overrun with criminals, and the prison-houses could not contain them; Germany had not known such a period of utter demoralization since the close of the awful Thirty Years' War. Von der Recke was a Christian nobleman, living on his estate near Düsseldorf, where he had frequent opportunities for witnessing the moral destitution of the young. He resolved to make an effort to reclaim some of these poor, abandoned children, and undertook to have some of them taken, at his own expense, to board in Christian families in the neighborhood. This was found to make the matter worse, by contami-

nating children still pure, and the Count then resolved to found a separate establishment for the maintenance and reformation of indigent and neglected children in the school-house of his own town. The social position and consistent Christian character of the Count soon enabled him to enlist in his service many of the wealthy nobles of the country; but in the meanwhile his infant project grew so fast that it needed more room. In looking around for relief, his eye rested on the old abbey of Düsseldorf, on the Düsseldorf River, not far from Düsseldorf. It was fortunately for sale at a reasonable figure, and by the aid of noble patrons he secured the funds and purchased the estate.

Many philanthropic friends also took an interest in the enterprise; one clergyman started a journal in its interest, and Krummacher wrote a beautiful little book on Christian love, whose profits were devoted to the establishment. Thus favored, the institution increased, additions were built to it, and more friends gathered around it. It soon became a colony of industrious workers, as all the children were set to work; and thus bakeries, and mills, and printing-offices sprang up, one after another, until the settlement owned eleven hundred acres of land, covered with everything that could enhance the welfare and increase the usefulness of the poor children that had been snatched from misery and perdition. The Count wore out under his labors and succumbed to them; but he left behind him a creation that was more lasting than its founder. It passed into the hands of a Board of Curators, and continued its useful career under several men renowned for their Christian devotion and skill in the management of reformatory institutions.

Thousands have since entered it in darkness and passed out in light, and its example has aided in founding a great number of similar retreats, or refuges, throughout Germany. The lover of such labors will find it well worthy of a visit, and easy of access. Take a Rhine steamer at Cologne, and after a short sail you are landed at the old town of Düsseldorf. Thence a pleasant walk of a mile will bring you, through an avenue of trees, to a rare old grove, in the midst of which is the colony of various buildings that now go by the name of Düsseldorf—a village built up in answer to the appeals from indigent and abandoned childhood, and one that is a nobler monument to its originator than molten brass or chiseled marble.

And now we proceed again up the Rhine, past frowning precipice and turreted castle

and smiling landscape, to a region renowned for its manufactures—that lying in the valley opposite the now famous town of Strasburg. Here we find another of the proofs that practical Christian benevolence has taken deep root in the German heart: it is the Orphan-House of Dinglingen. All its surroundings bear the indications of comfort and contentment, and the interior does not belie this impression. The manufacturing town of Lahr, some two miles away, contained a busy community of about twelve thousand, all supported by some one of the numerous branches of industry there carried on. But in these bee-hives there were a great many poor, neglected children, many of them the orphans of those who had come to an untimely end through disease, dissipation, or accident. The community was largely Catholic, and therefore little interest was manifested in the welfare of Protestant children. The sufferings of this class, consequently, made piteous appeals for help, and these calls reached the heart of a certain tradesman, by the name of Fingado. His charitable spirit led him to consult quite frequently in this regard with the officials of the town, and he became secretary of a society of benevolent ladies whose object was to find homes for destitute children.

Thus by degrees he was led to feel that his true calling was not trade, but Christian charity towards the outcasts of the community where Providence had placed him. In the midst of his heart-struggles as to what he should do, and how he could do it, he heard of the annual exhibition of Zeller's famous Poor-School, whose history we have already related. These occasions were seasons of conference and congratulation with all Protestant Christians for fifty miles around, and they never passed without such fervent appeals from Zeller in behalf of his poor children as incited all loving hearts to renewed efforts. The occurrences of this pentecostal season fixed Fingado in his purpose, and showed him what course to pursue. On his way home he met and conversed with some wealthy Christians, and he and his wife had scarcely risen from their first prayers of dedication to the sacred work when he received a letter with a contribution for his orphan-house. Another and another came, followed by favorable notices in the journals of the projected enterprise; and people saw that this would be so much better than the inhuman practice of farming out the care of abandoned children by auction to the lowest bidders,—but too often the most unfit and cruel keepers,—that they all encouraged him in the good work.

At first he took a few of the children into his own house, and even tried to continue his business, that he might have the more means of doing good. But the children crowded on him so that he soon needed all his room and all his time for them. At last it became evident that he must have new quarters, and he finally decided on a large building and grounds at Dinglingen, two miles distant from the town. The owner gave it at a reduced price for this purpose, and contributions flowed in to pay for it. For several years the expenses were borne entirely by private benevolence, but at last the Government recognized and aided it, and from that time to this it has continued to increase in numbers and influence, until the entire surrounding country seems under a more genial spirit because of this perennial fountain of Christian love.

The last of these Christian heroes whom we now propose to present to our readers, is Otto Gerhard Heldring, the famous philanthropic pastor of the ancient town of Hemmen in Holland, on the Lower Rhine, near the German border. During his university years he had a fearful struggle between the pure tenets of the Gospel and the teachings of German philosophy. He fought it out, not in the schools, but by abandoning them and taking to manual labor among the hard-working and poorly-paid people of this region. Here he learned practical lessons that turned his attention to the sufferings of his race, and led him back to the pulpit for the good that he might do as pastor and teacher of the ignorant and destitute. In his vocation as pastor he frequently visited the prisons of Holland, and was alarmed and pained at the number of young women and girls in these establishments,—many of them committed for trifling crimes, but, when once there, allowed to fall into the snares of those who were old in vice, and who actually found the prison halls a capital recruiting-ground for the brothel.

Some of the girls, learning his calling and his errand, actually appealed to him to do something for them, that the disgrace of imprisonment might not banish them from society and force them into a life of infamy. His purpose was soon taken. He visited Amsterdam, with the intention of appealing to its able citizens to establish a Magdalen asylum. And he did not beg in vain, for in a short time the establishment of Steenbeek was founded near Hemmen. It was a task to find a Christian woman to undertake the control of such an institution, and after much searching the lot fell on Miss Voute, a lady of Amster-

dam, who for many years has been a noble mother to the poor girls under her care, and has given liberally of her means to aid in sustaining the asylum. This has grown to be a model institution of the kind, and has reformed hundreds of fallen women, and taught them useful occupations for their self-support after leaving it. Nearly one thousand girls have found a retreat there, and of these about one-third have been reformed and returned to society as useful members of it; a third have been wavering between good and evil, and the remaining third have returned to a life of shame.

This fact led Helderling to look further in his reformatory efforts, and induced him to

found another institution—for prevention rather than cure—and thus arose the House of Talitha Kumi, a refuge for young girls on the eve of destruction, especially released convicts. Large numbers have been gathered in here, and a much larger proportion reformed. To these was soon added another, called Bethel, intended to hold a medium rank between the other two—the three affording a perfect chain to surround neglected girls of all ages and protect them from the evil ready to engulf them. To these labors Helderling finally added that of foreign missions, and has thus fairly deserved to be classed among the benefactors of the race.

DEFECTS OF THE NATIONAL BANKING SYSTEM.

THE advantages of the present National Banking System are so great and obvious that criticism has been almost smothered. The improvement upon former systems, under which each State regulated the affairs of all the banks situated within its limits, is apparent to all. No unprejudiced man would for a moment wish us to return to the condition of affairs which existed prior to the passage of the National Currency Act,—when the currency of every State, almost of every bank, had a different quotation, when "wild cat" banks flourished and "red dog" currency abounded, and when counterfeits were so numerous that none but the most experienced judges could hope to escape occasional imposition. The bank currency of many States was not, it is true, obnoxious to all these objections, but the state of the circulation of the country at large was deplorably bad. Now, on the contrary, the country possesses a bank currency which is uniform, amply secured, and so well executed that it has for years successfully defied the counterfeiters' arts. More important still, it answers almost all the purposes required of any circulation, is available for the payment of taxes, and practically, though not legally, of most private debts, and is for nearly all the needs of the community as useful and valuable as the currency of the government itself. Dazzled by all these conspicuous advantages, most people have, without reflection or investigation, concluded that the National Banking System is an unmixed good, never stopping to inquire whether these advantages may not be offset by defects as great, though not so striking, or may not have been purchased at the

sacrifice of some of the good features which existed in the former system, faithful though it was. We are convinced that the system established by the National Currency Act possesses such grave defects, and is ingrafted with such anomalous provisions, as to almost counterbalance its manifest merits. To show what these defects are it will be necessary, in the first place, to briefly set forth the leading characteristic features of the system.

LEADING FEATURES OF THE SYSTEM.

The National Currency Act of June 3, 1864, which, with some amendments, still remains in force and is the basis of the system, provides for the issue of \$300,000,000 in circulating notes by National Banks organized as therein provided. These notes are secured by the deposit with the Treasury Department of one hundred dollars in United States bonds for every ninety dollars in notes issued, and are to be redeemed in lawful money of the United States on presentation at the banks. It is also required that each bank shall at all times keep on hand an amount of lawful money of the United States, equal, in certain cities where banks are permitted to redeem for those in other parts of the country, to twenty-five per cent. of its circulating notes and deposits, and in all other cities to fifteen per cent. of those liabilities, three-fifths of which may consist of the balances due from the banks which redeem for it. The interest on the bonds deposited is paid to the banks that own them. This act originally contained no provision for the distribution of the circulation among the different sections of the country, but by an amend-

ment approved March 3, 1865, it was enacted—

"That one hundred and fifty million dollars of the entire amount of circulating notes authorized to be issued, shall be apportioned to associations in the States, in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories, according to representative population, and the remainder shall be apportioned by the Secretary of the Treasury among associations formed in the several States, in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories, having due regard to the existing banking capital, resources, and business of such State, District, and Territory."

A similar provision was contained in the act of February 25, 1863,—the original National Currency Act, which was superseded by the act of June 3, 1864,—but for some reason was omitted from the latter act.

The act of June 3, 1864, also declares that the circulating notes of National Banks "shall be received at par in all parts of the United States in payment of excises, public lands, and all other dues to the United States, except for duties on imports; and also for all salaries and other debts and demands owing by the United States to individuals, corporations, and associations within the United States, except interest on the public debt and in redemption of the National Currency."

An act passed July 12, 1870, provides for \$54,000,000 of National Currency, to be apportioned among those States and Territories having less than their proportion under the apportionment provided for by the act of March 3, 1865; but as it does not alter or affect the general characteristics of the system, it does not require separate consideration.

Briefly recapitulating these prominent features of the system, we find provision made for a bank currency, fixed in amount, apportioned half according to population, and half in the manner which a certain government officer shall deem best, secured by stocks in the custody of the government, but drawing interest for the banks, and by lawful money reserves held by the banks, payable on demand in lawful money, and receivable in payment of all currency dues to and from the United States. From a consideration of these provisions of law, what, let us now inquire, would any intelligent, unprejudiced man of sound judgment, familiar with the principles of political economy and the history of banking systems, have predicted would be the practical operation of the system thus inaugu-

rated? He would have predicted, first, from the limitation of the bank circulation to an arbitrarily fixed amount, that the system would build up a mighty monopoly—hydra-headed, and all the more dangerous for that reason—tenacious of its privileges and clamorous for further concessions, and of such gigantic power as to control all political and legislative action, where its own interests should be concerned. He would have predicted, further, that the operation of this limitation, coupled with the crude provisions for the apportionment of the currency, would cause banks to spring up like mushrooms in places where there would be no legitimate business foundation for such enterprises, while other places needing banking facilities, but more tardy in their applications, would be left unprovided for. He would have predicted still further, that the provision for the receipt of the National Currency in payment of all currency dues to and from the government would make it in effect a legal-tender for all private debts, and, in conjunction with its limited amount, would, at least while the government receipts and disbursements should continue as large as they were certain to be for many years, give it such a circulation that the banks would be practically freed from the responsibility of redeeming it. He would have predicted, finally, that, the banks being certain under the operation of such causes of receiving double interest upon the capital invested, the business would be exceedingly profitable, and that the returns would show fat dividends and rapidly augmenting surpluses.

Just these results, which might have been foreseen upon a careful study of the provisions of law which created the system, have actually followed. It has probably occurred to many that the banks were wielding more power and reaping greater profits than they were justly entitled to, but public interest in the subject does not appear to have been awakened to the extent which its importance demands. Probably most who have thought about it at all have believed these evils to be inseparable from any banking system, and, finding the present one free from most of the annoying defects of its predecessors, have been content to bear with those which, however injurious they may be in their aggregate effect, detract but little from individual comfort or convenience. The annoyance of being unable to pass a note without a "shave," because it was issued by some Western State Bank, or of thumbing a bank-note detector amid the hurry of business, to determine

whether some doubtful-looking shiplaster was genuine, was a direct and palpable evil which the meanest intellect could appreciate; but being insensibly taxed to contribute to the profits of the stockholders of National Banks is so easy and comfortable a mode of being robbed, that the victim is insensible of the process. It is like having one's pocket picked without discovering the deficit in one's cash.

Returning to our imaginary predictions, we find that the defects of the system fall under four heads: Monopoly; Unfair Apportionment of the Right to Issue Circulation; Irredeemability of the National Currency; and Excessive Profits of National Banks. These we shall take up in their order.

MONOPOLY.

There can be no doubt that the National Banks—at least in the Northeastern States, where the principal portion of the banking capital of the country lies, and where the apportioned amount of bank circulation was long since issued—constitute a true monopoly. It would be idle to say that they do not constitute a monopoly because of their number,—because the business of banking is not confined to one or a few. The essence of a monopoly, as the word is now used, does not consist in the limitation of the privilege of conducting a business to a small number, but in its being limited at all, either as to the amount of capital which may be invested in the business, or as to the number of persons who may prosecute it. So long as there are any persons in the State who are debarred by law from engaging in any business on the same terms as any other persons, so long that business, whatever it may be in name or appearance, is in fact and in essence a monopoly in the hands of those who are allowed to engage in it. And in proportion as there is a desire to extend a business so limited beyond the hands of those who may be authorized by law to prosecute it, that monopoly will become odious and oppressive. Applying these principles to the National Banking System, the conclusion cannot be resisted, that if any citizen of the United States is debarred by a national law from prosecuting the business of banking on the same terms as any other person in the United States, that business is a monopoly. Viewed in this light, the business of banking under the National Currency Act is a monopoly in all of the Northeastern States of the Union. The national circulation allotted to those States by law, or by the apportionment made in pursuance of law, having all been long

since swallowed up by organizations earliest in the field, the business of issuing circulating notes is confined to those organizations. National banks may, it is true, be organized and commence business in those States, but they must forego the privilege of issuing notes, unless they can buy up, as has sometimes been done, the circulation of some defunct or moribund bank in the same State, and, returning it to the Currency Bureau at Washington, obtain in its stead new notes to be issued by themselves. The business of issuing circulating notes is monopolized by the associations organized prior to the exhaustion of the amount of banking circulation allotted to the States in which they may be situated.

That the national banking interest has grown to be one of great influence in the National Legislature, no one who has watched the course of legislation upon the subject will deny. No other influence than this stands in the way of the repeal of the arbitrary limitation upon the bank circulation of the country, for no other interest could be damaged by it. If the privileges and benefits of the National Currency Act should be thrown open to all on equal terms, the profits of the National Banks now established could not fail to be reduced. Competition, that healthful element of all legitimate trade, would be stimulated, and new banks would be organized, until the number should be so increased that the profits derivable from banking under the national system would be assimilated in rate to the profits of other kindred enterprises. It is not a matter of surprise that the banks already organized, knowing this, should use every effort to keep newcomers, with whom they would be obliged to share their profits, from the field. How great an influence they are able to exert in this direction may be estimated from a consideration of the fact that nearly every city and thriving village has one or more National Banks, the stockholders and officers of which are usually the most active and influential men in their several localities. Such men as these are not to be disregarded in political movements and combinations, and their influence, having been secured, must be rewarded by devotion to their interests. In this manner they are enabled to largely control the legislation affecting the banking interest. There are few members of Congress who would not be guided in their votes upon a banking measure by the expressed wishes of the national bankers in their districts. These statements are not intended to be construed as strictures upon either the national bankers

or the members of Congress. In so acting they are guided merely by that consideration for their own interests which is the uniform law of human nature. The fact, however, that the National Banking System furnishes incentives to such action is here adduced as one of its defects, which it should be the policy of wise legislation to remove while the evil is yet in its infancy, and before it becomes too strong—if the hour be not already too late—to be eradicated by anything less than a popular uprising against the whole system. For it must be remembered that monopolists are no exception to the rule that "power is ever at war with its own boundaries." It is their tendency, like that of all irresponsible power, to grow more and more grasping and dictatorial, until at last, blinded by success and license, they carry their exactions to such lengths that they fall victims to the popular resentment which they have provoked. The founders of the National Banking System were doubtless actuated by pure and patriotic motives, but it may prove that they have summoned a genie too powerful for them or their successors to control.

An illustration of the influence of the National Banks in shaping legislation favorably to themselves may be found in the fact that upon the maturity of the compound-interest notes, which had been available under the rulings of the Treasury Department for their lawful money reserves, they were able to secure the passage of an act which provided for the issuing of an anomalous kind of obligation,—known as three-per-cent. certificates,—to take the place in their reserves of the matured notes, which had of course ceased to draw interest. The act was passed avowedly for the purpose of providing the banks with notes which should be sufficiently like lawful money to be available for their reserves, and, while meeting the requirements of law in that particular, should yield them interest. Such a measure is utterly indefensible. Its effect is to cause the people of the United States to pay interest to the banks on the reserves which the law, founded on a regard for the security of their creditors, compels them to hold, and which, but for the suspension of specie payments, would be required to be entirely composed of gold and silver coin.

A still more recent illustration of the rapacity of the banks is furnished by the bill to provide an "elastic" currency, introduced by Gen. Butler at the last session of the XL1st Congress, which, like most measures of that gentleman, has provoked much comment. It

provides for an unlimited issue of bonds or notes bearing three and sixty-five one-hundredths per cent. interest per annum, in lawful money, which shall be furnished at par in exchange for United States notes at all of the Government sub-treasuries, and shall be redeemable on presentation. If public report may be trusted, the National Bank interest has promised this measure its support, provided that it shall be so amended that the proposed bonds be available for the reserves of the banks. This is decidedly the most rapacious proposition which has been presented on behalf of the banks. Should it be adopted, the United States would be required to pay three and sixty-five one-hundredths per cent. annual interest on every dollar held in the bank reserves. The present law is sufficiently odious, but, fortunately, only about twenty-three and one-half millions of the three-per-cent. certificates are now* outstanding, and this amount is being steadily reduced under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. The proposed new issue, on the other hand, being obtainable at any time, to any amount, in exchange for United States notes, is limited only by the demand. The first and probably about the only result which would follow the adoption of the bill, as proposed to be amended, would be the conversion of the whole legal-tender reserves of the banks into the new bonds, and the imposition thereby of many millions of additional annual burden upon the people of the United States, in the form of interest paid to the banks on their reserves.

The defeat at the same session of Congress, through the influence of the banks, of the bill for the renewal of the bank circulation, is another instance of their greed and power. There was and could be no doubt of the necessity of the measure, which is evidenced by the daily experience of every one; but the banks were unwilling either to forego the profit derived from the sheer wearing-out of their notes by protracted use, or to submit to the expense of furnishing new ones, and the bill was consequently doomed to defeat. So, too, during the pendency of the funding bill, the banks were able to secure the rejection of every feature which they considered unfavorable to their interests. This result was achieved through the efforts of a committee, representing nearly all the National Banks in the United States, who formed a lobby too powerful for Congress to resist, and proved conclusively that the organization of the banks was so perfect and their power so

* December 1, 1871.

great as to render almost hopeless any effort to curtail their profits or franchises.

The facts that many members of Congress are officers of National Banks, and that a still larger number are stockholders in those institutions, have doubtless not been wholly destitute of influence upon legislation affecting the interests of the banks.

UNFAIR APPORTIONMENT OF THE RIGHT TO ISSUE CIRCULATION.

The organization of National Banks in places where no banks existed before, and where no increase of legitimate business would warrant their establishment, has been frequently noticed. Illustrative instances will probably be called to mind by nearly every reader. A comparison of the list of National Banks with that of the banks which existed prior to the passage of the National Currency Act, after making due allowance for increase of trade and wealth, will amply demonstrate this. That, on the other hand, places in need of banking facilities have been left unprovided for by the National system, is evidenced by the facts that numerous applications for authority to establish banks in the Northeastern States have been refused by the Comptroller of the Currency, in consequence of the exhaustion of the quotas allotted to those States, and that many banks have been organized and have begun business without obtaining their proportion of circulation, while others still have found it profitable to buy the circulation of closing banks at a premium, for the purpose of obtaining for it from the Currency Bureau new notes to be issued by themselves. That these results are due to the imposition of a limitation upon the amount of the bank circulation of the country and to the consequent enhancement of the profits of the banks, is easily demonstrated. The national banker reaps double interest on his money—one on the bonds deposited for security, and one on the circulation issued to him upon those bonds and used by him in his business. Granting, what for most country districts—where the banks organized without a sufficient basis of legitimate business are commonly situated—is an extravagant estimate, that the taxes would consume the profit derived from circulation, it would nevertheless follow that, if the profit derived from general business should be more than sufficient to pay expenses, the investment in the stock of the bank would be more profitable than United States bonds, and would consequently attract capital. As the expense of conducting country banks is very light, it might well

happen that a bank would be a profitable investment to its stockholders in a place where, without the advantage given to it by the double interest, the legitimate banking business would be inadequate to support such an enterprise. Such being the case, it would unquestionably ensue, since the distribution of the currency was made—and could be practically made in most instances—on scarcely any other rule than that of "First come, first served," that many banks, attracted by the certainty of a paying profit on a very small business, would be established in places not transacting sufficient business to warrant their establishment, if unsupported by the double interest derived from bonds and circulation. Supposing the circulation allotted to a State to be no more than sufficient to meet the requirements of trade, it is evident that just to the extent that such banks should be established, places in need of banking facilities would be deprived of their proper proportion of banking capital, and the privilege of issuing circulation would be unfairly apportioned.

A distinction should be made between an unfair apportionment of the right to issue circulation and an improper distribution of the currency itself. The former does not necessarily imply the latter. Circulation, wherever issued, will gravitate to those places where it is needed for the operations of trade. Banks may be established on the prairies of Nebraska or the alkali plains of Nevada, but if there is not sufficient local business to employ their circulation it will flow to the great centers of trade as certainly and as irresistibly as the Mississippi flows to the Gulf. Banks do not create capital, but are simply one of its forms of investment. Capital must exist before they can be established, and although they may provide a means for its temporary distribution, through the agency of loans, they cannot directly add a dime to it. Such statements of elementary principles would seem to be needless, yet the prevalent ignorance of their existence is almost daily exemplified in the press and in the halls of legislation. Not long since many members of Congress from the West and South vehemently advocated a redistribution of the bank circulation in the interests of those sections, on the ground that, being poorer than the East, they should have a greater proportion of circulation, in order to correct the inequality in wealth!

Inasmuch, therefore, as the circulation possesses the power of distributing itself, the unfairness of which we speak extends only to the apportionment of the right to issue it. But, although the circulation eventually flows

to the places where it is needed, the granting of the privilege of issuing it to banks in localities where it is not required for legitimate business operations is none the less injurious in its effects. The banks thus situated are compelled to make use of their circulation in some profitable manner, in order to pay dividends. If it is not taken up by legitimate business, it will inevitably be employed in speculative enterprises. The banks cannot afford to keep it idle in their vaults, and the temptation to lend it at profitable rates in furtherance of hazardous schemes, when no other means of obtaining a profit on it presents itself, cannot be resisted by the ordinary bank manager. It may be that the circulation, instead of being employed at home in this manner, is deposited at interest with banks situated in the great centers of business. The evil is not, however, obviated by such a course. The banks with which it is deposited are compelled, in order to cover themselves, to keep these deposits constantly employed in some manner which will bring in a greater rate of interest than that paid for them. If there is sufficient demand for money for proper purposes to keep the whole amount in use at paying rates, no bad results ensue; but if, as must often happen, the entire sum is not taken up in this manner, the only alternative for the banks, in order to save themselves from loss, is to lend the remainder for speculative purposes. It thus appears that the unfair apportionment of the right to issue circulation is almost certain in any case to foster speculation.

IRREDEEMABILITY OF THE NATIONAL CURRENCY.

The worst feature of the present bank circulation is its irredeemability. Although nominally redeemable in United States notes by the banks which issued it, and their redeeming agents, yet so slight a portion of it is sent in for redemption that the banks are practically freed from the responsibility of redeeming their notes. When this state of things is analyzed, it discloses the fact that the whole national bank circulation of the country is, in effect, a permanent loan, without interest, from the people to the banks. This statement may be rendered clearer by an illustration. A national bank is organized with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, which is invested in United States bonds and deposited with the Treasury Department at Washington as security for circulation. In return for this deposit there is delivered to the bank ninety thousand dollars in circulat-

ing notes, which are immediately put in circulation by it, in discounting paper, making loans, and in other profitable ways. If these notes remain in circulation for an indefinite time, there can be no question that for that time they are quite as useful and profitable to the bank as if they were United States notes, or any other circulating representative of value. If the reader should be so fortunate as to be the owner of one hundred thousand dollars in United States bonds, he would not be able—provided that he is not a national banker—to realize more than a single interest on the investment. He might deposit them as collateral to his notes, as the national bank virtually does, but, unlike the bank, he would be compelled to pay interest on the notes, so that the interest derived from his bonds would be offset by the interest exacted on the money borrowed. Manage it as he might, he would find himself able to reap interest but once on his hundred thousand dollars. But the national bank, with the same amount invested in the same manner, has no difficulty in obtaining, in addition to the interest on its bonds, ninety thousand dollars more which it can use for purposes of profit. For all purposes of benefit to it, these ninety thousand dollars constitute a loan to the bank, for an indefinite period, without interest. But a loan supposes not only a borrower but a lender;—who is the lender in this case? Certainly, it will be said, no one is the loser, and if the national bankers are the gainers it would be ungenerous to grumble at their good fortune. Let us look into this a little. A moment's reflection will convince any one that inasmuch as the national bank, without any greater merit or effort, possesses so large an advantage, in the profitable use of its capital, over all members of the community whose capital is otherwise invested, this advantage must be gained at their expense. Its undue proportion of profit must be compensated by the decrease of the profits of others. The bank produces nothing; it adds nothing to the aggregate wealth of the community, except as an instrument for facilitating trade and exchange. On whom then does the loss fall? At whose expense are the unnaturally increased profits of the banks realized? The answer, in the light of what has been said, is obvious: the loss falls upon the whole community—upon every person by whom a bank note is received or held. There is no escaping this conclusion. If A. takes B's note without interest, and gives him in return for it its face value in money, trade, or credit, which B. can use to his profit, it is clear that

B.'s profit is at A.'s expense. A. has taken an obligation from B. which yields no profit to the taker, and by so doing has enabled B. to realize a profit. Just this is what every person who takes a bank note does. He gives value, either directly or indirectly, to the bank, upon which it can realize profit, and takes in return an obligation of the bank which yields no profit to him. The people, then, are the lenders to the banks, lenders without interest of the whole amount of the bank circulation of the country. But, it may be objected, no one feels this burden; no one's profits are perceptibly diminished by it, and therefore no real harm is done. These facts, so far from being a palliation, are but an aggravation of the evil. Self-interest may be trusted to impel men to resist unjust taxation which is plain to be seen of all men, but the enemy to be feared is the one that comes, like the vampire, in the dark, and saps the victim's life-blood without his knowledge. How great a tax upon the industries of the country the bank-circulation is, may be realized when it is stated that, according to the report of the Comptroller of the Currency for 1870,—an authority by no means hostile to the banks,—the average profit derived by national banks from their circulation is 5 per ct. per annum. Five per ct. on three hundred and twenty-six and one-half million dollars—about the present amount of national currency outstanding—is sixteen million three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. This, then, is the trifling tax which the people of this country pay for the maintenance of the national banking system. Sixteen and one-third millions taken each year from the hard-earned profits of the people and transferred to the coffers of the banks! Let no one then delude himself with the idea that no harm is done by this tax. The diversion of sixteen and a third millions of dollars every year from its proper channel cannot fail to work serious injury to the industrial interests of the country. So great an amount annually deducted from the earnings of labor and legitimate trade, and added to the profits of capitalists, however slight its apparent effect upon each individual may be, must inevitably, in its aggregate result, be vastly detrimental to the true interests of the country. For it must be borne in mind that the profits of one class of the community cannot be unduly and unnaturally augmented without a corresponding decrease of the profits or the capital of the remainder of the community. The productions of the country have a certain value, out of which the wages and profits of all members and classes

of the community must be paid. No class can appropriate to itself more than its share of that value without injury to other classes. Any system which unduly adds to the profits of the capitalist subtracts an equal amount from the earnings of the producer and the laborer.

It behooves us next to inquire to what causes is due this irredeemability which is so disastrous in its results. The main causes are two. One, to which allusion has already been made, is the limitation which has been placed upon its amount. The banks already organized possessing a monopoly of the privilege of issuing circulating notes, and the circulation of the country being no more than sufficient for the requirements of trade, each bank is able to keep out its whole circulation without endeavoring to push home that of other banks. The people, too, knowing that bank notes are equally good with United States notes for the payment of taxes, and, by consequence, of nearly all private debts, possess no inducement to refuse to receive them, or to present them, when received, for redemption. And this brings us to the other and most potent reason for the irredeemability of the National Currency. This is the fact that it is made by law receivable at par in all parts of the United States for all currency dues to and from the United States. This provision, more than all others, is the fountain from which the irredeemability of the national bank circulation flows. The United States by this enactment sets its seal upon every national bank note, declaring thereby that for all purposes of the general government it is equally good with the notes of the United States. This fact, while the receipts and expenditures of the government continue so large as now, aggregating as they did no less than six hundred and seventy-five million dollars for the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1871, cannot fail to exercise a controlling influence upon the condition of the national currency. So long as it shall be receivable by every postmaster for postage; by every Internal Revenue collector for internal taxes; by every receiver of a land-office for public lands; by the Patent Office for patent fees; by the Treasury for its sales of gold; by the War and Navy Departments for their sales of stores; so long, in brief, as it shall be receivable by the officers of the government for all currency dues to the United States, so long will it be impossible to convince any one who holds it that there is any necessity for presenting it for redemption, and so long will its irredeemability continue,

unless, indeed, it should be overcome to some extent by the repeal of the limitation upon the amount which may be lawfully issued.

EXCESSIVE PROFITS OF NATIONAL BANKS.

The last feature of the system to which we desire to call attention is the result of all those of which we have treated. It is the defect which gives all the others their sting, and without which they would be comparatively innocuous. We refer to the exorbitant profits which the national banking system, with all its disadvantageous features, enables the banks to divide.

The national banks were not required to make any reports of the dividends declared by them until March 3, 1869, when an act was passed which made it the duty of each national bank to report to the Comptroller of the Currency, within ten days after its declaration, the amount of each dividend declared by it, and the amount of its net earnings in excess of such dividend. The only information, other than that contained in the archives of the Department at Washington, which is possessed concerning these reports of dividends and net earnings, is embodied in a report made by the Comptroller to the House of Representatives on the 22d of January, 1870, in compliance with a resolution of that body, passed December 21, 1869. It should be borne in mind that the year 1869 was not a profitable year for most business operations. The course of the price of gold throughout the year was steadily downward, and with that of gold sank also the prices of most commodities and kinds of property. The remarks concerning the year 1870 contained in the report of the Comptroller of the Currency for that year apply with at least equal force to the year 1869. "The profits" [of National Banks], he says, "have not been so large as in former years, owing to various causes, among which may be noted the decline in the premium on gold, a reduction in the amount of transactions in government bonds, and consequent falling off in commissions, and the fact that, owing to the general shrinkage of values which has taken place, the banks generally have realized their losses and charged off the bulk of their bad debts." And yet, notwithstanding these disadvantageous conditions, the average percentage of clear profits, including dividends and net earnings in excess of dividends, for the first dividend period of six months embraced in the Comptroller's report to the House of Representatives was six and eighty-eight one-hundredths, and for the second period six and seventy-five one-

hundredths, making an aggregate net profit for the year, clear of all taxes, expenses, losses, and abatements whatever, of thirteen and sixty-three one-hundredths per centum. When it is remembered that this is the average rate of net profits of all the national banks which paid any dividends at all during the year, including those unfavorably situated or badly managed, and those which had sustained losses through either mismanagement or dishonesty, the profitability of the national banking system will be clearly realized. It is doubtful whether there is any business pursued within the United States, not favored by special legislation or attended with exceptional risk, danger, or disrepute, whose average net profits are so great as those indicated by these figures. Instances may doubtless be pointed out where certain individuals or sets of individuals, in the pursuit of some business not belonging to the classes which we have excepted, have realized higher profits; but it would be found that when their profits had been averaged with those of the same business throughout the United States, they would fall much below those of national banks. Numerous cases could be adduced, by almost any one, of merchants engaged, for instance, in the dry-goods trade, who had realized a much larger net profit; but if the profits of all the dry-goods merchants in the country should be averaged,—if from the aggregate profits should be deducted all the losses of merchants who had made unfortunate ventures or had failed,—the average net profits would unquestionably be brought down to a much smaller figure than that shown by the dividend reports of the national banks. So, too, a business which is usually exposed to exceptional risks may in a fortunate season reap exceptional profits; but if its profits for a number of seasons, favorable and unfavorable included, should be averaged, the net profits would be reduced to a much lower rate. Pursuits which expose those who may engage in them to great personal danger, or are considered disreputable or unpleasant, may show a larger average net profit; but the danger, disrepute, or unpleasantness with which they are attended may be considered as a fair offset to the excess of their profits over those of pursuits not subject to these drawbacks.

The business of banking is exposed to very few risks—indeed, to no special risks. Embezzlement, robbery, or mismanagement may, it is true, ruin a bank, or impair its profits or capital; but these are disasters to which all businesses are alike exposed. So, too, a financial panic may sweep over the

land and involve all banks in common distress or ruin. But the effects of these are not confined to banks alone; they affect in equal or greater degree the whole business community, with whose misfortunes the banks of necessity sympathize. But, aside from the risks to which it is exposed in common with all other business pursuits, banking is an eminently safe business, probably subjected to as few risks as any involving the investment of capital that can be mentioned. It is also in an unusual degree pleasant and honorable. Its exactions of time and labor are light as compared with other pursuits, while those engaged in it are ranked among the most reputable and honored members of the community. There is, consequently, no reason in the nature of things why the profits of national banks should be so great. It would rather appear that a slight advantage in the percentage of income derived from investments in national bank stock over the legal interest on money would be a sufficient inducement to attract all the capital which would be required for the conduct of the banking business of the country. It would seem that, at the highest estimate, under a normal condition of the business, the assurance of two or three per cent. greater profit than could be realized from what are considered absolutely safe investments—such as government stocks, or loans on real estate—would compensate for all the additional risk to which capital would be exposed when invested in the business of banking. This conclusion may be reasonably drawn from the laws of supply and demand.

But so far from finding the result that might have been expected, under a natural and healthy condition of the business, we perceive that its profits are nearly, if not quite, double the average legal interest on money, and more than double the interest on United States stocks. If a simple farmer or tradesman becomes the possessor of a few hundred surplus dollars which he wishes to loan on real estate or in any other manner, the usury laws of most of the States, and usually the inexorable natural laws of trade also, limit the interest which he may receive to six or seven per cent. per annum; while the wealthy capitalist who has been so fortunate as to invest in national bank stock may rely upon an income from the investment of nearly double those rates. Such a discrimination in favor of investments in a particular kind of corporate capital, if it can be traced to the door of legislation, is eminently unjust. Giving, as it does, an undue and unmerited share of the aggregate profits of the community to a favor-

ed portion of its members, it impairs in an equal degree the profits of the remainder. Such an effect is baneful in the last degree. It becomes important, then, to ascertain to what causes the enormous profits of the national banking system are due, so that, if they lie within the province of legislation, they may be corrected.

We may reasonably conclude, since the profits of all enterprises under the operation of natural laws seek a common level, that these causes may be found in the legal defects of the system,—in the anomalous provisions which have been ingrafted upon it by legislation. But before studying these causes let us retrace our steps and briefly consider again the three great defects of the system which we have been examining:—Monopoly, Unfair Apportionment of the Right to Issue Circulation, and Irredeemability of the National Currency. The second defect we have shown to be but a result of the first. We may then properly resort to the other two for an answer to our inquiry. We find both of these defects to pertain to the circulation, for the monopoly which the system creates is a monopoly of only the right to issue circulating notes, and not of the other branches of the business. For any person, so far as the general law is concerned, upon payment to the Internal Revenue Department of taxes equal in rate to the duties collected by the Treasurer of the United States from national banks, may receive deposits, buy and sell exchange, bonds and securities, discount paper, loan money, and engage in any and all of the other branches of the banking business, except the issuing of circulating notes. That privilege is practically confined to the national banks by the imposition of a prohibitory tax of ten per cent. per annum "on the notes of any person, State bank, or State banking association, used for circulation." The monopoly then only extends to the circulation, of which irredeemability is but another feature. We may therefore rightly conclude that the source of the undue profits of the national banks, as compared with other equally safe investments of capital, is to be found in their possession of a monopoly of the privilege of issuing circulating notes, and in their practical freedom, under the operation of existing laws, from the responsibility of redeeming them. We find that these conclusions are borne out by the facts. The Comptroller of the Currency, in his report for 1870, in the following statements furnishes important confirmation of our conclusions: "The privilege of issuing circulating notes is no more valuable as a franchise under Federal

authority than it always has been under State authority. The profits derived from it are usually over-estimated. A fair estimate of the average percentage of profit on circulation will not much exceed five per cent., and this is just about the average rate paid by national banks; so that the profits derived from the business of banking depend chiefly upon the amount of deposits, which, after all, constitute the true basis of banking." Although we have quoted this passage chiefly for the purpose of showing the estimate made of the profits derived from circulation, we cannot permit its statements on other points to pass unchallenged. In the light of the previous discussion, the privilege of issuing circulating notes is indisputably more valuable under the National system than it could have been under any State system, for the obvious reason that the national banks are not in practice required to redeem their notes, while an amount equal to the whole volume of its circulation came into each State bank for redemption, under any well-regulated State system, every few months. The New York State banks, it is estimated, redeemed an amount equal to their whole circulation every sixty or ninety days. It is absurd to say that no more profit can be derived from a circulation, all of which remains permanently outstanding, and for whose redemption no provision is needed, than was realized from one all of which came in for redemption every few months, to provide for which the banks had to constantly keep large reserves on hand. It requires no more than the statement of these facts to convince any one that the national currency must be a source of vastly greater profit to the banks than the old State bank circulation ever was.

By what process of computation the Comptroller charges the whole amount of taxation paid by national banks against the profits on their circulation, we are unable to guess. It would seem to be quite as fair to charge it against the profits on deposits, and then to conclude that the circulation was the chief source of profit. The inference from his conclusions would seem to be that, inasmuch as the profit on circulation happens to be about equal to the taxation, the other items must be considered as the true sources of profit, and that therefore the entire thirteen and sixty-three one-hundredths percentage of net profit is properly attributable to them. The truth is that the taxes of the banks are distributed over all their sources of profit—their circulation, deposits, capital stock, dividends, and surpluses. The proper course

would have been to apportion the five per cent. of taxation among these different items, and we presume from the result reached that, in making his estimate of the profit on circulation, the Comptroller did deduct from the gross profit at least its fair share of taxation. Following this course, we find that if the circulation brings in five per cent. of net profit, only the remainder of the whole net profit must be referred to the other items. Deducting the five per cent. derived from circulation from the total net profit of thirteen and sixty-three one-hundredths per cent., we find the profit on other items eight and sixty-three one-hundredths per cent., a result widely different from that to which the Comptroller's logic would lead us. Accepting, however, as a fact his statement that the profits derived from circulation are just about sufficient to pay all the taxes of national banks, we have a convincing proof of the unjust operation of the system. The statement, put into other words, means exactly this: that the national banks have been gratuitously presented by the government with a franchise the profits of which, under existing laws and conditions, pay all of their taxes and leave the remainder of their business absolutely free from taxation. What a monstrous discrimination in their favor is this! While all the remainder of the capital of the country is groaning under an oppressive load of taxation, the national banks alone are presented with the privilege of making good from the earnings of the people all the taxes levied upon their immense business.

When we consider that many banks throughout the country are doing a thriving business without issuing any circulation at all, we can come to no other conclusion than that if such banks are able to make a fair profit after meeting all the demands of the tax-gatherer, national banks equally well situated and well managed must be able to make just about five per cent. more than a fair profit.*

* It may be objected to the foregoing remarks concerning the profits of the banks, that they leave out of sight the fact that the banks have large surpluses, which are a part of their working capital, and to which should be assigned their proper proportion of profits, thus reducing the percentage of average profits. This objection would be just, if its force were not almost if not quite neutralized by the following facts:—

1. The surpluses do not entitle the banks to additional circulation, and are therefore less profitable than capital.
2. In consequence of the limitation of the amount of circulation, many banks have either no circulation or a less amount than ninety per cent. of their capital, and consequently divide smaller profits than those having their full proportion. As our criticisms are leveled

REMEDIES.

We have thus passed in review what, in our opinion, are the great defects of the National Banking System—the Monopoly of the Privilege of issuing Circulation by certain favored corporations, the Unfair Apportionment of that Privilege, and the Irredeemability of the Bank Currency, and, finally, the Enormous Profits of the Banks. It now remains for us to point out the remedies for these defects.

The remedies which we shall propose have probably been foreseen by the reader from the foregoing discussion. They are simple and practicable, and, what will recommend them to most liberal minds, they tend to the freeing and not to the shackling of business. We are no believer in those cumbersome expedients of legislation which seem to spring from the notion that it is the natural tendency of things to go wrong, and that it is the proper province of the law-maker to pass laws which by restrictions, penalties, and like devices shall compel them to go right. We believe in most instances such laws are hindrances rather than helps. We have the most unbounded confidence in natural laws, and but very

mainly at circulation, such banks should be excluded from the calculation. The total circulation of the banks at the close of 1869 was less than seventy per cent. of their capital.

3. The banks are permitted to charge to their profit and loss accounts the premiums paid on bonds owned by them, and to report the bonds at their par value among their resources. It is not known to what extent this has been done; but as the United States bonds held by them at the close of 1869 amounted to over \$380,000,000, the cost of which ranged from par to a premium of twenty per cent., while their premium accounts amounted to but \$2,439,591.41, it is evident that an immense amount of premiums had been charged to profit and loss. It is but fair to assume that a due proportion was so charged in 1869—the year whose profits we have considered. As these bonds are probably now worth on an average more than they cost, the premiums paid ought not to be deducted in reckoning actual profits.

4. As before stated, the profits of the banks in 1869 were probably not so large as usual. Although the official figures for the profits of subsequent years, on file in the Currency Bureau at Washington, cannot be obtained until called for by Congress, there is good reason for believing that they show an increase over the profits of 1869.

5. As also stated before, the capitals of all unfortunate, badly located, and mismanaged banks that made any profits at all were necessarily included in reckoning the average profits.

For these reasons the passages relating to profits have been allowed to stand. We are calculating the profits that are due to the peculiar features of the National Banking System, and we have a right in estimating them to include only such banks as are well located, well and honestly managed, and have their full proportion of circulation. We do not believe that the profits of such banks have been exaggerated by us.

little faith in the legislative contrivances of men, when they overstep the limit of repressing and redressing crime and wrong-doing. It may therefore be expected that our remedies will look to the repeal of restrictive and artificial enactments rather than to the imposition of new restrictions or the adoption of new expedients.

The remedies which we offer are simply these: the repeal of the limitation upon the amount of the bank circulation, and of the provision making national currency receivable in payment of currency dues to and from the United States—the one imposing a restriction on the freedom of business, the other giving to bank notes an artificial value which they do not really possess. The first of these proposed remedies has been advocated by many, and is known as free-banking; the other, though quite as important, and aimed at as great an infringement of principle, we have never seen proposed. We shall show that these simple remedies, necessitating no complicated measures of legislation, and involving nothing but a repeal of foolish and ill-considered enactments, are a sufficient cure for all the evils that we have pointed out. Upon the larger question, whether it is desirable that any legislative sanction should be given to the issuing of circulating notes by banks, we shall not at present enter. We know that many able minds have come to a negative conclusion; but we also know that it is the almost unanimous sentiment of the country at this day that banks of issue are the indispensable allies of trade, and that the regulation of their modes of operation is a proper subject of legislation. Our remedies are proposed, therefore, for the purpose of improving the system which has been founded on this opinion, rather than of indicating what in our opinion would be a perfect system.

Before proceeding to show what would be the result of the application of these remedies, it will be proper to prove that the provisions whose repeal we suggest transgress the bounds of the proper functions of legislation, and are at variance with the teachings of political economy, and that their repeal is desirable for that reason on grounds of principle, independently of their bearing upon the defects to which we have adverted. Both are, however, parts of the same result, for when, in the consideration of any subject, we find that principles have been violated, we shall be able to trace disastrous consequences, and, conversely, we shall usually be able to trace disastrous results back to violated principles.

REPEAL OF THE LIMITATION ON CIRCULATION.

Although the propriety of placing a limitation on the bank circulation of the country seems to have received on all sides almost unquestioning assent, yet it can be defended on no ground of principle or policy. It is a wanton, causeless hampering of individual freedom of action, the offspring of a misconception of the proper functions of legislation and of ignorance of the elementary principles of political economy. So harsh a statement as this demands strict proof, and it shall receive the strictest proof of which the nature of the subject will admit.

No principle is more firmly imbedded in the foundation of our fabric of government, or more generally accepted by the leading liberal minds of the world, than that it is the natural inalienable right of every individual to pursue his own happiness or interest in his own way, provided only that he do not interfere with the enjoyment of the like right by others. This principle is the corner-stone of the American system of government, the one which former builders had indeed rejected, to the detriment and downfall of their superstructures, but which our forefathers wisely made the head of the corner, to their imperishable glory, and to the solidity and permanency of the fabric which they reared. So long as it shall remain in place, our liberties are safe; but if ever it shall be wrenched from its position, the downfall of popular freedom will inevitably follow. Our first step, then, in examining any act of legislation, should be to test it by this important and fundamental principle. Should it be found at variance therewith, it should be unhesitatingly cast aside as vicious and dangerous. Applying this test, then, to the question before us, and conceding for the nonce that the issuing of circulating notes is a proper and legitimate business, we find ourselves unable to justify the imposition of any limitation upon the amount of circulating notes which may be issued. If it is proper at all, it is as proper for me as for my neighbor. If it is a rightful mode of earning money, it follows from the principle which we have stated that it is equally rightful for all the citizens of the State. But it may be objected that this argument proves too much, and therefore defeats itself; that it would legitimately follow from it that all limitations upon the issuing of circulating notes should be abolished, and that whoever pleases should be allowed to issue them without the deposit of security, or compliance with any of the other restrictive provisions of the present law. Such

an objection would not, however, be valid. The argument simply proves that all persons who wish to engage in the national banking business, and to issue circulating notes, are of right entitled to do so on equal terms, not that no terms at all should be exacted. The conditions which limit the issuing of circulating notes, by requiring the deposit of security and by kindred provisions, have been found necessary during a long course of experience to protect the public from imposition by the formation of fraudulent banks and the issuing of worthless notes. No principle is violated by their exacting, since they apply alike to all and hamper the freedom of action of no members of the community any farther than is necessary for the protection of the rights of others. They are founded upon the proviso of the principle which we have stated, while the limitation of the amount of circulation is capable of no such justification.

We are aware that this reference to principles will be stigmatized by some as casuistical and transcendental. It is a common practice of those who style themselves practical men, and who have never risen above the narrow circle of facts which surround them to a perception of the great laws by which all facts are governed, to denounce every reference to principles as visionary and idle, and to declare that the only safe guide is experience. Such an objection, aimed as it is at the very root of our argument, deserves a moment's consideration.—We may affirm, without risk of dissent, that certain great fundamental principles were assumed and recognized in the very inception of our system of government. It is not necessary now to consider from what source they were derived. It is sufficient for the purpose that they were recognized and adopted, that they have been acquiesced in by all parties and classes of our people, and that they have been recognized by the whole world as the distinguishing features of the American system. Such being the fact, it follows that unless these principles can be overthrown in their entirety, any conclusion which can be legitimately deduced from them may be properly advanced as an argument for or against any measure existing or proposed, and should be recognized as possessing controlling force. In the present argument the impropriety of imposing any limitation on the amount of bank circulation which may be issued has been legitimately deduced from one of the fundamental principles of our system of government. Until that principle shall be shown to be wrong, the conclusion, if legitimately reached, must

be accepted, despite any fancied variance with the teachings of experience. An illustration may make the last point clearer. "No taxation without representation" was the rallying-cry of the fathers of the republic. Suppose that an attempt should be made to prove by elaborate statistics, and reference to the experience of mankind, that, as a rule, people who are taxed without representation are freer, happier, and better off in every respect than those who have a voice in the levying of their taxes,—would any American deem it necessary to refute such a presentation? He would rather think it sufficient to reply that the right to a voice in making the laws by which he is governed is inherent in every man, and that he cannot be divested of it without injury to his happiness and freedom.

It having thus been shown that the imposition of any limitation upon the amount of bank currency is a violation of principle, and the legitimacy of the mode of reaching that conclusion having been vindicated, it remains to be shown that such a limitation is as inexpedient as it is violative of principle,—that it disregards the teachings of political economy equally with the proper functions of government. It would seem to have required but the most elementary knowledge of that science on the part of our law-makers to teach them that the amount of currency which a country requires at any time cannot be determined by human intelligence. No man can estimate, with any approximation to correctness, how much currency the vast and complicated industries and trades of our country require. But even if the question should be solved to-day, and the amount of currency fixed at an amount sufficient to meet the present demands of trade, we should be but little better off; for the tides of trade are constantly ebbing and flowing, and the currency required to meet its purposes varies with every ebb and flow, so that a solution of the question to-day would be an achievement of but temporary value. Next fall or next winter it would need to be solved over again, and a new limit set to the currency, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Granting, however, that some means of ascertaining the aggregate amount of bank currency required could be devised, the apportionment of the right to issue it among the different sections of the country with any degree of fairness would be a task requiring more than the wisdom of men. Population furnishes no certain guide, for it is apparent that a poor community requires less currency to conduct its business than is required by a

wealthy community. Neither does property furnish any criterion, for active capital evidently requires more currency for its operations than capital inactive. An agricultural community, whose products flow into the market mainly during a single season of the year requires less than a manufacturing community, of equal wealth, whose capital is turned over many times during the year. Yet, regardless of the fact that the solution of these questions transcends the limits of human knowledge, our legislators have presumptuously attempted to solve them, and, adopting an odd conglomeration of the population and property bases, have decreed that half of the national currency shall be apportioned according to population and half according to existing banking capital, resources, and business. Why half was accorded to each, unless as a compromise-measure, it is impossible to guess. It would seem that if either basis were the proper one, it would exclude the other, and should have been alone adopted. An apportionment solely according to either population or banking capital, resources, and business, would be consistent, however unphilosophical or impracticable it might be; but the plan adopted is neither consistent, philosophical, nor practicable. We say impracticable, as well as inconsistent and unphilosophical, because it is impossible to ascertain what the comparative "resources and business" of the various sections of the country are, with sufficient definiteness, to make them a correct guide in the apportionment of that half of the currency which has been generously awarded to them.

The truth is, that the only proper limit to such a currency is the ability of the country to make use of it. There is no better reason why the amount of bank circulation to be issued should be limited, than for an arbitrary limitation upon the quantity of wheat to be raised, of coal to be mined, or of goods to be manufactured or sold. All are alike proper and legitimate enterprises, and should alike be governed solely by the law of supply and demand. No one expresses any fear that too much wheat will be raised, yet such an apprehension would be no more groundless than that upon which the limitation of the circulation is based. The idea that the imposition of such a limitation is a proper exercise of the powers of legislation has, however, taken firm hold of the popular mind, and such is the innate conservatism of human nature, that, when such a belief has been once adopted, it is a most difficult task to lead men to look beneath the precedents which law-makers have established

to ascertain whether they are based upon a foundation of principle.

REPEAL OF THE PROVISION FOR RECEIPT OF
BANK NOTES FOR PUBLIC DUES.

The provision of law which makes the national bank-notes receivable in payment of all currency dues to and from the United States seems never to have received the consideration to which it is entitled. Probably this is in part due to the fact that at the time of its adoption we were straining every nerve in the effort to prevent national disruption,—willing, in order to secure that result, to sacrifice everything save honor and right. So it happened that when the national banking system was devised for the purpose, in a great measure, of aiding the government in calling to its assistance the savings of the people, by facilitating the sale of the government loans, no inducement was thought too great which was considered necessary to secure the investment of capital in national banks. Probably, too, the people, so far as they were consulted or had formed opinions, were deluded by the promise of a currency which would be so amply secured that it would circulate at par in every part of the country, and would be directly available for the payment of taxes without the necessity of presenting it for redemption. In this manner was inserted in the national banking system a provision whose violations of principle doubtless caused the bones of Jackson and Benton to turn in their graves. We have been unable to find, on a careful examination of the debates which preceded the adoption of the first two national currency acts, that this provision provoked the slightest dissent or even criticism. One would suppose that a recollection of the thunders of Benton against a similar practice,—unsanctioned, however, by law,—in the days of Jackson, and of the famous "Specie Circular" of the latter, would have inspired at least the Democratic members to protest against an infringement of what was once a cardinal principle of the Democratic faith. They contented themselves, however, with impotent protests against the invasion of "State Rights" which the measure, in their opinion, involved, and some of them strayed so far from the path made sacred by the footsteps of "Old Bullion" as to advocate an extension of the provision to private as well as public debts!

Like the limitation upon the amount of circulation, this feature proves, when examined, to be indefensible upon every ground of principle or policy. However well secured they

may be, bank notes, whether State or National, are the notes of private corporations, whose profits the government has no right to enhance by giving increased currency to their circulation. We have seen that circulation is a source of great profit to the banks, and that in proportion as the obligation to redeem it is lessened, their profits are increased. If the government receives and pays out the notes of the banks at par, it unquestionably gives them a much more extended and permanent circulation than they would otherwise possess, and consequently contributes to the profits of the banks. In thus contributing to the profits of the banks, it adds, as we have seen, to the burdens of the people, and thus inflicts a causeless injury upon the true interests of the country.

The government should be the representative of the whole body of the people, and the guardian and conservator of their rights and interests, and it has no right by any action which it may take to add to the profits of a class at the expense of the remainder of the community. The fact that the notes are perfectly good does not affect the application of the principle. There is no doubt that A. T. Stewart's note would be good for an amount larger than the circulation of any bank in the United States; yet it would be considered a glaring outrage if he should be permitted to pay in his note, either with or without interest, in satisfaction of ever so small a debt to the government. Nor does the fact that the government itself holds the securities which insure the payment of the notes invalidate the argument, any more than the receipt of the note of any private individual by the government would be rendered proper by his depositing collateral to secure its payment. The fact is, that the government, in receiving bank notes, lends its credit to the banks to just the amount of the notes received,—a proceeding the very statement of which shows its utter indefensibility.

It will be objected to the proposed repeal of this provision that the government has certified to the goodness of the notes of the national banks, and that by refusing to receive them it would be discrediting paper which it has virtually indorsed. But an indorser is not obliged to receive the note that he has indorsed whenever tendered in payment of a debt, but only to pay it in the event of the promisor's default. Experience has demonstrated, as believed by most, that public necessity demands that bank circulation shall be secured by the deposit of securities with the government, either State or National.

In the interest of the people, not of the banks, the national government, under the present system, has undertaken the trust, and has certified upon the face of each note that it is secured by the deposit of United States bonds with the Treasurer of the United States. The fact that it has accepted this trust and given this certificate imposes no obligation upon it to receive the note in payment of government dues. The certificate is plain and explicit, and neither its language nor its spirit would be violated by the refusal of the government to receive the note.

The currency which their receipt and payment by the government gives to bank notes will be appreciated if it be remembered that the notes received at any point are not unfrequently transferred to another far distant before being paid out again. For instance, bank notes received by the Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York may be transferred to the Assistant Treasurer at New Orleans, or those received at Chicago may be transferred to New York before being used in the government payments. It thus appears that, independently of the enhanced value which their availability for payments to the United States gives to the notes, the wide distribution throughout the country that the government gives to many of those which it receives lessens the likelihood of their presentation for payment, and so conduces to the benefit of the banks.

The only argument that can be adduced in favor of the receipt of bank notes by the government is that of convenience,—that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for the people to obtain currency for the payment of their taxes if bank notes should cease to be available for that purpose. While contending that principles should never be subordinated to considerations of convenience, we may nevertheless prove that this argument is fallacious. The test of a person's ability to pay is the possession, not necessarily of money, but of capital or credit. If either of the latter is not wanting, the former, which is but their representative, will not fail to be forthcoming in some form, except in those primitive countries where trade is conducted wholly by barter. It is doubtless true that the possessors of bank notes in districts remote from banks would be unable to exchange them for United States notes with which to pay their taxes; but if they should know that the bank notes would not be received for taxes, and should be in need of currency for that purpose, they would refuse such notes whenever tendered in pay-

ment of debts due to them, and, as they might lawfully do, demand United States notes instead. And this, so far from being deplorable, would be a most salutary result, since it would limit bank notes to their proper office,—that of local and temporary circulation.

EFFECTS OF THE REMEDIES PROPOSED.

It remains to be considered what would be the practical effect of the application of these remedies, and especially upon the defects which we have pointed out.

The repeal of the limitation upon the amount of bank circulation would necessarily destroy the monopoly which the present national banks possess, and would thus relieve the system of the feature which is most odious to the American mind. Should the privilege of issuing circulation be extended on equal terms to all, and should the provision for the receipt of bank notes by the government be repealed, there could be no complaint that the benefits of the national currency act were bestowed on certain favored individuals, or that the business of banking was favored with special and exceptional privileges. The features of the deposit of security and of governmental supervision excepted, national banking would assume its place by the side of other legitimate enterprises. The business being open to healthful competition, ignorance, incompetency, and extravagance would be weeded out, and those banks which should be conducted with prudence and skill on sound business principles would alone succeed. If the business, thus divested of special privileges and thrown open to all, should continue to be more profitable than others, its lucrativeness could be properly ascribed only to the knowledge, skill, and experience required to conduct it.

The destruction of the monopoly would necessarily be accompanied by the rectification of the present unfairness in the apportionment of the right to issue circulation. Those places which are in need of additional banks of issue, but which have been debarred by the arbitrary apportionment of the circulation from satisfying their wants, would be able, should the limitation be repealed, to obtain all the circulation and banking facilities which they might require. On the other hand, those banks which, under the present apportionment, have been able to maintain a profitable existence upon the double interest which the investment returns, without doing sufficient business to warrant a profit, being

driven to provide for the frequent redemption of their notes, and finding themselves in great measure deprived of one of their two principal sources of profit, would be forced to wind up their affairs and leave the field free to their more healthy competitors. The currency, no longer apportioned according to arbitrary enactments, but left to the operation of natural laws, would distribute itself in accordance with the requirements of trade. Such a distribution could not fail to be fair, because it would be healthy and natural.

Under the operation of the two remedies which we have proposed, the redeemability of the national currency would be speedily secured. The result of the removal of the limitation upon the amount of the circulation would be that new banks would spring up to such an extent that the currency would be so increased that the country would be unable to permanently carry it all. The consequence of this would be that the surplus would be sent home for redemption, and that, as each bank would wish to keep out as much of its own circulation as possible, it would strive to force in the circulation of other banks. This consequence would be aided and hastened by the repeal of the provision for the receipt of national currency by the United States, which would create a demand for United States notes for the payment of dues to the government. Persons having taxes to pay would either refuse to receive national bank notes, or, having received them, would be compelled to exchange them for United States notes, with brokers and others, who would make a business of sending them for redemption to the banks which issued them. The redeemability of the national currency having been secured, the country would possess that which so many ingenious but ill-fated plans have been formed to bring about—an elastic cur-

rency; one which would accommodate itself to the requirements of trade; would expand when trade should be brisk and the demand for currency active, and contract when trade should become dull. And all this would be accomplished without the employment of any clumsy expedients of legislation, but simply by the repeal of former mistaken acts of our law-makers.

Lastly, the profits of the banks under the operation of these remedies would be brought down to an equality with those derived from other similar investments of capital. The profits arising from circulation would, in consequence of the necessity of providing for its frequent redemption, be reduced to so small an amount that no bank could hope to exist on the revenue derived from its bonds and circulation, unless it should be supplemented by a much larger return from the pursuit of legitimate banking business; while the profits on general business would be reduced by the competition resulting from the removal of all restraints on the establishment of banks. The business being open to all, capital, controlled by an intelligent self-interest, would flow into it until its profits should be so reduced that it would no longer offer special inducements to capitalists.

In this simple and efficient manner all the serious defects of the national banking system would be remedied. The business of banking—no longer fostered by special privileges or hampered by foolish restrictions, but left, as every business should be, to the operation of those natural laws which cannot be violated without disaster, but which, if not interfered with, are sure to work out vastly wiser and better results than any of the poor devices of men—would be established on a sound and enduring basis, from which it could be overthrown by no slight convulsion of trade.

BACK-LOG STUDIES—RENEWED.

I.

THE log was white birch. The beautiful satin bark at once kindled into a soft, pure, but brilliant flame, something like that of naphtha. There is no other wood flame so rich, and it leaps up in a joyous, spiritual way, as if glad to burn for the sake of burning. Burning like a clear oil, it has none of the heaviness and fatness of the pine and the balsam. Woodsmen are at a loss to account for its intense and yet chaste flame, since the

bark has no oily appearance. The heat from it is fierce and the light dazzling. It flares up eagerly like young love, and then dies away; the wood does not keep up the promise of the bark. The woodsmen, it is proper to say, have not considered it in its relation to young love. In the remote settlements the pine-knot is still the torch of courtship; it endures to sit-up by. The birch-bark has alliances with the world of sentiment and of letters. The most poetical reputation of the

North American Indian floats in a canoe made of it; his picture-writing was inscribed on it. It is the paper that nature furnishes for lovers in the wilderness, who are enabled to convey a delicate sentiment by its use which is expressed neither in their ideas nor chirography. It is inadequate for legal parchment, but does very well for deeds of love, which are not meant usually to give a perfect title. With care it may be split into sheets as thin as the Chinese paper. It is so beautiful to handle that it is a pity civilization cannot make more use of it. But fancy articles manufactured from it are very much like all ornamental work made of nature's perishable seeds, leaves, cones, and dry twigs—exquisite while the pretty fingers are fashioning them, but soon growing shabby and cheap to the eye. And yet there is a pathos in "dried things," whether they are displayed as ornaments in some secluded home, or hidden religiously in bureau-drawers where profane eyes cannot see how white ties are growing yellow and ink is fading from treasured letters, amid a faint and discouraging perfume of ancient rose-leaves.

The birch log holds out very well while it is green, but has not substance enough for a back-log when dry. Seasoning green timber or men is always an experiment. A man may do very well in a simple, let us say, country, or back-woods line of life, who would come to nothing in a more complicated civilization. City life is a severe trial. One man is struck with a dry-rot; another develops season-cracks; another shrinks and swells with every change of circumstance. Prosperity is said to be more trying than adversity, a theory which most people are willing to accept without trial; but few men stand the drying out of the natural sap of their greenness in the artificial heat of city life. This, be it noticed, is nothing against the drying and seasoning process; character must be put into the crucible some time, and why not in this world? A man who cannot stand seasoning will not have a high market value in any part of the universe. It is creditable to the race, that so many men and women bravely jump into the furnace of prosperity and expose themselves to the drying influences of city life.

The first fire that is lighted on the hearth in the autumn seems to bring out the cold weather. Deceived by the placid appearance of the dying year, the softness of the sky, and the warm color of foliage, we have been shivering about for days without exactly comprehending what was the matter. The open fire

at once sets up a standard of comparison. We find that the advance guards of winter are besieging the house. The cold rushes in at every crack of door and window, apparently signaled by the flame to invade the house and fill it with chilly drafts and sarcasms on what we call the temperate zone. It needs a roaring fire to beat back the enemy; a feeble one is only an invitation to the most insulting demonstrations. Our pious New England ancestors were philosophers in their way. It was not simply owing to grace that they sat for hours in their barn-like meeting-houses during the winter Sundays, the thermometer many degrees below freezing, with no fire, except the zeal in their own hearts—a congregation of red noses and bright eyes. It was no wonder that the minister in the pulpit warmed up to his subject, cried aloud, used hot words, spoke a good deal of the hot place and the Person whose presence was a burning shame, hammered the desk as if he expected to drive his text through a two-inch plank, and heated himself by all allowable ecclesiastic gymnastics. A few of their followers in our day seem to forget that our modern churches are heated by furnaces and supplied with gas. In the old days it would have been thought unphilosophic as well as effeminate to warm the meeting-houses artificially. In one house I knew, at least, when it was proposed to introduce a stove to take a little of the chill from the Sunday services, the deacons protested against the innovation. They said that the stove might benefit those who sat close to it, but it would drive all the cold air to the other parts of the church and freeze the people to death; it was cold enough now around the edges. Blessed days of ignorance and upright living! Sturdy men who served God by resolutely sitting out the icy hours of service, amid the rattling of windows and the carousal of winter in the high wind-swept galleries! Patient women, waiting in the chilly house for consumption to pick out his victims, and replace the color of youth and the flush of devotion with the hectic of disease! At least you did not doze and droop in our overheated edifices, and die of vitiated air, and disregard of the simplest conditions of organized life. It is fortunate that each generation does not comprehend its own ignorance. We are thus enabled to call our ancestors barbarous. It is something also that each age has its choice of the death it will die. Our generation is most ingenious. From our public assembly-rooms and houses we have almost succeeded in excluding pure air. It took the race ages to build dwellings that

would keep out rain ; it has taken longer to build houses air-tight, but we are on the eve of success. We are only foiled by the ill-fitting, insincere work of the builders, who build for a day and charge for all time.

II.

WHEN the fire on the hearth has blazed up and then settled into steady radiance, talk begins. There is no place like the chimney-corner for confidences ; for picking up the clues of an old friendship ; for taking note where one's self has drifted, by comparing ideas and prejudices with the intimate friend of years ago, whose course in life has lain apart from yours. No stranger puzzles you so much as the once close friend, with whose thinking and associates you have for years been unfamiliar. Life has come to mean this and that to you ; you have fallen into certain habits of thought ; for you the world has progressed in this or that direction ; of certain results you feel very sure ; you have fallen into harmony with your surroundings ; you meet day after day people interested in the things that interest you ; you are not in the least opinionated, it is simply your good fortune to look upon the affairs of the world from the right point of view. When you last saw your friend—less than a year after you left college—he was the most sensible and agreeable of men ; he had no heterodox notions ; he agreed with you ; you could even tell what sort of a wife he would select, and if you could do that, you held the key to his life.

Well, Herbert came to visit me the other day from the antipodes. And here he sits by the fire-place. I cannot think of any one I would rather see there—except perhaps Thackeray ; or, for entertainment, Boswell ; or old Pepys ; or one of the people who was left out of the Ark. They were talking one foggy London night at Hazlitt's about whom they would most like to have seen, when Charles Lamb startled the company by declaring that he would rather have seen Judas Iscariot than any other person who had lived on the earth. For myself, I would rather have seen Lamb himself once, than to have lived with Judas. Herbert, to my great delight, has not changed ; I should know him anywhere—the same serious, contemplative face, with lurking humor at the corners of the mouth—the same cheery laugh and clear distinct enunciation as of old. There is nothing so winning as a good voice. To see Herbert again, unchanged in all outward essentials, is not only gratifying, but valuable as a testimony to nature's success in

holding on to a personal identity, through the entire change of matter that had been constantly taking place for so many years. I know very well there is here no part of the Herbert whose hand I had shaken at the Commencement parting ; but it is an astonishing reproduction of him—a material likeness ; and now for the spiritual.

Such a wide chance for divergence in the spiritual. It has been such a busy world for twenty years. So many things have been torn up by the roots again that were settled when we left college. There were to be no more wars ; democracy was democracy, and progress, the differentiation of the individual, was a mere question of clothes ; if you want to be different go to your tailor ; nobody had demonstrated that there is a man-soul and a woman-soul, and that each is in reality only a half-soul—putting the race, so to speak, upon the half-shell. The social oyster being opened, there appears to be two shells and only one oyster ; who shall have it ? So many new canons of taste, of criticism, of morality have been set up ; there has been such a resurrection of historical reputations for new judgment, and there have been so many discoveries, geographical, archaeological, geological, biological, that the earth is not at all what it was supposed to be ; and our philosophers are much more anxious to ascertain where we came from than whither we are going. In this whirl and turmoil of new ideas, nature, which has only the single end of maintaining the physical identity in the body, works on undisturbed, replacing particle for particle, and preserving the likeness more skillfully than a mosaic artist in the Vatican ; she has not even her materials sorted and labeled, as the Roman artist has his thousands of bits of color ; and man is all the while doing his best to confuse the process, by changing his climate, his diet, all his surroundings, without the least care to remain himself. But the mind ?

It is more difficult to get acquainted with Herbert than with an entire stranger, for I have my prepossessions about him, and do not find him in so many places where I expect to find him. He is full of criticism of the authors I admire ; he thinks stupid or improper the books I most read ; he is skeptical about the "movements" I am interested in ; he has formed very different opinions from mine concerning a hundred men and women of the present day ; we used to eat from one dish ; we couldn't now find anything in common in a dozen ; his prejudices (as we call our opinions) are most extraordinary, and not half so reason-

able as my prejudices; there are a great many persons and things that I am accustomed to denounce, uncontradicted by anybody, which he defends; his public opinion is not at all my public opinion. I am sorry for him. He appears to have fallen into influences and among a set of people foreign to me. I find that his church has a different steeple on it from my church (which, to say the truth, hasn't any). It is a pity that such a dear friend and a man of so much promise should have drifted off into such general contrariness. I see Herbert sitting here by the fire, with the old look in his face coming out more and more, but I do not recognize any features of his mind—except perhaps his contrariness; yes, he was always a little contrary, I think. And finally he surprised me with:—

"Well, my friend, you seem to have drifted away from all your old notions and opinions. We used to agree when we were together, but I sometimes wondered where you would land; for, pardon me, you showed signs of looking at things a little contrary."

I am silent for a good while. I am trying to think who I am. There was a person whom I thought I knew, very fond of Herbert, and agreeing with him in most things. Where has he gone? and, if he is here, where is the Herbert that I knew?

If his intellectual and moral sympathies have all changed, I wonder if his physical tastes remain, like his appearance, the same. There has come over this country within the last generation, as everybody knows, a great wave of condemnation of pie. It has taken the character of a "movement," though we have had no conventions about it, nor is any one, of any of the several sexes among us, running for president against it. It is safe almost anywhere to denounce pie, yet nearly everybody eats it on occasion. A great many people think it savors of a life abroad to speak with horror of pie, although they were very likely the foremost of the Americans in Paris who used to speak with more enthusiasm of the American pie at Madame Busque's than of the Venus of Milo. To talk against pie and still eat it is snobbish, of course; but snobbery, being an aspiring failing, is sometimes the prophecy of better things. To affect dislike of pie is something. We have no statistics on the subject, and cannot tell whether it is gaining or losing in the country at large. Its disappearance in select circles is no test. The amount of writing against it is no more test of its desuetude, than the number of religious tracts distributed in a given district is a criterion of its piety. We are apt to as-

sume that certain regions are substantially free of it. Herbert and I, traveling north one summer, fancied that we could draw in New England a sort of diet line, like the sweeping curves on the isothermal charts, which should show at least the leading pie sections. Journeying toward the White Mountains, we concluded that a line passing through Bellows Falls, and bending a little south on either side, would mark northward the region of perpetual pie. In this region pie is to be found at all hours and seasons, and at every meal. I am not sure, however, that pie is not a matter of altitude rather than latitude, as I find that all the hill and country towns of New England are full of those excellent women, the very salt of the house-keeping earth, who would feel ready to sink in mortification through their scoured kitchen floors if visitors should catch them without a pie in the house. The absence of pie would be more noticed than a scarcity of Bible even. Without it the housekeepers are as distracted as the boarding-house keeper, who declared that if it were not for canned tomato she should have nothing to fly to. Well, in all this great agitation I find Herbert unmoved, a conservative, even to the under-crust. I dare not ask him if he eats pie at breakfast. There are some tests that the dearest friendship may not apply.

"Will you smoke?" I ask.

"No, I have reformed."

"Yes, of course."

"The fact is, that when we consider the correlation of forces, the apparent sympathy of spirit manifestations with electric conditions, the almost revealed mysteries of what may be called the odic force, and the relation of all these phenomena to the nervous system in man, it is not safe to do anything to the nervous system that will—"

"Hang the nervous system! Herbert, we can agree in one thing: old memories, reveries, friendships, center about that:—isn't an open wood-fire good?"

"Yes," says Herbert, combatively, "if you don't sit before it too long."

III.

THE best talk is that which escapes up the open chimney and cannot be repeated. The finest woods make the best fire and pass away with the least residuum. I hope the next generation will not accept the reports of "interviews" as specimens of the conversations of these years of grace.

But do we talk as well as our fathers and mothers did? We hear wonderful stories of

the bright generation that sat about the wide fire-places of New England. Good talk has so much short-hand that it cannot be reported—the inflection, the change of voice, the shrug cannot be caught on paper. The best of it is when the subject unexpectedly goes cross-lots, by a flash of short-cut, to a conclusion so suddenly revealed that it has the effect of wit. It needs the highest culture and the finest breeding to prevent the conversation from running into mere persiflage on the one hand—its common fate—or monologue on the other. Our conversation is largely chaff. I am not sure but the former generation preached a good deal, but it had great practice in fire-side talk, and must have talked well. There were narrators in those days who could charm a circle all the evening long with stories. When each day brought comparatively little new to read, there was leisure for talk, and the rare book and the infrequent magazine were thoroughly discussed. Families now are swamped by the printed matter that comes daily upon the center-table. There must be a division of labor, one reading this, and another that, to make any impression on it. The telegraph brings the only common food, and works this daily miracle, that every mind in Christendom is excited by one topic simultaneously with every other mind; it enables a concurrent mental action, a burst of sympathy or a universal prayer to be made, which must be, if we have any faith in the immaterial left, one of the chief forces in modern life. It is fit that an agent so subtle as electricity should be the minister of it.

When there is so much to read, there is little time for conversation; nor is there leisure for another pastime of the ancient firesides, called reading aloud. The listeners, who heard while they looked into the wide chimney-place, saw there pass in stately procession the events and the grand persons of history, were kindled with the delights of travel, touched by the romance of true love, or made restless by tales of adventure;—the hearth became a sort of magic stone that could transport those who sat by it to the most distant places and times as soon as the book was opened and the reader began, of a winter's night. Perhaps the Puritan reader read through his nose, and all the little Puritans made the most dreadful nasal inquiries as the entertainment went on. The prominent nose of the intellectual New Englander is evidence of the constant linguistic exercise of the organ for generations. It grew by talking through. But I have no doubt that practice made good readers in those days. Good reading aloud

is almost a lost accomplishment now. It is little thought of in the schools. It is disused at home. It is rare to find any one who can read, even from the newspaper, well. Reading is so universal, even with the uncultivated, that it is common to hear people mispronounce words that you did not suppose they had ever seen. In reading to themselves they glide over these words, in reading aloud they stumble over them. Besides, our every-day books and newspapers are so larded with French that the ordinary reader is obliged *marcher à pas de loup*—for instance.

The newspaper is probably responsible for making current many words with which the general reader is familiar, but which he rises to in the flow of conversation and strikes at with a splash and an unsuccessful attempt at appropriation; the word, which he perfectly knows, hooks him in the gills and he cannot master it. The newspaper is thus widening the language in use and vastly increasing the number of words which enter into common talk. The Americans of the lowest intellectual class probably use more words to express their ideas than the similar class of any other people; but this prodigality is partially balanced by the parsimony of words in some higher regions, in which a few phrases of current slang are made to do the whole duty of exchange of ideas; if that can be called exchange of ideas when one intellect flashes forth to another the remark, concerning some report, that "you know how it is yourself," and is met by the response of "that's what's the matter," and rejoins with the perfectly conclusive "that's so." It requires a high degree of culture to use slang with elegance and effect; and we are yet very far from the Greek attainment.

IV.

THE fire-place wants to be all aglow, the wind rising, the night heavy and black above, but light with sifting snow on the earth,—a background of inclemency for the illumined room with its pictured walls, tables heaped with books, capacious easy-chairs and their occupants,—it needs, I say, to glow and throw its rays far through the crystal of the broad windows, in order that we may rightly appreciate the relation of the wide-jammed chimney to domestic architecture in our climate. We fell to talking about it; and, as is usual when the conversation is professedly on one subject, we wandered all around it. The young lady staying with us was roasting chestnuts in the ashes, and the frequent explosions required considerable attention. The mis-

tress, too, sat somewhat alert, ready to rise at any instant and minister to the fancied want of this or that guest, forgetting the reposeful truth that people about a fireside will not have any wants if they are not suggested. The worst of them, if they desire anything, only want something hot, and that later in the evening. And it is an open question whether you ought to associate with people who want that.

I was saying that nothing had been so slow in its progress in the world as domestic architecture. Temples, palaces, bridges, aqueducts, cathedrals, towers of marvelous delicacy and strength, grew to perfection while the common people lived in hovels, and the richest lodged in the most gloomy and contracted quarters. The dwelling-house is a modern institution. It is a curious fact that it has only improved with the social elevation of women. Men were never more brilliant in arms and letters than in the age of Elizabeth, and yet they had no homes. They made themselves thick-walled castles, with slits in the masonry for windows, for defense, and magnificent banquet-halls for pleasure; the stone rooms into which they crawled for the night were often little better than dog-kennels. The Pompeians had no comfortable night-quarters. The most singular thing to me, however, is that, especially interested as woman is in the house, she has never done anything for architecture. And yet woman is reputed to be an ingenious creature.

HERBERT. I doubt if woman has real ingenuity; she has great adaptability. I don't say that she will do the same thing twice alike, like a Chinaman, but she is most cunning in suiting herself to circumstances.

THE FIRE TENDER. Oh, if you mean constructive, creative ingenuity, perhaps not; but in the higher ranges of achievement, that of accomplishing any purpose dear to her heart, for instance, her ingenuity is simply incomprehensible to me.

HERBERT. Yes, if you mean doing things by indirection.

THE MISTRESS. When you men assume all the direction, what else is left to us?

THE FIRE TENDER. Did you ever see a woman refurnish a house?

THE YOUNG LADY STAYING WITH US. I never saw a man do it, unless he was burned out of his rookery.

HERBERT. There is no comfort in new things.

THE FIRE TENDER (not noticing the interruption). Having set her mind on a total revolution of the house, she buys one new thing,

not too obtrusive, nor much out of harmony with the old. The husband scarcely notices it, least of all does he suspect the revolution, which she already has accomplished. Next, some article that does look a little shabby beside the new piece of furniture is sent to the garret, and its place is supplied by something that will match in color and effect. Even the man can see that it ought to match, and so the process goes on, it may be for years, it may be forever, until nothing of the old is left, and the house is transformed as it was predetermined in the woman's mind. I doubt if the man ever understands how or when it was done; his wife certainly never says anything about the refurnishing, but quietly goes on to new conquests.

THE MISTRESS. And isn't it better to buy little by little, enjoying every new object as you get it, and assimilating each article to your household life, and making the home a harmonious expression of your own taste, rather than to order things in sets, and turn your house, for the time being, into a furniture warehouse?

THE FIRE TENDER. Oh, I only spoke of the ingenuity of it.

THE YOUNG LADY. For my part, I never can get acquainted with more than one piece of furniture at a time.

HERBERT. I suppose women are our superiors in artistic taste, and I fancy that I can tell whether a house is furnished by a woman or a man; of course I mean the few houses that appear to be the result of individual taste and refinement—most of them look as if they had been furnished on contract by the upholsterer.

THE MISTRESS. Woman's province in this world is putting things to rights.

HERBERT. With a vengeance, sometimes. In the study, for example. My chief objection to woman is that she has no respect for the newspaper, or the printed page, as such. She is Siva, the destroyer. I have noticed that a great part of a married man's time at home is spent in trying to find the things he has put on his study table.

THE YOUNG LADY. Herbert speaks with the bitterness of a bachelor shut out of paradise. It is my experience that if women did not destroy the rubbish that men bring into the house it would become uninhabitable, and need to be burned down every five years.

THE FIRE TENDER. I confess women do a great deal for the appearance of things. When the mistress is absent, this room, although everything is here as it was before, does not look at all like the same place; it is stiff, and seems

to lack a soul. When she returns, I can see that her eye, even while greeting me, takes in the situation at a glance. While she is talking of the journey, and before she has removed her traveling hat, she turns this chair and moves that, sets one piece of furniture at a different angle, rapidly, and apparently unconsciously, shifts a dozen little knick-knacks and bits of color, and the room is transformed. I couldn't do it in a week.

THE MISTRESS. That is the first time I ever knew a man admit he couldn't do anything if he had time.

HERBERT. Yet with all her peculiar instinct for making a home, women make themselves very little felt in our domestic architecture.

THE MISTRESS. Men build most of the houses in what might be called the ready-made-clothing style, and we have to do the best we can with them; and hard enough it is to make cheerful homes in most of them. You will see something different when the woman is constantly consulted in the plan of the house.

HERBERT. We might see more difference if women would give any attention to architecture. Why are there no women architects?

THE FIRE TENDER. Want of the ballot, doubtless. It seems to me that here is a splendid opportunity for woman to come to the front.

THE YOUNG LADY. They have no desire to come to the front; they would rather manage things where they are.

THE FIRE TENDER. If they would master the noble art, and put their brooding taste upon it, we might very likely compass something in our domestic architecture that we have not yet attained. The outside of our houses needs attention as well as the inside. Most of them are as ugly as money can build.

THE YOUNG LADY. What vexes me most is, that women, married women, have so easily consented to give up open fires in their houses.

HERBERT. They dislike the dust and the bother. I think that women rather like the confined furnace heat.

THE FIRE TENDER. Nonsense; it is their angelic virtue of submission. We wouldn't be hired to stay all day in the houses we build.

THE YOUNG LADY. That has a very chivalrous sound, but I know there will be no reformation until women rebel and demand everywhere the open fire.

HERBERT. They are just now rebelling about something else; it seems to me yours is a sort of counter-movement, a fire in the rear.

THE MISTRESS. I'll join that movement. The time has come when woman must strike for her altars and her fires.

HERBERT. Hear, hear!

THE MISTRESS. Thank you, Herbert. I applauded you once, when you declaimed that, years ago in the old Academy. I remember how eloquently you did it.

HERBERT. Yes, I was once a spouting idiot.

Just then the door-bell rang, and company came in. And the company brought in a new atmosphere, as company always does—something of the disturbance of out doors, and a good deal of its healthy cheer. The direct news that the thermometer was approaching zero, with a hopeful prospect of going below it, increased to liveliness our satisfaction in the fire. When the cider was heated in the brown stone pitcher, there was difference of opinion whether there should be toast in it; some were for toast, because that was the old-fashioned way, and others were against it, because it does not taste good in cider. Herbert said there was very little respect left for our forefathers.

More wood was put on, and the flame danced in a hundred fantastic shapes. The snow had ceased to fall, and the moonlight lay in silvery patches among the trees in the ravine. The conversation became worldly.

AT HIS GATES.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IV.



It is needless to say that Helen's superstition about the fall of the picture and the sighing of the wind vanished with the night, and that in the morning her nervousness was gone, and her mind had returned to its previous train of thought. Her passing weakness, however, had

left one trace behind. While he was soothing her fanciful terrors, Robert had said, in a burst of candour and magnanimity, "I will tell you what I will do, Helen. I will not act on my own judgment. I'll ask Haldane and Maurice for their advice." "But I do not care for their advice," she had said, with a certain pathos. "Yes, to be sure," Robert had answered; for, good as he was, he liked his own way, and sometimes was perverse. "They are my oldest friends; they are the most sensible fellows I know. I will tell them all the circumstances, and they will give me their advice."

This was a result which probably would have come whether Helen had been nervous or not; for Haldane and Maurice were the two authorities whom the painter held highest after his wife. But Helen had never been able to receive them with her husband's faith, or to agree to them as sharers of her influence over him. It said much for her that she had so tolerated them and schooled herself in their presence that poor Drummond had no idea of the rebellion which existed against them in her heart. But both of them were instinctively aware of it, and felt that they were not loved by their friend's wife. He made the same announcement to her next morning with cheerful confidence, and a sense that he deserved nothing but applause for his prudence. "I am going to keep my pro-

mise," he said. "You must not think I say anything to please you which I don't mean to carry out. I am going to speak to Haldane and Maurice. Maurice is very knowing about business, and as for Stephen, his father was in an office all his life."

"But, Robert, I don't want you to ask their advice. I have no faith in them. I would rather a hundred times you judged for yourself."

"Yes, my darling," said Robert; "they are the greatest helps to a man in making such a decision. I know my own opinion, and I know yours; and our two good friends, who have no bias, will put everything right."

And he went out with his hat brushed and a new pair of gloves, cheerful and respectable as if he were already a bank director, cleansed of the velvet coats and brigand hats and all the weaknesses of his youth. And his wife sat down with an impatient sigh to hear Norah play her scales, which was not exhilarating, for Norah's notions of time and harmony were as yet but weakly developed. While the child made direful havoc among the black notes, Helen was sounding a great many notes quite as black in her inmost mind. What could they know about it? What were they to him in comparison with herself? Why should he so wear his heart upon his sleeve? It raised a kind of silent exasperation within her, so good as he was, so kind, and tender, and loving; and yet this was a matter in which she had nothing to do but submit.

These two cherished friends of Robert's were not men after Helen's heart. The first, Stephen Haldane, was a Dissenting minister, a member of a class which all her prejudices were in arms against. It was not that she cared for his religious opinions or views, which differed from her own. She was not theological nor ecclesiastical in her turn of mind, and, to tell the truth, was not given to judging her acquaintances by an intellectual standard, much less a doctrinal one. But she shrank from his intimacy because he was a Dissenter—a man belonging to a class not acknowledged in society, and of whom she understood vaguely that they were very careless about their h's, and were not gentlemen. The fact that Stephen Haldane was a gentleman as much as good manners, and good looks, and a tolerable education could

make him, did not change her sentiments. She was too much of an idealist (without knowing it) to let proof invalidate theory. Accordingly, she doubted his good manners, mistrusted his opinions, and behaved towards him with studied civility, and a protest, carefully veiled but never forgotten, against his admission to her society. He had no right to be there; he was an intruder, an inferior. Such was her conclusion in a social point of view; and her husband's inclination to consult him on most important matters in their history was very galling to her. The two had come to know each other in their youth, when Haldane was going through the curious incoherent education which often leads a young man temporarily to the position of dissenting minister. He had started in life as a Bluecoat boy, and had shown what people call "great talent," but not in the academical way. As a young man he had loved modern literature better than ancient. Had he been born to an estate of ten thousand a year, or had he been born in a rank which would have secured him diplomatic or official work, he would have had a high character for accomplishments and ability; but he was born only of a poor dissenting family, without a sixpence, and when his school career was over he did not know what to do with himself. He took to writing, as such men do, by nature, and worked his way into the newspapers. Thus he began to earn a little money, while vaguely playing with a variety of careers. Once he thought he would be a doctor, and it was while in attendance at an anatomical class that he met Drummond. But Haldane was soon sick of doctoring. Then he became a lecturer, getting engagements from mechanics' institutions and literary societies, chiefly in the country. It was at one of these lectures that he fell under the notice of a certain Mr. Baldwin, a kind of lay bishop in a great dissenting community. Mr. Baldwin was much "struck" by the young lecturer. He agreed with his views, and applauded his eloquence; and when the lecture was over had himself introduced to the speaker. This good man had a great many peculiarities, and was rich enough to be permitted to indulge them. One of these peculiarities was an inclination to find out and encourage "rising talent." And he told everybody he had seldom been so much impressed as by the talents of this young man, who was living (innocently) by his wits, and did not know what to do with himself. It is not necessary to describe the steps by which young Haldane

ripened from a lecturer upon miscellaneous subjects, literary and philosophical, into a most esteemed preacher. He pursued his studies for a year or two at Mr. Baldwin's cost, and at the end of that time was promoted, not of course nominally, but very really, by Mr. Baldwin's influence, to the pulpit of the flourishing and wealthy congregation of which that potentate was the head.

This was Stephen Haldane's history; but he was not the sort of man to be produced naturally by such a training. He was full of natural refinement, strangely blended with a contented adherence to all the homely habits of his early life. He had not attempted, had not even thought of, "bettering" himself. He lived with his mother and sister, two homely dissenting women, narrow as the little house they lived in, who kept him, his table, and surroundings, on exactly the same model as his father's house had been kept. All the luxuries of the wealthy chapel-folks never tempted him to imitation. He did not even claim to himself the luxury of a private study in which to write his sermons, but had his writing-table in the common sitting-room, in order that his womankind might preserve the cold fiction of a "best room" in which to receive visitors. To be sure, he might have been able to afford a larger house; but then Mrs. Haldane and Miss Jane would have been out of place in a larger house. They lived in Victoria Villas, one of those smaller streets which copy and vulgarize the better ones in all London suburbs. It was close to St. Mary's Road, in which Drummond's house was situated, and the one set of houses was a copy of the other in little. The arrangement of the rooms, the shape of the garden, the outside aspect was the same, only so many degrees smaller. And this, it must be allowed, was one of the reasons why the Haldanes were unpalatable neighbours to Mrs. Drummond. For, as a general rule, the people who lived in St. Mary's Road did not know the inferior persons who inhabited Victoria Villas. The smaller copied the greater, and were despised by them in consequence. It was "a different class," everybody said. And it may be supposed that it was very hard upon poor Helen to have it known that her husband's closest friend, the man whose opinion he asked about most things, and whom he believed in entirely, was one who combined in himself almost all the objectionable qualities possible. He was a Dissenter—a dissenting minister—sprung of a poor family, and ad-

hering to all their shabby habits—and lived in Victoria Villas. The very address of itself was enough to condemn a man; no one who had any respect for his friends would have retained it for an hour. Yet it was this man whom Robert had gone to consult at the greatest crisis of his life.

The other friend upon whom poor Drummond relied was less objectionable in a social point of view. He was a physician, and not in very great practice, being a crotchety man given to inventions and investigations, but emphatically "a gentleman" according to Helen's own sense of the word. This was so far satisfactory; but if he was less objectionable, he was also much less interesting than Stephen Haldane. He was a shy man, knowing little about women and caring less. He lived all by himself in a great house in one of the streets near Berkeley Square, a house twice as big as the Drummonds', which he inhabited in solitary state, in what seemed to Helen the coldest, dreariest loneliness. She was half sorry for, half contemptuous of him in his big, solemn, doubly-respectable hermitage. He was rich, and had nothing to do with his money. He had few friends and no relations. He was as unlike the painter as could be conceived; and yet in him too Robert believed. Their acquaintance dated back to the same anatomical lectures which had brought Haldane and Drummond together, but Dr. Maurice was a lover of art, and had bought Robert's first picture, and thus occupied a different ground with him. Perhaps the irritating influence he had upon Helen was greater than that exercised by Haldane, because it was an irritation produced by his character, not by his circumstances. Haldane paid her a certain shy homage, feeling her to be different from all the women that surrounded himself; but Maurice treated her with formal civility and that kind of conventional deference which old-fashioned people show to the wishes and tastes of an inferior, that he may be set at his ease among them. There were times when she all but hated the doctor, with his courtesy and his silent air of criticism, but the minister she could not hate.

At the same time it must be allowed that to see her husband set out with his new gloves to ask the opinion of these two men, after all the profound thought she had herself given to the subject, and the passionate feeling it had roused within her, was hard upon Helen. To them it would be nothing more than a wise or unwise investment of money, but to her it was a measure affecting life and honour. Perhaps she exaggerated, she was will-

ing to allow—but they would not fail to under-rate its importance; they could not—Heaven forbid they ever should!—feel as she did, that Robert, though an R.A., had failed in his profession. They would advise him to hold fast by that profession and leave business alone, which was as much as condemning him to a constant repetition of the despairs and discontents of the past; or they would advise him to accept the one opening held out to him and sever himself from Art, which would be as good as a confession of failure. Thus it is evident, whatever his friends might happen to advise, Helen was prepared to resent.

At this moment Mrs. Drummond's character was the strangest mixture of two kinds of being. She was, though a mature woman, like a flower bursting out of a rough husk. The old conventional nature, the habits and prejudices of the rich *bourgeois* existence to which she had been born, had survived all that had as yet happened to her in life. The want of a dining-room, which has been already noted, had been not a trivial accident but a real humiliation to her. She sighed when she thought of the great dinner-parties with mountains of silver on table and sideboard, and many men in black or more gorgeous beings in livery to wait, which she had been accustomed to in her youth; and when she was obliged to furnish a supper for a group of painters who had been smoking half the night in the studio, and who were not in evening dress, she felt almost disgraced. Robert enjoyed that impromptu festivity more than all the dinner-parties; but Helen felt that if any of her old friends or even the higher class of her present acquaintances were to look in and see her, seated at the head of the table, where half a dozen bearded men in morning coats were devouring cold beef and salad, she must have sunk through the floor in shame and dismay. Robert was strangely, sadly without feeling in such matters. It never occurred to him that they could be a criterion of what his wife called "position;" and he would only laugh in the most hearty way when Helen insisted upon the habits proper to "people of our class." But her pride, such as it was, was terribly wounded by all such irregular proceedings. The middle-class custom of dining early and making a meal of "tea," a custom in full and undisturbed operation round the corner in Victoria Villas, affected her with a certain horror as if it had been a crime. Had she yielded to it she would have felt that she had "given in," and voluntarily descended in the social scale. "Late dinners" were to her as a bulwark

against that social downfall which in her early married life had seemed always imminent. This curious raising up of details into the place of principles had given Helen many an unnecessary prick. It had made her put up with much really inferior society in the shape of people of gentility whose minds were all absorbed in the hard struggle to keep up appearances, and live as people lived with ten times their income, while it cut her off from a great many to whom appearances were less important, and who lived as happened to be most convenient to them, without asking at what hour dukes dined or millionaires. The dukes probably would have been as indifferent, but not the millionaires, and it was from the latter class that Helen came. But in the midst of all these all-important details and the trouble they caused her, had risen up, she knew not how, a passionate, obstinately ideal soul. Perhaps at first her thirst for fame had been but another word for social advancement and distinction in the world, but that feeling had changed by means of the silent anguish which had crept on her as bit by bit she understood her husband's real weakness. Love in her opened, it did not blind, her eyes. Her heart cried out for excellence, for power, for genius in the man she loved; and with this longing there came a hundred subtle sentiments which she did not understand, and which worked and fermented in her without any will of hers. Along with the sense that he was no genius, there rose an unspeakable remorse and hatred of herself who had found it out; and along with her discontent came a sense of her own weakness—a growing humility which was a pain to her, and against which her pride fought stoutly, keeping, up to this time, the upper hand—and a regretful, self-reproachful, half-adoration of her husband and his goodness, produced by the very consciousness that he was not so strong nor so great as she had hoped. These mingled elements of the old and the new in Helen's mind made it hard to understand her, hard to realise and follow her motives; yet they explained the irritability which possessed her, her impatience of any suggestion from outside, along with her longing for something new, some change which might bring a new tide into the life which had fallen into such dreary, stagnant, unreal ways.

While she waited at home with all these thoughts whirling about her, Robert went on cheerfully seeking advice. He did it in the spirit which is habitual to men who consult their friends on any important matter. He

made up his mind first. As he turned lightly round the corner, swinging his cane, instead of wondering what his friend would say to him, he was making up his mind what he himself would do with all the unusual power and wealth which would come to him through the bank. For instance, at once there was poor Chance, the sculptor, whose son he would find a place for without more ado. Poor Chance had ten children, and was no genius, but an honest, good fellow, who would have made quite a superior stonemason had he understood his own gifts. Here was one immediate advantage of that bank-directorship. He went in cheerful and confident in this thought to the little house in Victoria Villas. Haldane had been ill; he had spent the previous winter in Italy, and his friends had been in some anxiety about his health; but he had improved again, and Robert went in without any apprehensions into the sitting-room at the back, which looked into the little garden. He had scarcely opened the door before he saw that something had happened. The writing-table was deserted, and a large sofa drawn near the window had become, it was easy to perceive, the centre of the room and of all the interests of its inhabitants. Mrs. Haldane, a homely old woman in a black dress and a widow's cap, rose hastily as he came in, with her hand extended, as if to forbid his approach. She was very pale and tremulous; the arm which she raised shook as she held it out, and fell down feebly by her side when she saw who it was. "Oh, come in, Mr. Drummond, he will like to see *you*," she said in a whisper. Robert went forward with a pang of alarm. His friend was lying on the sofa with his eyes closed, with an ashy paleness on his face, and the features slightly, very slightly distorted. He was not moved by the sound of Robert's welcome nor by his mother's movements. His eyes were closed, and yet he did not seem to be asleep. His chest heaved regularly and faintly, or the terrified bystander would have thought he was dead.

Robert clutched at the hand which the old lady stretched out to him again. "Has he fainted?" he cried in a whisper. "Have you had the doctor? Let me go for the doctor. Do you know what it is?"

Poor Mrs. Haldane looked down silently and cried. Two tears fell out of her old eyes as if they were full and had overflowed. "I thought he would notice you," she said. "He always was so fond of you. Oh, Mr. Drummond, my boy's had a shock."

"A shock!" said Drummond, under his breath. All his own visions flitted out of his mind like a shadow. His friend lay before him like a fallen tower, motionless, speechless. "Good God!" he said, as men do unawares, with involuntary appeal to Him who (surely) has to do with those wild contradictions of nature. "When did it happen? Who has seen him?" he asked, growing almost as pale as was the sufferer, and feeling faint and ill in the sense of his own powerlessness to help.

"It was last night, late," said the mother. "Oh, Mr. Drummond, this has been what was working on him. I knew it was never the lungs. Not one of us, either his father's family or mine, was ever touched in the lungs. Dr. Mixwell saw him directly. He said not to disturb him, or I would have had him in bed. I know he ought to be in bed."

"I'll go and fetch Maurice," cried Robert. "I shall be back directly," and he rushed out of the room which he had entered so jauntily. As he flew along the street, and jumped into the first cab he could find, the bank and his directorship went as completely out of his mind as if they had been a hundred years off. He dashed at the great solemn door of Dr. Maurice's house when he reached it and rushed in, upsetting the decorous servant. He seized the doctor by the shoulder, who was seated calmly at breakfast. "Come along with me directly," he said. "I have a cab at the door."

"What is the matter?" said Dr. Maurice. He had no idea of being disturbed so ceremoniously. "Is Mrs. Drummond ill? Sit down and tell me what is wrong."

"I can't sit down. I want you to come with me. There is a cab at the door," said Robert panting. "It is poor Haldane. He has had a fit—come at once."

"A fit! I knew that was what it was," said Dr. Maurice calmly. He waved his hand to the importunate petitioner, and swallowed the rest of his breakfast in great mouthfuls. "I'm coming; hold your tongue, Drummond. I knew the lungs was all nonsense—of course that is what it was."

"Come then," cried Robert. "Good heavens, come! don't let him lie there and die."

"He will not die. More's the pity, poor fellow!" said the doctor. "I said so from the beginning. John, my hat. Lungs, nonsense! He was as sound in the lungs as either you or I."

"For God's sake, come then," said the impatient painter, and he rushed to the door

and pushed the calm physician into his cab. He had come to consult him about something—Yes, to be sure, about poor Haldane. Not to consult him—to carry him off, to compel, to drag that other back from the verge of the grave. If there was anything more in his mind when he started Drummond had clean forgotten it. He did not remember it again till two hours later when, having helped to carry poor Haldane up-stairs, and rushed here and there for medicines and conveniences, he at last went home, weary with excitement and sympathetic pain. "I have surely forgotten something," he said, when he had given an account of all his doings to his wife. "Good heavens! I forgot altogether that I went to ask somebody's advice."

CHAPTER V.

MR. BURTON called next morning to ascertain Drummond's decision, and found that he had been sitting up half the night with Stephen Haldane, and was wholly occupied by his friend's illness. The merchant suffered a little vexation to be visible in his smooth and genial aspect. He was a middle-aged man, with a bland aspect and full development, not fat but ample. He wore his whiskers long, and had an air that was always jovial and comfortable. The cleanness of the man was almost aggressive. He enjoined upon you the fact that he not only had his bath every morning, but that his bath was constructed on the newest principles, with water-pipes which wandered through all the house. He wore buff waistcoats and light trousers, and the easiest of overcoats. His watch-chain was worthy of him, and so were the heavy gold buttons at his sleeves. He looked and moved and spoke like wealth, with a roll in his voice, which is only attainable in business, and when business goes very well with you. Consequently the shade of vexation which came over him was very perceptible. He found the Drummonds only at breakfast, though he had breakfasted two hours before, and this mingled in his seriousness a certain tone of virtuous reproof.

"My dear fellow, I don't want to disturb you," he said; "but how you can make this sort of thing pay I can't tell. I breakfasted at eight; but then, to be sure, I am only a City man, and can't expect my example to be much thought of at the West-end."

"Is this the West-end?" said Robert, laughing. "But if you breakfasted at eight, you must want something more by this time. Sit down and have some coffee. We are

late because we have been up half the night." And he told his new visitor the story of poor Stephen and his sudden illness. Mr. Burton was moderately interested, for he had married Mr. Baldwin's only daughter, and was bound to take a certain interest in his father-in-law's *protégé*. He heard the story to an end with admirable patience, and shook his head, and said, "Poor fellow! I am very sorry for him," with due gravity. But he was soon tired of Stephen's story. He took out his watch, and consulted it seriously, muttering something about his appointments.

"My dear, good people," he said, "it may be all very well for you to spend your time and your emotions on your friends, but a man of business cannot so indulge himself. I thought I should have had a definite answer from you, Drummond, yes or no."

"Yes," said Robert with professional calmness. "I am very sorry. So I intended myself; but this business about poor Haldane put everything else out of my head."

"Well," said Mr. Burton, rising and walking to the fire-place, according to British habit, though there was no fire, "you know best what you can do. I, for my part, should not be able to neglect my business if my best friend was on his death-bed. Of course you understand Rivers's is not likely to go begging for partners. Such an offer is not made to every one. I am certain that you should accept it for your own sake; but if you do not think it of importance, there is not another word to say."

"My dear fellow," cried Robert, "of course I think it of importance; and I know I owe it to your consideration. Don't think me ungrateful, pray."

"As for gratitude, that is neither here nor there," said the merchant; "there is nothing to be grateful about. But we have a meeting to-day to arrange the preliminaries, and probably everything will be settled then. I should have liked to place your name at once on the list. To leave such things over, unless you mean simply to abandon them, is a great mistake."

"I am sure I don't see any particular reason why we should leave it over," Robert said, faltering a little; and then he looked at his wife. Helen's face was clouded and very pale. She was watching him with a certain furtive eagerness, but she did not meet his eye. There was a tremulous pause, which seemed like an hour to both of them, during the passing of which the air seemed to rattle and beat about Helen's ears. Her husband gazed at her, eagerly questioning her; but

she could not raise her eyes—something prevented her, she could not tell what; her eyelids seemed heavy and weighed them down. It was not weakness or fear or a desire to avoid the responsibility of immediate action, but a positive physical inability. He looked at her for, perhaps, a full minute by the clock, and then he said slowly, "I see no reason to delay. I think Helen and I are agreed. This matter put the other out of my head; but it is natural you should be impatient. I think I will accept your kind offer, Burton, without any more delay."

How easy it is to say such words! The moment they were spoken, Robert felt them so simple, so inevitable, and knew that all along he had meant to say them. But still he was somewhat excited; a curious feeling came into his mind, such as a king may feel when he has crossed his neighbour's frontier with an invading army. Half a dozen steps were enough to do it; but how to get back again? and what might pass before the going back! The thought caught at his breath, and gave him a tremulous thrill through all his frame.

"Very well," said Mr. Burton, withdrawing his hands from under his coat-tails, and drawing a slightly long breath, which the other in his excitement did not observe. Mr. Burton did not show any excitement, except that long breath, which, after all, might have been accidental; no sign or indication of feeling had been visible in him. It was a great, a very great, matter to the Drummonds; but it was a small matter to one who had been for years a partner in Rivers's. "Very well. I will submit your name to the directors to-day. I don't think you need fear that the result will be doubtful. And I am very glad you have come to such a wise decision. Helen, when your husband is rich, as I trust he soon will be, I hope you will fancy a little house at Dura, and be our neighbour. It would be like old times. I should like it more than I can say."

"I never was fond of Dura," said Helen, with some abruptness. This reference to his greatness irritated her, as it always did; for whatever newcomer might take a little house at Dura, he was the lord of the place, supreme in the great house, and master of everything. Such an allusion always stirred up what was worst in her, and gave to her natural pride a certain tone of spitefulness and envy, which disgusted and wounded herself. But it did not wound her cousin, it pleased him. He laughed with a suppressed enjoyment and triumph.

"Well," he said, "Dura is my home, and

a very happy one, therefore, of course, I am fond of it. And it has a great many associations too, some of them, perhaps, not so agreeable. But it is always pleasant to feel, as I do, that everything that has happened to one has been for the best."

"The conversation has taken a highly edifying tone," said Robert with some surprise. He saw there was more meant than met the eye, but he did not know what it was. "We shall all be thanking Providence next, as people do chiefly, I observe, in celebration of the sufferings of others. Well, since you think I am on the fair way to be rich, perhaps I had better thank Providence by anticipation. Must I go with you to-day?"

"Not to-day. You will have full intimation when your presence is wanted. You forget—nothing is settled yet," said Mr. Burton; "the whole arrangement may come to nothing yet, for what I know. But I must be going; remember me to poor Haldane when he is able to receive good wishes. I hope he'll soon be better. Some of these days I'll call and see him. Good morning, Helen. Good-bye, Drummond. I'm glad you've made up your mind. My conviction is, it will turn out the best day's work you ever did in your life."

"Is he true, I wonder?" Helen said to herself as the two men left the room, and stood talking intently in the hall. It was the first time the idea had crossed her mind, and now it took its origin more from the malicious shaft her cousin had shot at herself than from any indication of double-dealing she had seen in him. It was against all the traditions of the Burtons to imagine that he could be anything but true. They had been business people as long as they had been anything, and commercial honour had been their god. It went against her to imagine that "a relation of mine!" could be other than perfect in this particular; and she sighed, and dismissed the idea from her mind, blaming herself, as she often did now, for ill-temper and suspiciousness. "It was mean to make that allusion to the past, but it is meaner of me to doubt him on that account," she said to herself, with a painful sigh. It was so hard in her to overcome nature, and subdue those rebellious feelings that rose in her unawares. "Why should I care?" she thought, "it is my vanity. I suppose if the man had never got over my rejection of him I should have been pleased. I should have thought better of him! Such a man as that! After all, we women must be fools indeed." This was the

edifying sentiment in her mind when Robert came back.

"Well, Helen, the die is cast," he said, half cheerfully, half sadly. "However we come to shore, the ship has set out. If it were not for poor Stephen I should make to-day a holiday and take you somewhere. This day ought to be distinguished from the rest."

"I hope he is true. I wonder if he is true?" Helen repeated to herself, half unconsciously, beneath her breath.

"Whom? Your cousin!" said Robert, with quite two notes of admiration in his tone. "Why, Helen, what a cynic you are growing. You will suspect me next."

"Am I a cynic?" she said, looking up at him with a sudden tear in her eye. "It is because I am beginning to be so wretchedly doubtful about myself."

This admission burst from her she could not tell how. She had no intention of making it. And she was sorry the moment the words were said. But as for Robert, he gazed at her first in consternation, then laughed, then took her in his kind arms with that vituperation of love which is more telling than any eulogy. "Yes," he said, "you are a very suspicious character altogether, you know so much harm of yourself that it is evident you must think badly of others. What a terrible business for me to have such a wife!"

Thus ended the episode in their lives which was to colour them to their very end, and decide everything else. They had been very solemn about it at the beginning, and had made up their minds to proceed very warily, and ask everybody's advice; but, as so often happens in human affairs, the decision which was intended to be done so seriously had been accomplished in a moment, without consideration, almost without thought. And, being done, it was a weight off the minds of both. They had no longer this disturbing matter between them to be discussed and thought over. Robert dismissed it out of simple light-heartedness, and that delightful economy of sensation which is fortunately so common among the artist class: "It is done, and all the thinking in the world will not make any difference. Why should I bother myself about it?" If this *insouciance* sometimes does harm, heaven knows it does a great deal of good sometimes, and gives the artist power to work where a man who felt his anxieties more heavily would fail. Helen had not this happy temper; but she was a woman more occupied with personal feelings than with any fact, however impor-

tant. The fact was outside, and never, she thought, could vanquish her—her enemies were within.

Time passed very quietly after this great decision. There was a lull, during which Stephen Haldane grew better, and Mrs. Drummond learned to feel a certain friendliness and sympathy for the lonely mother and sister, who were flattered by her inquiries after him. She came even to understand her husband's jokes about Miss Jane, the grim and practical person who ruled the little house in Victoria Villas—whom she even laughed at, but whom little Norah took a violent fancy for, which much mollified her mother. And then, in the matter of Rivers's bank, there began to rise a certain agreeable excitement and importance in their life. "Drummond among the lists of bank directors! *Drummond!* What does it mean?" This question ran through all the studios, and came back in amusing colours to the two who knew all about it. "His wife belongs to that sort of people, and has hosts of business connections," said one. "The fellow is rich," said another: "don't you know what a favourite he is with all the dealers, and has been for ever so long?" "His wife has money," was the judgment of a third. "Take my word for it, that is the way to get on in this world. A rich wife keeps you going till you've made a hit—if you are ever going to make a hit—and helps you on." "It is all that cousin of hers," another would say, "that fellow Burton whom one meets there. He bought my last picture, so I have reason to know, and has a palace in the country, like the rest of those City fellows." "What luck some men have," sighed the oldest of all. "I am older than Drummond, but none of these good things ever came my way." And this man was a better painter than Drummond, and knew it, but somehow had never caught the tide. Drummond's importance rose with every new report. When he secured the clerkship for Bob Chance, Chance, the sculptor's son, he made one family happy, and roused a certain excitement in many others; for poor artists, like poor clergymen and other needy persons, insist upon having large families. Two or three of the men who were Robert's contemporaries, who had studied with him in the schools, or had guided his early labours, went to see him, while others wrote, describing promising boys who would soon be ready for business, and for whom they would gladly secure something less precarious than the life of art. These applications were from the second class of artists, the men who are

never very successful, yet who "keep on," as they themselves would say, rambling from exhibition to exhibition, painting as well as a man can be taught to paint who has no natural impulse, or turning out inconscientious marble fair limbs of nymphs that ought, as the only reason for their being, to have sprung ethereal from the stone. And these poor painters and sculptors were often so good, so kindly, and unblamable as men; fond of their families, ready to do anything to push on the sons and daughters who showed "talent," or had any means offered of bettering themselves. How gladly Robert would have given away a dozen clerkships! how happy it would have made him to scatter upon them all some share of his prosperity! but he could not do this, and it was the first disagreeable accompaniment of his new position. He had other applications, however, of a different kind. Those in the profession who had some money to invest came and asked for his advice, feeling that they could have confidence in him. "Rivers's has a name like the Bank of England," they said; and he had the privilege of some preference shares to allot to them. All this advanced him in his own opinion, in his wife's, in that of all the world. He was no longer a man subject to utter demolition at the hands of an ill-natured critic; but a man endowed with large powers in addition to his genius, whom nobody could demolish or even seriously harm.

Perhaps, however, the greatest height of Drummond's triumph was reached when, the year having crept round from summer to autumn, his friend Dr. Maurice came to call one evening after a visit to Haldane. It was that moment between the two lights which is dear to all busy people. The first fire of the year was lit in Helen's drawing-room, which of itself was a little family event. Robert had strayed in from the studio in his painting coat, which he concealed by sitting in the shade by the side of the chimney. The autumn evenings had been growing wistful and eerie for some time back, the days shortening, yet the season still too warm for fires—so that the warm interior, all lit by the kindly, fitful flame, was a novelty and a pleasure. The central figure in the picture was Norah, in a thick white piqué frock, with her brown hair falling on her shoulders, reading by the firelight. The little white figure rose from the warm carpet into the warm, rosy firelight, herself less vividly tinted, a curious little abstract thing, the centre of the life around her, yet taking no

note of it. She had shielded one of her cheeks with her hands, and was bending her brows over the open book, trying to shade the light which flickered and danced, and made the words dance too before her. The book was too big for her, filling her lap and one crimsoned arm which held its least heavy side. The newcomer saw nothing but Norah against the light as he came in. He stopped, in reality because he was fond of Norah, with a disapproving word.

"At it again!" he said. "That child will

ruin her eyesight and her complexion, and I don't know what besides."

"Never fear," said Drummond, with a laugh, out of the corner, revealing himself, and Helen rose from the other side. She had been invisible too in a shady corner. A certain curious sensation came over the man who was older, richer, and felt himself wiser, than the painter. All this Drummond had for his share, though he had not done much to deserve it—whereas in the big library near Berkeley Square there was no fire, no



child pushing a round shoulder out of her frock, and roasting her cheeks, no gracious woman rising softly out of the shadows. Of course, Dr. Maurice might have been married too, and had not chosen; but nevertheless it was hard to keep from a momentary envy of the painter who could come home to enjoy himself between the lights, and for whom every night a new pose arranged itself of that child reading before the fire. Dr. Maurice was a determined old bachelor, and thought more of the child than of the wife.

"Haldane is better to-day," he said, seat-

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ing himself behind Norah, who looked up dreamily, with hungry eyes possessed by her tale, to greet him, at her mother's bidding. "Nearly as well as he will ever be. We must amuse him with hopes of restoration, I suppose; but he will never budge out of that house as long as he lives."

"But he will live?" said Robert.

"Yes, if you can call it living. Fancy, Drummond! a man about your own age, a year or two younger than I am—a man fond of wandering, fond of movement; and yet shut up in that dreary prison—for life."

A silence fell upon them all as he spoke.

They were too much awed to make any response, the solemnity being beyond words. Norah woke up at the pause. Their voices did not disturb her; but the silence did.

"Who is to be in the dreary prison?" she said, looking round upon them with her big brown wondering eyes.

"Hush! Poor Mr. Haldane, dear," said the mother, under her breath.

Then Norah burst into a great cry. "Oh, who has done it—who has done it? It is a shame—it is a sin! He is so good!"

"My child," said the doctor, with something like a sob, "it is God who has done it. If it had been a man, we would have throttled him before he touched poor Stephen. Now, heaven help us! what can we do? I suppose it is God."

"Maurice, don't speak so before the child," said Robert from a corner.

"How can I help it?" he cried. "If it was a man's doing, what could we say bad enough? Norah, little one, you don't know what I mean. Go back to your book."

"Norah, go up-stairs and get dressed for dinner," said Helen. "But you cannot, you must not be right, doctor. Oh, say you are sometimes deceived! Things happen that you don't reckon on. It is not for his life?"

Dr. Maurice shook his head. He looked after Norah regretfully as she went out of the room with the big book clasped in her arms.

"You might have let the child stay," he said reproachfully. "There was nothing that could have disturbed her in what I said."

And then for a moment or two the sound of the fire flickering its light about, making sudden leaps and sudden downfalls like a living thing, was the only sound heard; and it was in this pensive silence, weighted and subdued by the neighbourhood of suffering, that the visitor suddenly introduced a subject so different. He said abruptly—

"I have to congratulate you on becoming a great man, Drummond. I don't know how you have done it. But this bank, I suppose, will make your fortune. I want to venture a little in it on my own account."

"You, Maurice? My dear fellow!" said Robert, getting up with sudden enthusiasm, and seizing his friend by both his hands, "you are going in for Rivers's! I never was so glad in my life!"

"You need not be violent," said the doctor. "Have I said anything very clever, Mrs. Drummond? I am going in for Rivers's, because it seems such a capital investment. I can't expect, of course, to get put on the

board of directors, or to sit at the receipt of custom, like such a great man as you are. Don't shake my hands off, my good fellow. What is there wonderful in this?"

"Nothing wonderful," said Robert; "but the best joke I ever heard in my life. Fancy, Helen, how I was going to him humbly, hat in hand, to ask his advice, thinking perhaps he would put his veto on it, and prevent me from making my fortune. And now he is a shareholder like the rest. You may not see it: but it is the best joke! You must stay to dinner, old fellow, and we will talk business all the evening. Helen, we cannot let him go to-night."

And Helen smiled too as she repeated her husband's invitation. Robert had been wiser than his friends, though he had asked nobody's advice but hers. It was a salve to her often-wounded pride. The doctor did not like it half so much. His friend had stolen a march upon him, reversed their usual positions, gone first, and left the other to follow. He stayed to dinner, however, all the same, and pared apples for Norah, and talked over Rivers's afterwards over his wine. But when he left the door to go home, he shrugged his shoulders with a half-satisfied prophecy. "He will never paint another good picture," Maurice said, with a certain tone of friendly vengeance. "When wealth comes in, good-bye to art."

CHAPTER VI.

It was on an October day, mellow and bright, when Robert Drummond, with a smile on his face, and a heavy heart in his breast, reached the house in Victoria Villas, to superintend poor Stephen's return to the sitting-room, as he had superintended his removal to his bed. The sitting-room was larger, airier, and less isolated, than the mournful chamber up-stairs, in which he had spent half the summer. It was a heart-rending office, and yet it was one from which his friend could not shrink. Before he went up-stairs the painter paused, and took hold of Miss Jane's hand, and wept, as people say, "like a child;" but a child's hot thunder-shower of easily-dried tears are little like those few heavy drops that come to the eyes of older people, concentrating in themselves so much that words could not express. Miss Jane, for her part, did not weep. Her gray countenance, which was grayer than ever, was for a moment convulsed, and then she pushed her brother's friend away. "Don't you see I daren't cry?" she cried, almost angrily, with one hard sob. Her brother

Stephen was the one object of her life. All the romance of which she was capable, and a devotion deeper than that of twenty lovers, was in her worship of him. And this was what it was coming to! She hurried into the room which she had been preparing for him, which was henceforward to be his dwelling day and night, and shut the door upon the too sympathetic face. As for Robert, he went into his friend's little chamber with cheery salutations: "Well, old fellow, so you are coming back to the world!" he said. Poor Haldane was seated in his dressing-gown in an easy-chair. To look at him, no chance spectator would have known that he was as incapable of moving out of it as if he had been bound with iron, and everybody about him had been loud in their congratulations on the progress he was making. They thought they deceived him, as people so often think who flatter the incurable with hopes of recovery. He smiled as Robert spoke, and shook his head.

"I am changing my prison," he said; "nothing more. I know that as well as the wisest of you, Drummond. You kind, dear souls, do you think those cheery looks you have made such work to keep up, deceive me?"

"What cheery looks? I am as sulky as a bear," said Robert. "And as for your prison, Maurice doesn't think so. You heard what he said?"

"Maurice doesn't say so," said poor Haldane. "But never mind, it can't last for ever; and we need not be doleful for that."

The painter groaned within himself as they moved the helpless man down-stairs. "It will last for ever," he thought. He was so full of life and consolation himself that he could not realise the end which his friend was thinking of—the "for ever" which would release him and every prisoner. When they carried the invalid into the room below he gave a wistful look round him. For life—that was what he was thinking. He looked at the poor walls and commonplace surroundings, and a sigh burst from his lips. But he said immediately, to obliterate the impression of the sigh, "What a cheerful room it is, and the sun shining! I could not have had a more hopeful day for my first coming down-stairs."

And then they all looked at each other, heart-struck by what seemed to them the success of their deception. Old Mrs. Haldane fell into a sudden outburst of weeping: "Oh, my poor boy! my poor boy!" she said; and again a quick convulsion passed over

Miss Jane's face. Even Dr. Maurice, the arch-deceiver, felt his voice choked in his throat. They did not know that their patient was smiling at them and their transparent devices, in the sadness and patience of his heart. The room had been altered in many particulars for his reception, and fitted with contrivances, every one of which contradicted the promises of restoration which were held out to him. He had known it was so, but yet the sight of all the provisions made for his captivity gave him a new pang. He could have cried out, too, to earth and heaven. But what would have been the good? At the end all must submit.

"Now that you are comfortable, Stephen," said his sister, with a harsh rattle in her voice, which made her appear less amiable than ever, and in reality came out of the deep anguish of her heart, "there is some one waiting to see you. The chapel people have been very kind. Besides the deputation that came with the purse for you, there are always private members asking how you are, and if they can see you, and how they miss you—till you are able to go back."

"That will be never, Jane."

"How do you know? How can any one tell? It is impious to limit God's mercies," cried Miss Jane harshly; then, suddenly calming down, "It is Mr. Baldwin's son-in-law who has called to-day. They are in the country, and this Mr. Burton has come to carry them news of you. May he come in?"

"That is your cousin—your director?" said the invalid with some eagerness. "I should like to see him. I want you to invest my money for me, Drummond. There is not much; but you must have it, and make something of it in your new bank."

Mr. Burton came in before Drummond could answer. He came in on tiptoe, with an amount of caution which exasperated all the bystanders who loved Stephen. He looked stronger, richer, more prosperous than ever as he sat down, sympathetically, close to Stephen's chair. There he sat and talked, as it were, smoothing the sick man down. "We must have patience," he said soothingly. "After such an illness it will take so long to get up your strength. The sea-side would have been the best thing, but, unfortunately, it is a little late. I am so glad to hear your people are showing you how much they prize such a man as you among them; and I hope, with one thing and another—the pension, and so forth—you may be very comfortable. I would not venture to ask such a question, if it were not for Mr. Baldwin. He

takes so much interest in all your concerns."

"I am very glad you have spoken of it," said Haldane, "for I want to invest what little money I have in this bank I hear so much of—yours and Drummond's. I feel so much like a dying man—"

"No, no," said Mr. Burton, in a deprecating tone, "nothing half so bad. Providence, you may be sure, has something different in store for you. We must not think of that."

"At all events, I want to make the best of the money, for my mother and sister," said Stephen. And then he entered into business, telling them what he had, and how it was invested. His mind had been very full of this subject for some time past. The money was not much, but if he died, it would be all his mother and sister would have to depend upon, and the purse which his congregation had collected for him would increase his little, very little capital. Dr. Maurice had gone away, and the two women, though they heard everything, were withdrawn together into a corner. Mrs. Haldane had attempted several times to interrupt the conversation. "What do we care for money!" she had said, with tears in her eyes. "Let him alone, mother, it will make him happier," Miss Jane had said, in the voice that was so harsh with restrained emotion. And Stephen, with his two visitors beside him, and a flush upon his wan face, expounded all his affairs, and put his fortune into their hands. "Between you, you will keep my poor little nest-egg warm," he said, smiling upon them. His illness had refined his face, and gave him a certain pathetic dignity, and there was something that affected both in this appeal.

"I will sit on it myself sooner than let it cool," Drummond had said with a laugh, yet with the tears in his eyes, with an attempt to lighten the seriousness of the moment. "Dear old fellow, don't be afraid. Your sacred money will bring a blessing on the rest."

"That is all very pretty and poetical," said Mr. Burton, with a curious shade passing over his face; "but if Haldane has the slightest doubt on the subject, he should not make the venture. Of course, we are all prepared in the way of business to win or to lose. If we lose, we must bear it as well as we can. Of course, I think the investment as safe as the Bank of England—but at the same time, Drummond, it would be a very different thing to you or me from what it would be to him."

"Very different," said Drummond; but

the mere suggestion of loss had made him pale. "These are uncomfortable words," he went on with a momentary laugh. "For my part, I go in to win, without allowing the possibility of loss. Loss! Why I have been doing a great deal in ways less sure than Rivers's, and I have not lost a penny yet, thanks to you."

"I am not infallible," said Burton. "Of course, in everything there is a risk. I cannot make myself responsible. If Haldane has the least doubt or hesitation—"

"If I had, your caution would have reassured me," said the invalid. "People who feel their responsibility so much don't throw away their neighbour's money. It is all my mother has, and all I have. When you are tempted to speculate, think what a helpless set of people are involved—and no doubt there will be many more just as helpless. I think perhaps it would exercise a good influence on mercantile men," he added, with perhaps a reminiscence of his profession, "if they knew something personally of the people whose lives are, so to speak, in their hands."

"Haldane," said Mr. Burton hastily, "I don't think we ought to take your money. It is too great a risk. Trade has no heart and no bowels. We can't work in this way, you know, it would paralyse any man. Money is money, and has to be dealt with on business principles. God bless me! If I were to reflect about the people whose lives, &c.—I could never do anything! We can't afford to take anything but the market into account."

"I don't see that," said the painter, who knew as much about business as Mr. Burton's umbrella. "I agree with Haldane. We should be less ready to gamble and run foolish risks, if we remembered always what trusts we have in our hands: the honour of honest men, and the happiness of families—"

He was still a little pale, and spoke with a certain emotion, having suddenly realised, with a mixture of nervous boldness and terror, the other side of the question. Mr. Burton turned away with a shrug of his shoulders.

"It suits you two to talk sentiment instead of business," he said, "but that is not in my line. So long as my own credit is concerned, I find that a much greater stimulant than anybody else's. Self-interest is the root of everything—in business; and if you succeed for yourself, which of course is your first motive, you succeed for your neighbours as well. I don't take credit for any fine sentiments. That is my commercial creed. Num-

ber one includes all the other numbers, and the best a man can do for his friends is to take care of himself."

He got up with a slight show of impatience as he spoke. His face was overcast, and he had the half-contemptuous air which a practical man naturally assumes when he listens to anything high-flown. He, for his part, professed to be nothing but a man of business, and had confidence enough in his friends' knowledge of him to be able to express the most truculent sentiments. So, at least, Haldane thought, who smiled at this transparent cynicism. "I suppose, then, we are justified in thinking anything that is bad of you, and ought not to trust you with a penny?" he said.

"If you trust anything to me personally, of course I shall take care of it," answered the merchant. "But what we were talking of was Rivers's—business, not personal friendship. And business cannot afford such risks. You must examine into it, and judge of its claims for yourself. Come, let us dismiss the subject. I will tell Mr. Baldwin I found you looking a great deal better than I hoped."

"But I don't want to dismiss the subject," said Haldane. "I am satisfied. I am anxious—"

"Think it over once more, at least," said the other hastily; and he went away with but scant leave-taking. Mrs. Haldane, who was a wise woman, and, without knowing it, a physiognomist, shook her head.

"That man means what he says," she said with some emphasis. "He is telling you his real principles. If I were you, Stephen, I would take him at his word."

"My dear mother, he is one of the men who take pleasure in putting the worst face on human nature, and attributes everything to selfish motives," said the sick man. "I very seldom believe those who put such sentiments so boldly forth."

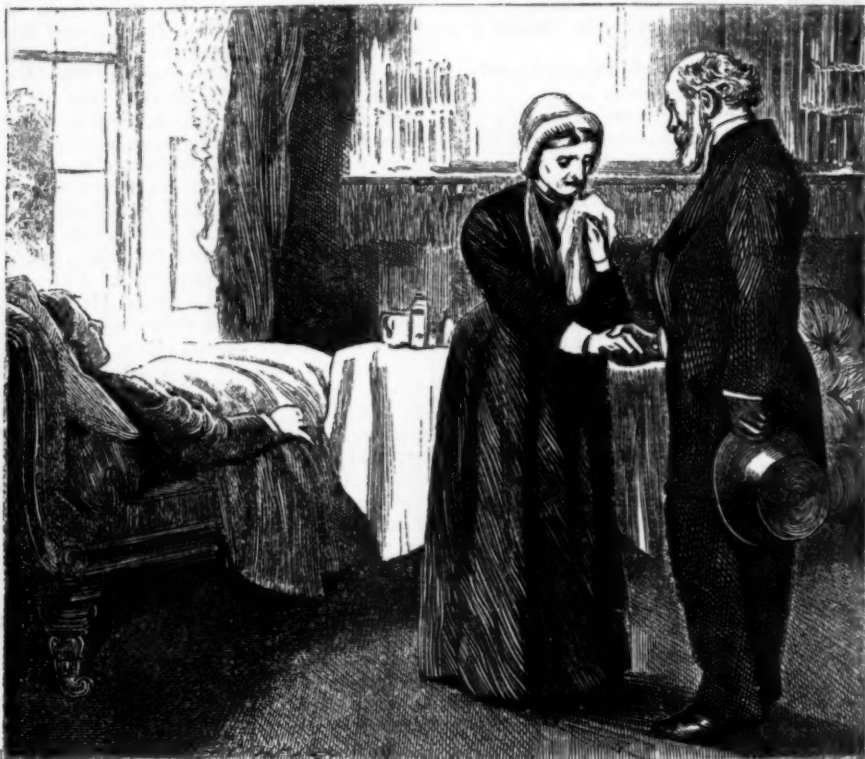
"But I do," said his mother, shaking her head with that obstinate conviction which takes up its position at once and defies all reason. Her son made no answer. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. The momentary excitement was over, the friends gone, and the new and terrible Life settled down upon him. He did not say a word to indicate what was passing through his mind, but he thought of the ship which drifted between the sea and the mariner, and the nightmare Life in death casting her dice with the less appalling skeleton. It was she who had won.

In the meantime the two directors of

Rivers's bank walked out together; one of them recovering all his self-confidence the moment he left the house, the other possessed by a certain tremulous excitement. The idea of risk was new to the painter. He felt a certain half-delightful, half-alarming agitation when he made his first ventures, but that had soon yielded to his absolute confidence in the man who now, with his own lips, had named the fatal word. Robert's imagination, the temperament of the artist, which is so often fantastically moved by trifles, while strong to resist the presence of fact and certainty, had sustained a shock. He did not say anything while they walked up the road under the faded autumnal leaves which kept dropping through the still air upon their heads. In this interval he had represented to himself all the solid guarantees, all the prestige, all the infallibility (for had it not attained that point?) of Rivers's. Sure as the Bank of England! Such were the words that rose continually to everybody's lips on hearing of it. Robert propped himself up as he went along with one support and another, till he felt ashamed that he could be capable of entertaining a shadow of doubt. But the impression made upon his nerves was not to be overcome by simple self-argument. Time was wanted to calm it down. He felt a certain thrill and jar communicated through all the lines of life. The sensation ran to his very finger-points, and gave a sharp electric shock about the roots of his hair. And it set his heart and his pulse beating, more likely organs to be affected. Loss! That was to say Helen and the child deprived of the surroundings that made their life so fair; driven back to the poor little lodgings, perhaps, in which their life began, or to something poorer still. Perhaps to want, perhaps to— "What a fool I am!" he said to himself.

"Do you really object to Haldane as one of our shareholders?" he said, with a certain hesitation, at last.

"Object—the idiot!" said Mr. Burton. "I beg your pardon, Drummond, I know he's a great friend of yours; but all that nonsense exasperates me. Why, God bless me, his body is sick, but his mind is as clear as yours or mine. Why can't he judge for himself? I am quite ready to give him, or you, or any one that interests me, the benefit of my experience; but to take you on my shoulders, Drummond, you know, would be simply absurd. I can't foresee what may happen. I am ready to run the risk myself. That's the best guarantee I can give, don't you think?



but I won't run any sentimental risks. You may, if you like; they are out of my line."

"I don't know what you mean by sentimental risks."

"Oh, as for that, it is easy to explain. The man is very ill: he will never be of any use in life again, and loss would be destruction to him. Therefore I won't take the responsibility. Why, there may be a revolution in England next year, for anything I can tell. There may be an invasion. Our funds may be down to zero, and our business paralyzed. How can I tell? All these things are within the bounds of possibility, and if they happened, and we went to smash, as we should infallibly, what would Haldane do?"

"If there is nothing to alarm us closer at hand than a revolution or an invasion——" said Drummond with a smile.

"How can we tell? If I were asked to insure England, I should only do it on a very heavy premium, I can tell you. And look here, Drummond, take my advice: always let a man judge for himself, never take the re-

sponsibility. If you do, you'll be sorry after. I never knew a good man of business yet who went in, as I said, for sentimental risks."

"I fear I shall never be a good man of business," said the painter, with a certain sickness at his heart. "But tell me now, suppose you were guardian to orphans, what should you do with their money? I suppose that is what you would call a very sentimental risk."

"Not so bad as Haldane," said Burton. "They would be young and able to make their way if the worst came to the worst. If they were entirely in my own hands, I should invest the money as I thought best; but if there were other guardians or relations to make a fuss, I should put it in the Three per Cents."

"I really—don't—quite see what—difference that would make——" Robert commenced, but his companion stopped him almost roughly.

"The question won't bear discussing, Drummond. If I go in with you, will your

wife give me some lunch? I have lost my whole morning to please my father-in-law. Don't you bother yourself about Haldane. He is a clear-headed fellow, and perfectly able to judge for himself."

Then no more was said. If a passing cloud had come over the merchant, it fled at sight of the table spread for luncheon, and the sherry, upon which poor Robert (knowing almost as little about that as he did about business) prided himself vastly. Mr. Burton applauded the sherry. He was more conversational even than usual, and very anxious that Drummond should look at a country-house in his neighborhood. "If you can't afford it now, you very soon will," he said, and without referring to Rivers's, kept up such a continued strain of allusions to the good-fortune which was about to pour upon the house, that Robert's nerves were comforted, he could scarcely have told how. But he went and worked all the afternoon in

the studio when the city man went off to his business. He labored hard at Francesca, fixing his whole mind upon her, not even whistling in his profound preoccupation. He had been absent from the studio for some time, and the *feel* of the old beloved tools was delightful to him. But when the early twilight came and interrupted his work, he went out and took a long walk by himself, endeavoring to shake off the tremor which still lingered about him. It was in his veins and in his nerves, tingling all over him. He reasoned with himself, shook himself up roughly, took himself to task, but yet did not get over it. "Bah! it is simple sensation!" he said at last, and with a violent effort turned his thoughts in another direction. But the shock had left a tremor about him which was not quite dissipated for days after; for a man who is made of fanciful artist-stuff is not like a business man with nerves of steel.

(To be continued.)

THE HIDDEN JOY.

Through leafy by-paths, sheltered and apart,
Whistling the carol of a careless heart,
In idle gladness strolled a truant boy.

Up in a tree-top swayed a little bird,
And sang and sang, nor cared if any heard
His solitary roundelay of joy.

A brook flowed through the silence of a wood;
Some gorgeous flowers upon its margin stood,
And waved their scarlet banners of delight.

From evening's dusky blue shone out a star,
And through the darkness trailed its splendor far,
Though all the world was buried in the night.

Joy asks no seeing eye, nor listening ear;
But carols, blooms, and shines when none is near,
Only because it feels so fully blest.

The mated bird flies not on open wing,
But sings from out the bough,—and so I sing
The happy secret hidden in my breast.

THE HAPPY TIME.



THE happy time when dreams have power to cheat
Is past, dear friend, for me. As in old days,
So still at times they throng their ancient ways.
And trail their shining robes before my feet,
Or stand, half-lifted to their native skies
By the soft oval of white arms, with eyes
Closing on looks unutterably sweet.
Then the grim Truth beside me will arise
And slay them, and their beauty is no more ;—
No more their beauty,—saving such as dies
Into the marble of mute lips, or flies
With the swift light of dying smiles, before
The eye that strains to watch can tell for tears
How passing fair it shone—how dusk have grown the years !

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALICE FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 331.)

CHAPTER LVII.

ANOTHER DREAM.

THE excitement of having something to do had helped me over the morning, and the pleasure of thinking of what I had done helped me through the journey; but before I reached home I was utterly exhausted. Then I had to drive round by the farm, and knock up Mrs. Herbert and Styles.

I could not bear the thought of my own room, and ordered a fire in my grandmother's, where they soon got me into bed. All I remember of that night is the following dream:

I found myself at the entrance of the ice-cave. A burning sun beat on my head, and at my feet flowed the brook which gathered its life from the decay of the ice. I stooped to drink; but, cool to the eye and hand and lips, it yet burned me within like fire. I would seek shelter from the sun inside the cave. I entered, and knew that the cold was all around me; I even felt it; but somehow it did not enter into me. My brain, my very bones, burned with fire. I went in and in. The blue atmosphere closed around me, and the color entered into my soul till it seemed dyed with the potent blue. My very being swam and floated in a blue atmosphere of its own. My intention—I can recall it perfectly—was but to walk to the end, a few yards, then turn and again brave the sun; for I had a dim feeling of forsaking my work, of playing truant, or of being cowardly in thus avoiding the heat. Something else, too, was wrong, but I could not clearly tell what. As I went on, I began to wonder that I had not come to the end. The gray walls yet rose about me, and ever the film of dissolution flowed along their glassy faces to the tunnel below; still before me opened the depth of blue atmosphere, deepening as I went. After many windings the path began to branch, and soon I was lost in a labyrinth of passages, of which I knew not why I should choose one rather than another. It was useless now to think of returning. Arbitrarily I chose the narrowest way, and still went on.

A discoloration of the ice attracted my attention, and as I looked it seemed to retreat into the solid mass. There was something not ice within it which grew more and more distinct as I gazed, until at last I plainly dis-

tinguished the form of my grandmother, lying as then when my aunt made me touch her face. A few yards further on lay the body of my uncle, as I saw him in his coffin. His face was dead white in the midst of the cold, clear ice, his eyes closed, and his arms straight by his sides. He lay like an alabaster king upon his tomb. It *was* he, I thought, but he would never speak to me more—never look at me—never more awake. There lay all that was left of him—the cold frozen memory of what he had been and would never be again. I did not weep. I only knew somehow in my dream that life was all a wandering in a frozen cave, where the faces of the living were dark with the coming corruption, and the memories of the dead, cold and clear and hopeless evermore, alone were lovely.

I walked further; for the ice might possess yet more of the past—all that was left me of life. And again I stood and gazed, for, deep within, I saw the form of Charley—at rest now, his face bloodless, but not so death-like as my uncle's. His hands were laid palm to palm over his bosom, and pointed upwards as if praying for comfort where comfort was none: here at least were no flickerings of the rainbow fancies of faith and hope and charity! I gazed in comfortless content for a time on the repose of my weary friend, and then went on, inly moved to see what further the ice of the godless region might hold. Nor had I wandered far when I saw the form of Mary, lying like the rest, only that her hands were crossed on her bosom. I stood, wondering to find myself so little moved. But when the ice drew nigh me, and would have closed around me, my heart leaped for joy; and when the heat of my lingering life repelled it, my heart sunk within me, and I said to myself: "Death will not have me. I may not join her even in the land of cold forgetfulness: I may not even be nothing *with* her." The tears began to flow down my face, like the thin veil of water that kept ever flowing down the face of the ice; and as I wept, the water before me flowed faster and faster, till it rippled in a sheet down the icy wall. Faster and yet faster it flowed, falling, with the sound as of many showers, into the tunnel below, which rushed splashing and gurgling away from the foot of the vanishing

wall. Faster and faster it flowed, until the solid mass fell in a foaming cataract, and swept in a torrent across the cave. I followed the retreating wall through the seething water at its foot. Thinner and thinner grew the dividing mass; nearer and nearer came the form of my Mary. "I shall yet clasp her," I cried; "her dead form will kill me, and I too shall be inclosed in the friendly ice. I shall not be with her, alas; but neither shall I be without her, for I shall depart into the lovely nothingness." Thinner and thinner grew the dividing wall. The skirt of her shroud hung like a wet weed in the falling torrent. I kneeled in the river, and crept nearer, with outstretched arms: when the vanishing ice set the dead form free, it should rest in those arms—the last gift of the life-dream—for then, surely, I *must* die. "Let me pass in the agony of a lonely embrace!" I cried. As I spoke she moved. I started to my feet, stung into life by the agony of a new hope. Slowly the ice released her, and gently she rose to her feet. The torrents of water ceased—they had flowed but to set her free. Her eyes were still closed, but she made one blind step towards me, and laid her left hand on my head, her right hand on my heart. Instantly, body and soul, I was cool as a summer eve after a thunder-shower. For a moment, precious as an æon, she held her hands upon me—then slowly opened her eyes. Out of them flashed the living soul of my Athanasia. She closed the lids again slowly over the lovely splendor; the water in which we stood rose around us, and on its last billow she floated away through the winding passage of the cave. I sought to follow her, but could not. I cried aloud and awoke.

But the burning heat had left me; I felt that I had passed a crisis, and had begun to recover—a conviction which would have been altogether unwelcome, but for the poor shadow of a reviving hope which accompanied it. Such a dream, come whence it might, could not but bring comfort with it. The hope grew, and was my sole medicine.

Before the evening I felt better, and though still very feeble, managed to write to Marston, letting him know I was safe, and requesting him to forward any letters that might arrive.

The next day I rose, but was unable to work. The very thought of writing sickened me. Neither could I bear the thought of returning to London. I tried to read, but threw aside book after book, without being able to tell what one of them was about. If for a moment I seemed to enter into the subject, before I reached the bottom of the page

I found I had not an idea as to what the words meant or whither they tended. After many failures, unwilling to give myself up to idle brooding, I fortunately tried some of the mystical poetry of the seventeenth century: the difficulties of that I found to rather stimulate than repel me; while, much as there was in the form to displease the taste, there was more in the matter to rouse the intellect. I found also some relief in resuming my mathematical studies: the abstraction of them acted as an anodyne. But the days dragged wearily.

As soon as I was able to get on horseback, the tone of mind and body began to return. I felt as if into me some sort of animal healing passed from Lilith; and who can tell in how many ways the lower animals may not minister to the higher?

One night I had a strange experience. I give it without argument, perfectly aware that the fact may be set down to the disordered state of my physical nature, and that without injustice.

I had not for a long time thought about one of the questions which had so much occupied Charley and myself—that of immortality. As to any communication between the parted, I had never, during his life, pondered the possibility of it, although I had always had an inclination to believe that such intercourse had in rare instances taken place: former periods of the world's history, when that blinding self-consciousness which is the bane of ours was yet undeveloped, must, I thought, have been far more favorable to its occurrence. Anyhow I was convinced that it was not to be gained by effort. I confess that, in the unthinking agony of grief after Charley's death, many a time when I woke in the middle of the night and could sleep no more, I sat up in bed and prayed him, if he heard me, to come to me, and let me tell him the truth—for my sake to let me know at least that he lived, for then I should be sure that one day all would be well. But if there was any hearing, there was no answer. Charley did not come; the prayer seemed to vanish in the darkness; and my more self-possessed meditations never justified the hope of any such being heard.

One night I was sitting in my grannie's room, which, except my uncle's, was now the only one I could bear to enter. I had been reading for some time very quietly, but had leaned back in my chair, and let my thoughts go wandering whither they would, when all at once I was possessed by the conviction that Charley was near me. I saw nothing, heard

nothing; of the recognized senses of humanity not one gave me a hint of a presence; and yet my whole body was aware—so at least it seemed—of the proximity of another *I*. It was as if some nervous region commensurate with my frame were now for the first time revealed by contact with an object suitable for its apprehension. Like Eliphaz, I felt the hair of my head stand up—not from terror, but simply, as it seemed, from the presence and its strangeness. Like others also of whom I have read, who believed themselves in the presence of the disembodied, I could not speak. I tried, but as if the medium for sound had been withdrawn, and an empty gulf lay around me, no word followed, although my very soul was full of the cry—*Charley! Charley!* And alas! in a few moments, like the faint vanishing of an unrealized thought, leaving only the assurance that something half-born from out the unknown had been there, the influence faded and died. It passed from me like the shadow of a cloud, and once more I knew but my poor lonely self, returning to its candles, its open book, its burning fire.

CHAPTER LVIII.
THE DARKEST HOUR.

SUFFERING is perhaps the only preparation for suffering: still I was but poorly prepared for what followed.

Having gathered strength, and a certain quietness which I could not mistake for peace, I returned to London towards the close of the spring. I had in the interval heard nothing of Mary. The few letters Marston had sent on had been almost exclusively from my publishers. But the very hour I reached my lodging came a note, which I opened trembling, for it was in the handwriting of Miss Pease.

"DEAR SIR—I cannot, I think, be wrong in giving you a piece of information which will be in the newspapers to-morrow morning. Your old acquaintance and my young relative, Mr. Brotherton, was married this morning, at St. George's, Hanover Square, to your late friend's sister, Miss Mary Osborne. They have just left for Dover on their way to Switzerland. Your sincere well-wisher,

"JANE PEASE."

Even at this distance of time, I should have to exhort myself to write with calmness, were it not that the utter despair of conveying my feelings, if indeed my soul had not for the time passed beyond feeling into some abyss unknown to human consciousness, renders it unnecessary. This despair of com-

munication has two sources—the one simply the conviction of the impossibility of expressing *any* feeling, much more such feeling as mine then was—and is; the other the conviction that only to the heart of love can the sufferings of love speak. The attempt of a lover to move, by the presentation of his own suffering, the heart of her who loves him not, is as unavailing as it is unmanly. The poet who sings most wailfully of the torments of the lover's hell, is but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal in the ears of her who has at best only a general compassion to meet the song withal—possibly only an individual vanity which crowns her with his woes as with the trophies of a conquest. True, he is understood and worshiped by all the other wailful souls in the first infernal circle, as one of the great men of their order—able to put into words full of sweet torment the dire hopelessness of their misery; but for such the singer, singing only for ears eternally deaf to his song, cares nothing; or if for a moment he receive consolation from their sympathy, it is but a passing weakness which the breath of an indignant self-condemnation—even contempt, the next moment sweeps away. In God alone there must be sympathy and cure; but I had not then—have I indeed yet found what that cure is? I am, at all events, now able to write with calmness. If suffering destroyed itself, as some say, mine ought to have disappeared long ago; but to that I can neither pretend nor confess.

For the first time, after all I had encountered, I knew what suffering could be. It is still at moments an agony as of hell to recall this and the other thought that then stung me like a white-hot arrow: the shafts have long been drawn out, but the barbed heads are still there. I neither stormed nor maddened. I only felt a freezing hand lay hold of my heart, and gripe it closer and closer, till I should have sickened, but that the pain ever stung me into fresh life; and ever since I have gone about the world with that hard lump somewhere in my bosom into which the gripping hand and the griped heart have grown and stiffened.

I fled at once back to my solitary house, looking for no relief in its solitude, only the negative comfort of escaping the eyes of men. I could not bear the sight of my fellow-creatures. To say that the world had grown black to me, is as nothing: I ceased—I will not say *to believe* in God, for I never dared say that mighty thing—but I ceased to hope in God. The universe had grown a negation which yet forced its presence upon me—a

death that bred worms. If there were a God anywhere, this universe could be nothing more than His forsaken moth-eaten garment. He was a God who did not care. Order was all an invention of phosphorescent human brains; light itself the mocking smile of a Jupiter over his writhing sacrifices. At times I laughed at the tortures of my own heart, saying to it, "Writhe on, worm; thou deservest thy writhing in that thou writhest. Godless creature, why dost thou not laugh with me? Am I not merry over thee and the world—in that ye are both rottenness to the core?" The next moment my heart and I would come together with a shock, and I knew it was myself that scorned myself.

Such being my mood, it will cause no surprise if I say that I too was tempted to suicide; the wonder would have been if it had been otherwise. The soft, keen curves of that fatal dagger, which had not only slain Charley, but all my hopes—for had he lived, this horror could not have been—grew almost lovely in my eyes. Until now it had looked cruel, fiendish, hateful; but now I would lay it before me and contemplate it. In some griefs there is a wonderful power of self-contemplation, which, indeed, forms their only solace; the moment it can set the sorrow away from itself sufficiently to regard it, the tortured heart begins to repose; but suddenly, like a waking tiger, the sorrow leaps again into its lair, and the agony commences anew. The dagger was the type of my grief and its torture: might it not, like the brazen serpent, be the cure for the sting of its living counterpart? But, alas! where was the certainty? Could I slay *myself*? This outer breathing form I could dismiss—but the pain was not *there*. I was not mad, and I knew that a deeper death than that could give, at least than I had any assurance that could give, alone could bring repose. For, impossible as I had always found it actually to believe in immortality, I now found it equally impossible to believe in annihilation. And even if annihilation should be the final result, who could tell but it might require ages of a horrible slow-decaying dream-consciousness to kill the living thing which felt itself other than its body?

Until now I had always accepted what seemed the natural and universal repugnance to absolute dissolution as the strongest argument on the side of immortality;—for why should a man shrink from that which belonged to his nature? But now annihilation seemed the one lovely thing, the one sole only lonely thought in which lay no blackness of burning

darkness. Oh, for one eternal unconscious sleep!—the nearest likeness we can cherish of that inconceivable nothingness—ever denied by the very thinking of it—by the vain attempt to realize that whose very existence is the knowing nothing of itself! Could that dagger have insured me such repose, or had there been any draught of Lethe, utter Lethe, whose blessed poison would have assuredly dissipated like a fume this conscious, self-tormenting *me*, I should not now be writhing anew, as in the clutches of an old grief, clasping me like a corpse, stung to simulated life by the galvanic battery of recollection. Vivid as it seems, all I suffer as I write is but a faint phantasm of what I then endured.

I learned, therefore, that to some minds the argument for immortality drawn from the apparently universal shrinking from annihilation must be ineffectual, seeing they themselves do not shrink from it. Convince a man that there is no God, or—for I doubt if that be altogether possible—make it, I will say, impossible for him to hope in God—and it cannot be that annihilation should seem an evil. If there is no God, annihilation is the one thing to be longed for with all that might of longing which is the mainspring of human action. In a word, it is not immortality the human heart cries out after, but that immortal, eternal thought whose life is its life, whose wisdom is its wisdom, whose ways and whose thoughts shall—must one day—become its ways and its thoughts. Dissociate immortality with the living Immortality, and it is not a thing to be desired—not a thing that can on those terms, or even on the fancy of those terms, be desired.

But such thoughts as these were far enough from me then. I lived because I despaired of death. I ate by a sort of blind animal instinct, and so lived. The time had been when I would despise myself for being able to eat in the midst of emotion; but now I cared so little for the emotion even, that eating or not eating had nothing to do with the matter. I ate because meat was set before me; I slept because sleep came upon me. It was a horrible time. My life seemed only a vermiculate one, a crawling about of half-thoughts-half-feelings through the corpse of a decaying existence. The heart of being was withdrawn from me, and my life was but the vacant pericardium in which it had once throbbled out and sucked in the red fountains of life and gladness.

I would not be thought to have fallen to this all but bottomless depth only because I had lost Mary. Still less was it because of

the fact that in her, around whom had gathered all the devotion with which the man in me could regard woman, I had lost all woman-kind. It was *the loss* of Mary, as I then judged it, not, I repeat, the fact that I had lost her. It was that she had lost herself. Thence it was, I say, that I lost my hope in God. For, if there were a God, how could He let purity be clasped in the arms of defilement? how could He marry my Athanasia—not to a corpse, but to a Plague? Here was the man who had done more to ruin her brother than any but her father, and God had given her to *him*! I had had, with the commonest of men, some notion of womanly purity—how was it that hers had not instinctively shuddered and shrunk? how was it that the life of it had not taken refuge with death to shun bare contact with the coarse impurity of such a nature as that of Geoffrey Brotherton? My dreams had been dreams indeed! Was my Athanasia dead, or had she never been? In my thought, she had “said to Corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.” Who should henceforth say of any woman that she was impure? She *might* love him—true; but what was she then who was able to love such a man? It was this that stormed the citadel of my hope, and drove me from even thinking of a God.

Gladdy would I now have welcomed any bodily suffering that could hide me from myself; but no illness came. I was a living pain, a conscious ill-being. In a thousand forms those questions would ever recur, but without hope of answer. When I fell asleep from exhaustion, hideous visions of her with Geoffrey would start me up with a great cry, sometimes with a curse, on my lips. Nor were they the most horrible of those dreams in which she would help him to mock me. Once, and only once, I found myself dreaming the dream of *that* night, and I knew that I had dreamed it before. Through palace and chapel and charnel-house I followed her, ever with a dim sense of awful result; and when at the last she lifted the shining veil, instead of the face of Athanasia, the bare teeth of a skull grinned at me from under a spotted shroud, through which the sunlight shone from behind, revealing all its horrors. I was not mad—my reason had not given way: *how* remains a marvel.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE DAWN.

ALL places were alike to me now—for the universe was but one dreary chasm whence I

could not escape. One evening I sat by the open window of my chamber, which looked towards those trees and that fatal Moldwarp Hall. My suffering had now grown dull by its own excess, and I had moments of listless vacuity, the nearest approach to peace I had yet experienced. It was a fair evening of early summer—but I was utterly careless of nature as of all beyond it. The sky was nothing to me—and the earth was all unlovely. There I sat, heavy, but free from torture; a kind of quiet had stolen over me. I was roused by the tiniest breath of wind on my cheek, as if the passing wing of some butterfly had fanned me; and on that faintest motion came a scent as from long-forgotten fields, a scent like as of sweet-peas or wild roses, but of neither: flowers were none nearer me than the gardens of the Hall. I started with a cry. It was the scent of the garments of my Athanasia, as I had dreamed it in my dream! Whence that wind had borne it, who could tell? but in the husk that had overgrown my being it had found a cranny, and through that cranny, with the scent, Nature entered. I looked up to the blue sky, wept, and for the first time fell on my knees. “O God!” I cried, and that was all. But what are the prayers of the whole universe more than expansions of that one cry? It is not what God can give us, but God that we want. Call the whole thing fancy if you will; it was at least no fancy that the next feeling of which I was conscious was compassion: from that moment I began to search heaven and earth and the soul of man and woman for excuses wherewith to clothe the idea of Mary Osborne. For weeks and weeks I pondered, and by degrees the following conclusions wrought themselves out in my brain:—

That she had never seen life as a whole; that her religious theories had ever been eating away and absorbing her life, so preventing her religion from interpenetrating and glorifying it; that in regard to certain facts and consequences she had been left to an ignorance which her innocence rendered profound; that, attracted by the worldly splendor of the offer, her father and mother had urged her compliance, and broken in spirit by the fate of Charley, and having always been taught that self-denial was in itself a virtue, she had taken the worldly desires of her parents for the will of God, and blindly yielded; that Brotherton was capable, for his ends, of representing himself as possessed of religion enough to satisfy the scruples of her parents, and such being satisfied, she had resisted her own as evil things.

Whether his hatred of me had had any

share in his desire to possess her, I hardly thought of inquiring.

Of course I did not for a single moment believe that Mary had had the slightest notion of the bitterness, the torture, the temptation of Satan it would be to me. Doubtless the feeling of her father concerning the death of Charley had seemed to hollow an impassable gulf between us. Worn and weak, and not knowing what she did, my dearest friend had yielded herself to the embrace of my deadliest foe. If he was such as I had too good reason for believing him, she was far more to be pitied than I. Lonely she must be—lonely as I—for who was there to understand and love her? Bitterly too by this time she must have suffered, for the dove can never be at peace in the bosom of the vulture, or cease to hate the carrion of which he must ever carry about with him at least the disgusting memorials. Alas! I too had been her enemy, and had cried out against her; but now I would love her more and better than ever! Oh! if I knew but something I could do for her, some service which on the bended knees of my spirit I might offer her! I clomb the heights of my grief, and looked abroad, but alas! I was such a poor creature! A dabbler in the ways of the world, a writer of tales which even those who cared to read them counted fantastic and Utopian, who was I to weave a single silken thread into the web of her life? How could I bear her one poorest service? Never in this world could I approach her near enough to touch yet once again the hem of her garment. All I could do was to love her. No—I could and did suffer for her. Alas! that suffering was only for myself, and could do nothing for her! It was indeed some consolation to me that my misery came from her hand; but if she knew it, it would but add to her pain. In my heart I could only pray her pardon for my wicked and selfish thoughts concerning her, and vow again and ever to regard her as my Athanasia. But yes! there was one thing I *could* do for her: I would be a true man for her sake; she should have some satisfaction in me; I would once more arise and go to my Father.

The instant the thought arose in my mind, I fell down before the possible God in an agony of weeping. All complaint of my own doom had vanished, now that I began to do her the justice of love. Why should I be blessed—here and now at least—according to my notions of blessedness? Let the great heart of the universe do with me as it pleased! Let the Supreme take his own time to justify himself to the heart that sought to love him!

I gave up myself, was willing to suffer, to be a living pain, so long as he pleased; and the moment I yielded, half the pain was gone; I gave my Athanasia yet again to God, and all *might* yet, in some high, far-off, better-world-way, be well. I could wait and endure. If only God was, and was God, then it was, or would be, well with Mary—well with me!

But as I still sat, a flow of sweet, sad, repentant thought passing gently through my bosom, all at once the self to which, unable to confide it to the care of its own very life, the God conscious of himself, and in himself conscious of it, I had been for months offering the sacrifices of despair and indignation, arose in spectral hideousness before me. I saw that I, a child of the infinite, had been worshipping the finite—and therein dragging down the infinite towards the fate of the finite. I do not mean that in Mary Osborne I had been worshipping the finite. It was the eternal, the lovely, the true that in her I had been worshipping: in myself I had been worshipping the mean, the selfish, the finite, the god of spiritual greed. Only in himself *can* a man find the finite to worship; only in turning back upon himself does he create the finite for and by his worship. All the works of God are everlasting; the only perishable are some of the works of man. All love is the worship of the infinite: what is called a man's love for himself, is not love; it is but a phantastic resemblance of love; it is the creating of the finite, a creation of death. A man *cannot* love himself. If all love be not creation—as I think it is—it is at least the only thing in harmony with creation and the love of oneself in its absolute opposite. I sickened at the sight of myself: how should I ever get rid of the demon? The same instant I saw the one escape: I must offer it back to its source—commit it to him who had made it. I must live no more from it, but from the source of it; seek to know nothing more of it than he gave me to know by his presence therein. Thus might I become one with the Eternal in such an absorption as Buddha had never dreamed; thus might I draw life ever fresh from its fountain. And in that fountain alone would I contemplate its reflex. What flashes of self-consciousness might cross me, should be God's gift, not of my seeking, and offered again to him in ever new self-sacrifice. Alas! alas! this I saw then, and this I yet see; but oh, how far am I still from that divine annihilation! The only comfort is, God is, and I am his, else I should not be at all.

I saw too that thus God also lives—in his higher way. I saw, shadowed out in the ab-

solite devotion of Jesus to men, that the very life of God by which we live is an everlasting eternal giving of himself away. He asserts himself, only, solely, altogether, in an infinite sacrifice of devotion. So must we live; the child must be as the father; live he cannot on any other plan, struggle as he may. The father requires of him nothing that he is not or does not himself, who is the one prime unconditioned sacrificer and sacrifice. I threw myself on the ground, and offered back my poor wretched self to its owner, to be taken and kept, purified and made divine.

The same moment a sense of reviving health began to possess me. With many fluctuations, it has possessed me, has grown, and is now, if not a persistent cheerfulness, yet an unyielding hope. The world bloomed again around me. The sunrise again grew gloriously dear; and the sadness of the moon was lighted from a higher sun than that which returns with the morning.

My relation to Mary resolved and re-formed itself in my mind into something I can explain only by the following—call it a dream: it was not a dream; call it a vision: it was not a vision; and yet I will tell it as if it were either, being far truer than either.

I lay like a child on one of God's arms. I could not see his face, and the arm that held me was a great cloudy arm. I knew that on his other arm lay Mary. But between us were forests and plains, mountains and great seas; and, unspeakably worse than all, a gulf with which words had nothing to do, a gulf of pure separation, of impassable nothingness, across which no device, I say not of human skill, but of human imagination, could cast a single connecting cord. There lay Mary, and here lay I—both in God's arms—utterly parted. As in a swoon I lay, through which suddenly came the words: "What God hath joined, man cannot sunder." I lay thinking what they could mean. All at once I thought I knew. Straightway I rose on the cloudy arm, looked down on a measureless darkness beneath me, and up on a great, dreary world-filled eternity above me, and crept along the arm towards the bosom of God.

In telling my—neither vision nor dream nor ecstasy, I cannot help it that the forms grow so much plainer and more definite in the words than they were in the revelation. Words always give either too much or too little shape: when you want to be definite, you find your words clumsy and blunt; when you want them for a vague shadowy image, you straightway find them give a sharp and impertinent outline, refusing to lend themselves

to your undefined though vivid thought. Forms themselves are hard enough to manage, but words are unmanageable. I must therefore trust to the heart of my reader.

I crept into the bosom of God, and along a great cloudy peace, which I could not understand, for it did not yet enter into me. At length I came to the heart of God, and through that my journey lay. The moment I entered it, the great peace appeared to enter mine, and I began to understand it. Something melted in my heart, and for a moment I thought I was dying, but I found I was being born again. My heart was empty of its old selfishness, and I loved Mary tenfold—nor longer in the least for my own sake, but all for her loveliness. The same moment I knew that the heart of God was a bridge, along which I was crossing the unspeakable eternal gulf that divided Mary and me. At length, somehow, I know not how—somewhere, I know not where, I was where she was. She knew nothing of my presence, turned neither face nor eye to meet me, stretched out no hand to give me the welcome of even a friend, and yet I not only knew, but felt that she was mine. I wanted nothing from her; desired the presence of her loveliness only that I might know it; hung about her life as a butterfly over the flower he loves; was satisfied that she should be. I had left myself behind in the heart of God, and now I was a pure essence, fit to rejoice in the essential. But alas! my whole being was not yet subject to its best. I began to long to be able to do something for her besides—I foolishly said *beyond* loving her. Back rushed my old self in the selfish thought: Some day—will she not know—and at least—? That moment the vision vanished. I was tossed—ah! let me hope, only to the other arm of God—but I lay in torture yet again. For a man may see visions manifold, and believe them all; and yet his faith shall not save him; something more is needed—he must have that presence of God in his soul, of which the Son of Man spoke, saying: "If a man love me he will keep my words: and my father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." God in him, he will be able to love for very love's sake; God not in him, his best love will die into selfishness.

CHAPTER LX.

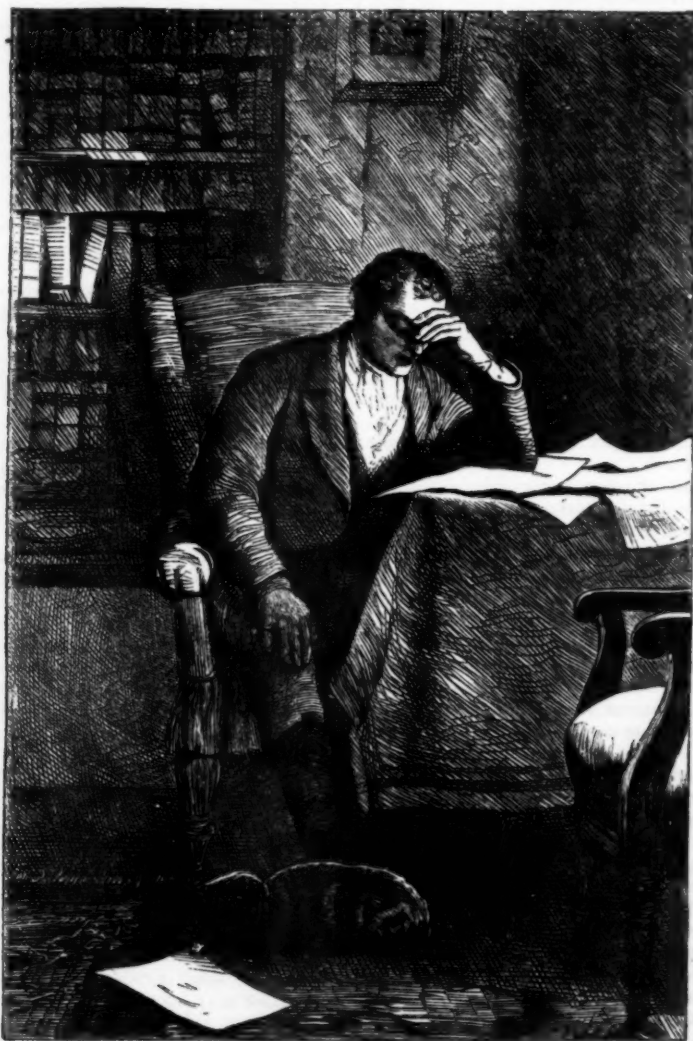
MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

THE morning then which had thus dawned upon me, was often overclouded heavily. Yet it was the morning and not the night; and one of the strongest proofs that it was the

morning, lay in this, that again I could think in verse.

One day, after an hour or two of bitterness, I wrote the following. A man's trouble must have receded from him a little for the mo-

ment, if he describes any shape in it, so as to be able to give it form in words. I set it down with no hope of better than the vaguest sympathy. There came no music with this one:—



If it be that a man and a woman,
Are made for no mutual grief;
That each gives the pain to some other,
And neither can give the relief;

If thus the chain of the world
Is tied round the holy feet,

I scorn to shrink from facing
What my brothers and sisters meet.

But I cry when the wolf is tearing
At the core of my heart as now:
When I was the man to be tortured,
Why should the woman be *thou*?

I am not so ready to sink from the lofty into the abject now. If at times I yet feel that the whole creation is groaning and travailing, I know what it is for—its redemption from the dominion of its own death into that sole liberty which comes only of being filled and eternally possessed by God himself, its source and its life.

And now I found also that my heart began to be moved with a compassion towards my fellows such as I had never before experienced. I shall best convey what I mean by transcribing another little poem I wrote about the same time :—

Once I sat on a crimson throne,
And I held the world in fee;
Below me I heard my brothers moan,
And I bent me down to see ;—

Lovingly bent and looked on them,
But I had no inward pain ;
I sat in the heart of my ruby gem,
Like a rainbow without the rain.

My throne is vanished ; helpless I lie
At the foot of its broken stair ;
And the sorrows of all humanity
Through my heart make a thoroughfare.

Let such things rest for a while : I have now to relate another incident—strange enough, but by no means solitary in the records of human experience. My reader will probably think that of dreams and visions there has already been more than enough ; but perhaps she will kindly remember that at this time I had no outer life at all. Whatever bore to me the look of existence was within me. All my days the tendency had been to an undue predominance of thought over action, and now that the springs of action were for a time dried up, what wonder was it if thought, lording it alone, should assume a reality beyond its right ? Hence the life of the day was prolonged into the night ; nor was there other than a small difference in their conditions, beyond the fact that the contrast of outer things was removed in sleep ; whence the shapes which the waking thought had assumed, had space and opportunity, as it were, to thicken before the mental eye until they became dreams and visions.

But concerning what I am about to relate I shall offer no theory. Such mere operation of my own thoughts may be sufficient to account for it : I would only ask—does any one know what the mere operation of his own thoughts signifies ? I cannot isolate myself, especially in those moments when the individual will is less awake, from the ocean of life and thought which not only surrounds me,

but on which I am in a sense one of the floating bubbles.

I was asleep, but I thought I lay awake in bed—in the room where I still slept—that which had been my grannie's. It was dark midnight, and the wind was howling about the gable and in the chimneys. The door opened, and some one entered. By the lamp she carried I knew my great-grandmother—just as she looked in life, only that now she walked upright and with ease. That I was dreaming is plain from the fact that I felt no surprise at seeing her.

"Wilfrid, come with me," she said, approaching the bedside. "Rise."

I obeyed like a child.

"Put your cloak on," she continued. "It is a stormy midnight, but we have not so far to go as you may think."

"I think nothing, grannie," I said. "I do not know where you want to take me."

"Come and see then, my son. You must at last learn what has been kept from you far too long."

As she spoke, she led the way down the stair, through the kitchen, and out into the dark night. I remember the wind blowing my cloak about, but I remember nothing more until I found myself in the winding hazel-walled lane, leading to Umberden Church. My grannie was leading me by one withered hand ; in the other she held the lamp, over the flame of which the wind had no power. She led me into the churchyard, took the key from under the tombstone, unlocked the door of the church, put the lamp into my hand, pushed me gently in, and shut the door behind me. I walked to the vestry and set the lamp on the desk, with a vague feeling that I had been there before, and that I had now to do something at this desk. Above it I caught sight of the row of vellum-bound books, and remembered that one of them contained something of importance to me. I took it down. The moment I opened it, I remembered with distinctness the fatal discrepancy in the entry of my grannie's marriage. I found the place : to my astonishment the date of the year was now the same as that on the preceding page—1747. That instant I awoke in the first gush of the sunrise.

I could not help feeling even a little excited by my dream, and the impression of it grew upon me : I wanted to see the book again. I could not rest. Something seemed constantly urging me to go and look at it. Half to get the thing out of my head, I sent Styles to fetch Lilith, and for the first time since the final assurance of my loss, mounted her. I rode for Umberden Church.

It was long after noon before I had made up my mind, and when, having tied Liliith to the gate, I entered the church, one red ray from the setting sun was nestling in the very roof. Knowing what I should find, yet wishing to see it again, I walked across to the vestry, feeling rather uncomfortable at the thought of prying thus alone into the parish register.

I could almost have persuaded myself that I was dreaming still; and in looking back, I can hardly in my mind separate the dreaming from the waking visit.

Of course I found just what I had expected—1748, not 1747—at the top of the page, and was about to replace the register, when the thought occurred to me that, if the dream had been potent enough to bring me hither, it might yet mean something. I lifted the cover again. There the entry stood undeniably plain. This time, however, I noted two other little facts concerning it.

I will just remind my reader that the entry was crushed in between the date of the year and the next entry—plainly enough to the eye; and that there was no attestation to the entries of 1747. The first additional fact—and clearly an important one—was, that in the summing up of 1748, before the signature, which stood near the bottom of the cover, a figure had been altered. Originally it stood, "In all six couple," but the six had been altered to a seven—corresponding with the actual number. This appeared proof positive that the first entry on the cover was a forged insertion. And how clumsily it had been managed!

"What could my grannie be about?" I said to myself.

It never occurred to me then that it might have been intended to *look like* a forgery.

Still I kept staring at it, as if by very force of staring I could find out something. There was not the slightest sign of erasure or alteration beyond the instance I have mentioned. Yet—and here was my second note—when I compared the whole of the writing on the cover with the writing on the preceding page, though it seemed the same hand, it seemed to have got stiffer and shakier, as if the writer had grown old between. Finding nothing very suggestive in this, however, I fell into a dreamy mood, watching the red light as it

faded, up in the old, dark, distorted roof of the desolate church—with my hand lying on the book.

I have always had a bad habit of pulling and scratching at any knot or roughness in the paper of the book I happen be reading; and now, almost unconsciously, with my forefinger I was pulling at an edge of parchment which projected from the joint of the cover. When I came to myself, and proceeded to close the book, I found it would not shut properly because of a piece which I had curled up. Seeking to restore it to its former position, I fancied I saw a line or edge running all down the joint, and looking closer, saw that these last entries, in place of being upon a leaf of the book pasted to the cover in order to strengthen the binding, as I had supposed, were indeed upon a leaf which was pasted to the cover, but one not otherwise connected with the volume.

I now began to feel a more lively interest in the behavior of my dream-grannie. Here might lie something to explain the hitherto inexplicable. I proceeded to pull the leaf gently away. It was of parchment, much thinner than the others, which were of vellum. I had withdrawn only a small portion when I saw there was writing under it. My heart began to beat faster. But I would not be rash. My old experience with parchment in the mending of my uncle's books came to my aid. If I pulled at the dry skin as I had been doing, I might not only damage it, but destroy the writing under it. I could do nothing without water, and I did not know where to find any. It would be better to ride to the village of Gastford, somewhere about two miles off, put up there, and arrange for future proceedings.

I did not know the way, and for a long time could see no one to ask. The consequence was that I made a wide round, and it was nearly dark before I reached the village. I thought it better for the present to feed Liliith, and then make the best of my way home.

The next evening—I felt so like a thief that I sought the thievish security of the night—having provided myself with what was necessary, and borrowed a horse for Styles, I set out again.

(Concluded in next number.)

HOW ONE WOMAN KEPT HER HUSBAND.

WHY my sister married John Gray, I never could understand. I was twenty-two and she was eighteen when the marriage took place. They had known each other just one year. He had been passionately in love with her from the first day of their meeting. She had come more slowly to loving him: but love him she did, with a love of such depth and fervor as are rarely seen. He was her equal in nothing except position and wealth. He had a singular mixture of the faults of opposite temperaments. He had the reticent, dreamy, procrastinating inertia of the bilious melancholic man, side by side with the impressionable sensuousness, the sensitive sentimentalism of the most sanguine-nervous type. There is great fascination in such a combination, especially to persons of a keen, alert nature. My sister was earnest, wise, resolute. John Gray was nonchalant, shrewd, vacillating. My sister was exact, methodical, ready. John Gray was careless, spasmodic, dilatory. My sister had affectionateness. He had tenderness. She was religious of soul; he had a sort of transcendental perceptivity, so to speak, which kept him more alive to the comforts of religion than to its obligations.

My sister would have gone to the stake rather than tell a lie. He would tell a lie unhesitatingly, rather than give anybody pain. My sister lived earnestly, fully, actively, in each moment of the present. It never seemed quite clear whether he was thinking of to-day, yesterday, or to-morrow. She was upright because she could not help it. He was upright, —when he *was* upright,—because of custom, taste, and the fitness of things. What fatal discrepancies! what hopeless lack of real moral strength, enduring purpose, or principle in such a nature as John Gray's! When I said these things to my sister, she answered always, with a quiet smile, "I love him." She neither admitted nor denied my accusations of his character. The strongest expression she ever used, the one which came nearest to being an indignant repelling of what I had said, was one day, when I exclaimed:

"Ellen, I would die before I risked my happiness in the keeping of such a man."

"My happiness is already in his keeping," said she in a steady voice, "and I believe his is in mine. He is to be my husband and not yours, dear; you do not know him as I do. You do not understand him."

But it is not to give analyses of her character or of his, nor to give a narrative of their

family history, that I write this story. It is only one episode of their life that I shall try to reproduce here, and I do it because I believe that its lesson is of priceless worth to women.

Ellen had been married fourteen years, and was the mother of five children, when the events which I am about to narrate took place. The years had gone peacefully and pleasantly in the main. The children, three girls and one boy, were fair and strong. Their life had been a very quiet one, for our village was far removed from excitements of all kinds. It was one of the suburban villages of —, and most of the families living there were the families of merchants or lawyers doing business in the town, going in early in the morning, and returning late at night. There is usually a singular lack of social intercourse in such communities; whether it be that the daily departure and return of the head of the family keeps up a perpetual succession of small crises of interest to the exclusion of others, or that the night finds all the fathers and brothers too tired to enjoy anything but slippers and cigars, I know not; but certain it is that all such suburban villages are unspeakably dull and lifeless. There is barely feeling enough of good neighborhood to keep up the ordinary interchange of commonest civilities.

Except for long visits to the city in the winter, and long journeys in the summer, I myself should have found life insupportably tedious. But Ellen was absolutely content. Her days were unvaryingly alike, a simple routine of motherly duties and housekeeping cares. Her evenings were equally unvaried, being usually spent in sewing or reading, while her husband, in seven evenings out of ten, dozed, either on the sofa, or on one of the children's little beds in the nursery. His exquisite tenderness to the children, and his quiet delight in simply being where they were, were the brightest points in John Gray's character and life.

But such monotony was not wholly good for either of them. He grew more and more dreamy and inert. She insensibly but continually narrowed and hardened, and, without dreaming of such a thing, really came to be less and less a part of her husband's inner life. Faithful, busy, absorbed herself in the cares of each day, she never observed that he was living more and more in his children and his reveries, and withdrawing a little from her. She did not need constant play and inter

change of sentiment as he did. Affectionate, loyal, devoted as she was, there was a side of her husband's nature which she had not seen or satisfied—perhaps never could. But neither of them knew it.

At this time Mr. Gray was offered a position of importance in the city, and it became necessary for them to move there to live. How I rejoiced in the change. How bitterly I regretted it before two years had passed!

Their city home was a beautiful one, and their connections and associations were such as to surround them at once with the most desirable companionships. At first it was hard for Ellen to readjust her system of living and to accustom herself to the demands and the pleasures of even a moderately social life. But she was by nature very fond of all such pleasures, and her house soon became one of the pleasantest centers, in a quiet way, of the comparatively quiet city. John Gray also expanded and brightened in the new atmosphere; he had always been a man of influence among men. All his friends,—even his acquaintances,—loved him, and asked his advice. It was a singular thing that a man so inert and procrastinating in his own affairs, should be so shrewd and practical and influential in the affairs of others, or in public affairs. This, however, was no stranger than many other puzzling incongruities in John Gray's character. But since his college days he had never mingled at all in general society until this winter, after their removal to town; and it was with real delight that I watched his evident enjoyment of people, and their evident liking and admiration for him. His manners were singularly simple and direct; his face, which was not wholly pleasing in repose, was superbly handsome when animated in conversation; its inscrutable reticence which baffled the keenest observation when he was silent, all disappeared and melted in the glow of cordial good-fellowship which lit up every feature when he talked. I grew very proud of my brother as I watched him in his new sphere and surroundings; and I also enjoyed most keenly seeing Ellen in a wider and more appreciative circle. I spent a large part of the first winter in their house, and shared all their social pleasures, and looked forward to ever increasing delight, as my nieces should grow old enough to enter into society.

Early in the spring I went to England and passed the entire summer with relatives; I heard from my sister every week; her letters were always cheerful and natural, and I returned to her in the autumn, full of anticipations of another gay and pleasant winter.

They met me at the wharf in New York, and I remembered afterwards, though in the excitement of the moment I gave it no second thought, that when John Gray's eyes first met mine, there was in them a singular and indefinable expression, which roused in me an instantaneous consciousness of distrust and antagonism. He had never liked me thoroughly. He had always had an undercurrent of fear of me. He knew I thought him weak: he felt that I had never put full confidence in him. That I really and truly loved him was small offset for these facts. Would it not be so to all of us?

This part of my story is best told in few words. I had not been at home one week before I found that rumor had been for some months coupling John Gray's name with the name of Mrs. Emma Long, a widow who had but just returned to —, after twelve years of married life in Cuba. John had known her in her girlhood, but there had never been any intimacy or even friendship between them. My sister, however, had known her well, had corresponded with her during all her life at the South, and had invited her to her house immediately upon her return to —. Emma Long was a singularly fascinating woman. Plain and sharp and self-asserting at twenty-two, she had become magnetic and winning, full of tact, and almost beautiful, at thirty-five. We see such surprising developments continually: it seems as if nature did her best to give every woman one period of triumph and conquest; perhaps only they know its full sweetness to whom it comes late. In early youth it is accepted unthinkingly, as is the sunshine,—enjoyed without deliberation or full realization, and only weighed at its fullness when it is over. But a woman who begins at thirty to feel for the first time what it is to have real power over men, must be more or less than woman not to find the knowledge and the consciousness dangerously sweet.

I never knew—I do not know to-day, whether Emma Long could be justly called a coquette. That she keenly enjoyed the admiration of men, there was no doubt. Whether she ever were conscious of even a possible harm to them from their relation with her, there was always doubt, even in the minds of her bitterest enemies. I myself have never doubted that in the affair between her and John Gray she was the one who suffered most; she was the one who had a true, deep sentiment, and not only never meant a wrong, but would have shrunk, for his sake, if not for her own, from the dangers which she did not

foresee, but which were inevitable in their intimacy. I think that her whole life afterward proved this. I think that even my sister believed it.

Mrs. Long had spent six weeks in my sister's house, and had then established herself in a very beautiful furnished house on the same street. Almost every day Mrs. Long's carriage was at my sister's door, to take my sister or the children to drive. Almost every evening Mrs. Long came with the easy familiarity of an habituated guest in the house, to sit in my sister's parlor, or sent with the easy familiarity of an old friend for my sister and her husband to come to her, or to go with her to the theater or to the opera.

What could be more natural?—what could be more delightful, had the relation been one which centered around my sister instead of around my sister's husband? What could be done, what offence could be taken, what obstacle interposed, so long as the relation appeared to be one which included the whole family?

Yet no human being could see John Gray five minutes in Emma Long's presence without observing that his eyes, his words, his consciousness were hers. And no one could observe her in his presence without seeing that she was kindled, stimulated, positively lit by it, as she was in no other companionship.

All this the city had been seeing and gossiping over for four months. All this, with a weary detail, was poured into my ears by kind friends.

My sister said no word. For the first time in my life there was a barrier between us I dared not pass. Her every allusion to Mrs. Long was in the kindest and most unembarrassed manner. She fell heartily and graciously into every plan which brought them together: she not only did this, she also fully reciprocated all entertainments and invitations; it was as often by Ellen's arrangement as by Mrs. Long's that an evening or a day was spent by the two families together. Her manner to Mrs. Long was absolutely unaltered. Her manner to John was absolutely unaltered. When during an entire evening he sat almost motionless and often quite speechless, listening to Mrs. Long's conversation with others, Ellen's face never changed. She could not have seemed more unconscious if she had been blind. There were many bonds of sympathy between John Gray and Emma Long, which had never existed between him and his wife. They were both passionately fond of art, and had culture in that direction. Ellen's taste was undeveloped, and her in-

stinctive likings those of a child. But she listened with apparent satisfaction and pleasure to long hours of converse between them, about statues, pictures, principles of art, etc., of which she was as unable to speak as one of her own babies would have been. Mrs. Long also was a woman who understood affairs; and one of her great charms to men of mind was the clear, logical, and yet picturesque and piquant way in which she talked of men and events. Ellen listened and laughed as heartily as any member of the circle at her repartee, her brilliant characterization, her off-hand description.

To John Gray all this was a new revelation. He had never known this sort of woman. That a woman could be clever as men are clever, and also be graceful, adorned, and tender with womanliness, he had not supposed.

Ah, poor Emma Long! not all my loyalty to my sister ever quite stifled in my heart the question whether there were not in Mrs. Long's nature something which John Gray really needed—something which Ellen, affectionate, wise, upright, womanly woman as she was, could never give to any man.

The winter wore on. Idle and malicious tongues grew busier and busier. Nothing except the constant presence of my sister wherever Mrs. Long and her husband were seen together, prevented the scandal from taking the most offensive shape. But Ellen was so wise, so unremitting in her wisdom, that not even the most malignant gossip-monger could point to anything which looked like a clandestine intercourse between the two.

In fact, they met so constantly either in Mrs. Long's house or my sister's, that there was small opportunity for them to meet elsewhere. I alone knew that on many occasions when Mrs. Long was spending the evening at our house, Ellen availed herself of one excuse and another to leave them alone for a great part of the time. But she did this so naturally, that is, with such perfect art, that not until long afterward did I know that it had been intentional.

This was one great reason of my silence during all these months. In her apparent ignorance and unsuspectingness of the whole thing, she seemed so gay, so happy, so sweet and loving, how could I give her a pain? And if she did not see it now, she might never see it. It could never surely become any more apparent. No man could give, so far as simple manner was concerned, more unmistakable proofs of being absorbed in passionate love for a woman, than John Gray gave in Emma Long's presence. I began to

do Ellen injustice in my thoughts. I said, "After all, she has not much heart; no woman who loved a man passionately could look on unmoved and see him so absorbed in another."

How little I knew! Towards spring Ellen suddenly began to look very ill. She lost color and strength, and a slight cough which she had had all winter became very severe. Her husband was alarmed. We all were distressed. Our old family physician, Dr. Willis, changed color when he felt Ellen's pulse, and said involuntarily:

"My dear child, how long have you had such fever as this?"

Ellen changed color too, under his steady look, and replied:

"I think, doctor, I have had a little fever for some time. I have not felt really well since the autumn, and I have been meaning for some time to have a long consultation with you. But we will not have it now," she added playfully, "I have a great deal to tell you which these good people are not to hear. We will talk it over some other time," and she looked at him so meaningly that he understood that the subject must be dropped.

That night she told me that she wished me to propose to John to go over with me and spend the evening at Mrs. Long's; that she had sent for Dr. Willis, and she wished to have a long talk with him without John's knowing it.

"Dear," said I hastily, "I will not go to Mrs. Long's with John. I *hate* Mrs. Long."

"Why, Sally, what do you mean! I never heard you so unjust. Emma is one of the very sweetest women I ever saw in my life. How can you say such a thing! Everybody loves and admires her. Don't go if you feel so. I never dreamed that you disliked her. But I thought John would be less likely to suspect me of any desire to have him away, if you proposed going there; and I *must* have him out of the house. I cannot talk with the doctor if he is under the roof." She said these last words with an excited emphasis so unlike her usual manner, that it frightened me. But I thought only of her physical state; I feared that she suspected the existence of some terrible disease.

I went with John to Mrs. Long's, almost immediately after tea. He accepted the proposal with unconcealed delight; and I wondered if Ellen observed the very nonchalant way in which he replied when she said she did not feel well enough to go. He already liked better to see Mrs. Long without his wife's presence, cordial and unembarrassed as her

manner always was. His secret consciousness was always disturbed by it.

When we reached Mrs. Long's house, we learned that she had gone out to dinner. John's face became black with the sudden disappointment, and quite forgetting himself, he exclaimed: "Why, what does that mean? She did not tell me she was going."

The servant stared, but made no reply. I was confused and indignant; but John went on: "We will come in and wait. I am sure it is some very informal dinner, and Mrs. Long will soon be at home."

I made no remonstrance, knowing that it might annoy and disturb Ellen to have us return. John threw himself into a chair in front of the fire, and looked moodily into the coals, making no attempt at conversation. I took up a book. Very soon John rose, sauntered abstractedly about the room, took up Mrs. Long's work-basket, and examined every article in it, and at last sat down before her little writing-desk, which stood open. Presently I saw that he was writing. More than an hour passed. I pretended to read; but I watched my brother-in-law's face. I could not mistake its language. Suddenly there came a low cry of delight from the door, "Why, John!"

Mrs. Long had entered the house by a side-door, and having met no servant before reaching the drawing-room, was unprepared for finding any one there. From the door she could see John, but could not see me, except in the long mirror, to which she did not raise her eyes, but in which I saw her swift movement, her outstretched hands, her look of unspeakable gladness. In less than a second she had seen me, and with no perceptible change of manner had come rapidly towards me, holding out her left hand familiarly to him, as she passed him. Emma Long was not a hypocrite, but she had an almost superhuman power of acting. It was all lost upon me, however, on that occasion. I observed the quick motion with which John thrust, into a compartment of the desk, the sheet on which he had been writing; I observed the clasp of their hands as she glided by him; I observed her face; I observed his; and I knew as I had never fully known before how intensely they loved each other.

My resolution was taken. Cost what it might, come what might, I would speak fully and frankly to my sister the next day. I would not longer stand by and see this thing go on. At that moment I hated both John Gray and Emma Long. No possible pain to Ellen seemed to me to weigh for a moment against my impulse to part them.

I could not talk. I availed myself of the freedom warranted by the intimacy between the families, and continued to seem absorbed in my book. But I lost no word, no look, which passed between the two who sat opposite me. I never saw Emma Long look so nearly beautiful as she did that night. She wore a black velvet dress, with fine white lace ruffles at the throat and wrists. Her hair was fair, and her complexion of that soft pale tint, with a slight undertone of brown in it, which is at once fair and warm, and which can kindle in moments of excitement into a brilliance far outshining any brunette skin. She talked rapidly with much gesture. She was giving John an account of the stupidity of the people with whom she had been dining. Her imitative faculty amounted almost to genius. No smallest peculiarity of manner or speech ever escaped her, and she could become a dozen different persons in a minute. John laughed as he listened, but not so heartily as he was wont to laugh at her humorous sayings. He had been too deeply stirred in the long interval of solitude before she returned. His cheeks were flushed and his voice unsteady. She soon felt the effect of his manner, and her gayety died away; before long they were sitting in silence, each looking at the fire. I knew I ought to make the proposition to go home, but I seemed under a spell; I was conscious of a morbid desire to watch and wait. At length Mrs. Long rose, saying:

"If it will not disturb Sally's reading, I will play for you a lovely little thing I learned yesterday."

"Oh no," said I. "But we must go as soon as I finish this chapter."

She passed into the music-room and looked back for John to follow her; but he threw himself at full length on the sofa, and said:

"No, I will listen here."

My quickened instinct saw that he dared not go; also that he had laid his cheek in an abandonment of ecstasy on the arm of the sofa on which her hand had been resting. Even in that moment I had a sharp pang of pity for him, and the same old misgiving of question, whether my good and sweet and almost faultless Ellen *could* be loved just in the same way in which Emma Long would be!

As soon as she had finished the nocturne,—a sad, low sweet strain, she came back to the parlor. Not even for the pleasure of giving John the delight of the music he loved would she stay where she could not see his face.

But I had already put down my book, and was ready to go. Our good-nights were short

and more formal than usual. All three were conscious of an undefined constraint in the air. Mrs. Long glanced up uneasily in John's face as we left the room. Her eyes were unutterably tender and childlike when a look of grieved perplexity shadowed them. Again my heart ached for her and for him. This was no idle caprice, no mere entanglement of senses between two unemployed and unprincipled hearts. It was a subtle harmony, organic, spiritual, intellectual, between two susceptible and intense natures. The bond was as natural and inevitable as any other fact of nature. And in this very fact lay the terrible danger.

We walked home in silence. A few steps from our house we met Dr. Willis walking very rapidly. He did not recognize us at first. When he did, he half stopped as if about to speak, then suddenly changed his mind, and merely bowing, passed on. A bright light was burning in Ellen's room.

"Why, Ellen has not gone to bed!" exclaimed John.

"Perhaps some one called," said I, guiltily.

"Oh, I dare say," replied he; "perhaps the doctor has been there. But it is half-past twelve," added he, pulling out his watch as we entered the hall. "He could not have staid until this time."

I went to my own room immediately. In a few moments I heard John come up, say a few words to Ellen, and then go down stairs, calling back, as he left her room:

"Don't keep awake for me, wife, I have a huge batch of letters to answer. I shall not get through before three o'clock."

I crept noiselessly to Ellen's room. It was dark. She had extinguished the gas as soon as she had heard us enter the house! I knew by the first sound of her voice that she had been weeping violently and long. I said:

"Ellen, I *must* come in and have a talk with you."

"Not to-night, dear. To-morrow I will talk over everything. All is settled. Good-night. Don't urge me to-night, Sally. I can't bear any more."

It is strange—it is marvelous what power there is in words to mean more than words. I knew as soon as Ellen had said, "Not to-night, dear," that she divined all I wanted to say, that she knew all I knew, and that the final moment, the crisis, had come. Whatever she might have to tell me in the morning, I should not be surprised. I did not sleep. All night I tossed wearily, trying to conjecture what Ellen would do, trying to imagine what I should do in her place.

At breakfast Ellen seemed better than she had seemed for weeks. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks pink; but there was an ineffable, almost solemn tenderness in her manner to John, which was pathetic. Again the suspicion crossed my mind that she knew that she must die. He too was disturbed by it; he looked at her constantly with a lingering gaze as if trying to read her face; and when he bade us good-by to go to the office, he kissed her over and over as I had not seen him kiss her for months. The tears came into her eyes, and she threw both arms around his neck for a second,—a very rare thing for her to do in the presence of others.

"Why, wife," he said, "you musn't make it too hard for a fellow to get off!—Doesn't she look well this morning, Sally?" turning to me. "I was thinking last night that I must take her to the mountains as soon as it was warm enough. But such cheeks as these don't need it." And he took her face in his two hands with a caress full of tenderness, and sprang down the steps.

Just at this moment Mrs. Long's carriage came driving swiftly around the corner, and the driver stopped suddenly at sight of John.

"Oh, Mr. Gray, Mr. Gray!" called Emma, "I was just coming to take Ellen and the children for a turn, and we can leave you at the office on our way."

"Thank you," said John, "but there are several persons I must see before going to the office, and it would detain you too long. I am already much too late," and without a second look he hurried on.

I saw a slight color rise in Mrs. Long's cheek, but no observer less jealous than I would have detected it; and there was not a shade less warmth than usual in her manner to Ellen.

Ellen told her that she could not go herself, but she would be very glad to have some of the children go; and then she stood for some moments, leaning on the carriage-door and talking most animatedly. I looked from one woman to the other. Ellen at that moment was far more beautiful than Mrs. Long. The strong, serene, upright look which was her most distinguishing and characteristic expression, actually shone on her face. I wished that John Gray had stopped to see the two faces side by side. Emma Long might be the woman to stir and thrill and entrance the soul; to give stimulus to the intellectual nature; to rouse passionate tenderness of emotion; but Ellen was the woman on whose steadfastness he could rest,—in the light of whose sweet integrity and transparent truth-

fulness he was a far safer, and would be a far stronger man than with any other woman in the world.

As the carriage drove away with all four of the little girls laughing and shouting and clinging around Mrs. Long, a strange pang seized me. I looked at Ellen. She stood watching them with a smile which had something heavenly in it. Turning suddenly to me, she said: "Sally, if I were dying, it would make me very happy to know that Emma Long would be the mother of my children."

I was about to reply with a passionate ejaculation, but she interrupted me.

"Hush, dear, hush. I am not going to die,—I have no fear of any such thing. Come to my room now, and I will tell you all."

She locked the door, stood for a moment looking at me very earnestly, then folded me in her arms and kissed me many times; then she made me sit in a large arm-chair, and drawing up a low foot-stool, sat down at my feet, rested both arms on my lap, and began to speak. I shall try to tell in her own words what she said.

"Sally, I want to tell you in the beginning how I thank you for your silence. All winter I have known that you were seeing all I saw, feeling all I felt, and keeping silent for my sake. I never can tell you how much I thank you; it was the one thing which supported me. It was an unspeakable comfort to know that you sympathized with me at every point; but to have had the sympathy expressed even by a look would have made it impossible for me to bear up. As long as I live, darling, I shall be grateful to you. And, moreover, it makes it possible for me to trust you unreservedly now. I had always done you some injustice, Sally. I did not think you had so much self-control."

Here she hesitated an instant. It was not easy for her to mention John's name; but it was only for a second that she hesitated. With an impetuous eagerness unlike herself, she went on.

"Sally, you must not blame John. He has struggled as constantly and nobly as a man ever struggled. Neither must you blame Emma. They have neither of them done wrong. I have watched them both hour by hour. I know my husband's nature so thoroughly that I know his very thoughts almost as soon as he knows them himself. I know his emotions *before* he knows them himself. I saw the first moment in which his eyes rested on Emma's face as they used to rest on mine. From that day to this I have known every phase, every step, every change

of his feeling towards her; and I tell you, Sally, that I pity John from the bottom of my heart. I understand it all far better than you can, far better than he does. He loves her at once far more and far less than you believe, and he loves *me* far, far more than you believe! You will say, in the absolute idealization of your inexperienced heart, that it is impossible for a man to love two women at once. I *know* that it is not, and I wish I could make you believe it, for without believing it you cannot be just to John. He loves me to-day, in spite of all this, with a sort of clinging tenderness born of this very struggle. He would far *rather* love me with *all* his nature if he could, but just now he *cannot*. I see very clearly where Emma gives him what he needs, and has never had in me. I have learned many things from Emma Long this winter. I can never be like her. But I need not have been so unlike her as I was. She has armed me with weapons when she least suspected it. But she is not after all, on the whole, so nearly what John needs as I am. If I really believed that he would be a better man, or even a happier one with her as his wife, I should have but one desire, and that would be to die. But I know that it is not so. It is in my power to do for him, and to be to him, what she never could. I do not wonder that you look pityingly and incredulously. You will see. But in order to do this, I must leave him."

I sprang to my feet. "Leave him! Are you mad?"

"No, dear, not at all; very sane and very determined. I have been for six months coming to this resolve. I began to think of it in a very few hours after I first saw him look at Emma as if he loved her. I have thought of it day and night since, and I know I am right. If I stay, I shall lose his love. If I go, I shall keep it, regain it, compel it." She spoke here more hurriedly. "I have borne now all I can bear without betraying my pain to him. I *am* jealous of Emma. It almost kills me to see him look at her, speak to her."

"My poor, poor darling!" I exclaimed; "and I have been thinking you did not feel it!"

She smiled sadly, and tossed back the sleeve of her wrapper so as to show her arm to the shoulder. I started. It was almost emaciated. I had again and again in the course of the winter asked her why she did not wear her usual style of evening dress, and she had replied that it was on account of her cough.

"It is well that my face does not show loss

of flesh as quickly as the rest of my body does," she said quietly. "I have lost thirty-five pounds of flesh in four months, and nobody has observed it! Yes, dear," she went on, "I *have* felt it. More than that, I have felt it increasingly every hour, and I can bear no more. Up to this time I have never by look or tone shown to John that I knew it. He wonders every hour what it means that I do not. I have never by so much as the slightest act watched him. I have seen notes in Emma's handwriting lying on his desk, and I have left the house lest I might be tempted to read them! I know that he has as yet done no clandestine thing, but at any moment I should have led them both into it by showing one symptom of jealousy. And I should have roused in his heart a feeling of irritation and impatience with me, which would have done in one hour more to intensify his love for her, and to change its nature from a pure, involuntary sentiment into an acknowledged and guilty one, than years and years of free intercourse could do. But I have reached the limit of my physical endurance. My nerves are giving away. I am really very ill, but nothing is out of order in my body aside from the effects of this anguish. A month more of this would make me a hopelessly broken-down woman. A month's absence from the sight of it will almost make me well."

I could not refrain from interrupting her,

"Ellen, you are mad! you are mad! You mean to go away and leave him to see her constantly alone, unrestrained by your presence? It has almost killed you to see it. How can you bear imagining it, knowing it?"

"Better than I can bear *seeing* it, far better. Because I have still undiminished confidence in the real lastingness of the bond between John and me. Emma Long would have been no doubt a good, a very good wife for him. But I *am* his wife, and I *am* the mother of his children, and just so surely as right is right, and wrong is wrong, he will return to me and to them. All wrong things are like diseases, self-limited. It *is* wrong for a man to love any woman better than he loves his wife; I don't deny that, dear," she said, half smiling through her tears at my indignant face; "but a man may *seem* to do it when he is really very far from it. He may really do it for days, for months—for years, perhaps; but if he be a true man, and his wife a true wife, he will return. John is a true husband and a still truer father. John is mine, and I am his; and I shall live to remind you of all these things, Sally, after time has proved them true."

I was almost dumb with surprise. I was astounded. To me it seemed that her plan was simply suicidal. I told her in the strongest words I could use of the scene of the night before.

"I could tell you of still more trying scenes than that, Sally. I know far more than you. But if I knew ten times as much, I should still believe that my plan is the only one. Of course I may fail. It is all in God's hands. We none of us know how much discipline we need. But I know one thing: if I do not regain John in this way, I cannot in any. If I stay I shall annoy, vex, disturb, torture him! Once the barriers of my silence and concealment are broken down, I shall do just what all other jealous women have done since the world began. There are no torments on earth like those which a jealous woman inflicts, except those which she bears! I will die sooner than inflict them on John. Even if the result proves me mistaken, I shall never regret my course, for I know that the worst is certain if I remain. But I have absolute faith,"—and her face was transfigured with it as she spoke, "John is mine. If I could stay by his side through it all and preserve the same relation with him which I have all winter, all would sooner or later be well. I wish I were strong enough. My heart is, but my body is not, and I must go."

When she told me the details of her plan, I was more astounded than ever. She had taken Dr. Willis into her full confidence. (He had been to us father and physician both ever since our father's death.) He entirely approved of her course. He was to say—which indeed he could conscientiously do—that her health imperatively required an entire change of climate, and that he had advised her to spend at least one year abroad. It had always been one of John's and Ellen's air-castles to take all the children to England and to Germany for some years of study. She proposed to take the youngest four, leaving the eldest girl, who was her father's especial pet and companion, to stay with him. A maiden aunt of ours was to come and keep the house, and I was to stay with the family. This was the hardest of all.

"Ellen, I cannot! Do not—oh, do not trust me. I shall never have strength. I shall betray all some day and ruin all your hopes."

"You cannot, you dare not, Sally, when I tell you that my life's whole happiness lies in your simple silence. John is unobservant and also unsuspecting. He has never had intimate relation with you. You will have no

difficulty. But you *must* be here,—because, dear, there is another reason," and here her voice grew very unsteady, and tears ran down her cheeks.

"In spite of all my faith, I do not disguise from myself the possibility of the worst. I cannot believe my husband would ever do a dishonorable thing. I do not believe that Emma Long would. And yet, when I remember what ruin has overtaken many men and women whom we believed upright, I dare not be wholly sure. And I must know that some one is here who would see and understand if a time were approaching at which it would be needful for me to make one last effort with and for my husband face to face with him. Unless that comes, I do not wish you to allude to the subject in your letters. I think I know just how all things will go. I believe that in one year, or less, all will be well. But if the worst is to come, you with your instincts will foresee it, and I must be told. I should return then at once. I should have power, even at the last moment, to save John from disgrace. But I should lose his love irrecoverably; it is to save *that* that I go."

I could say but few words. I was lifted up and borne out of myself, as it were, by my sister's exaltation of atmosphere. She seemed more like some angel-wife than like a mortal woman. Before I left her room at noon, I believed almost as fully as she did in the wisdom and the success of her plan.

There was no time to be lost. Every day between the announcement of her purpose and the carrying it out, would be a fearful strain on Ellen's nerves. Dr. Willis had a long talk with John in his office while Ellen was talking with me. John came home to dinner looking like a man who had received a mortal blow. Dr. Willis had purposely given him to understand that Ellen's life was in great danger. So it was, but not from the cough! At first John's vehement purpose was to go with them. But she was prepared for this. His business and official relations were such that it was next to impossible for him to do it, and would at best involve a tremendous pecuniary sacrifice. She overruled and remonstrated, and was so firm in her objections to every suggestion of his of accompanying or following her, that finally, in spite of all his anxiety, John seemed almost piqued at her preference for going alone. In every conversation on the subject I saw more and more clearly that Ellen was right. He did love her—love her warmly, devotedly.

Two weeks from the day of my conversa-

tion with her they sailed for Liverpool. The summer was to be spent in England, and the winter in Nice or Mentone.

Alice, the eldest daughter, a loving, sunshiny girl of twelve, was installed in her mother's room. This was Ellen's especial wish. She knew that in this way John would be drawn to the room constantly. All her own little belongings were given to Alice.

"Only think, Auntie," said she, "mamma has given me, all for my own, her lovely toilette set, and all the Bohemian glass on the bureau, and her ivory brushes! She says when she comes home she shall refurnish her room and papa's too!"

Oh, my wise Ellen. Could Emma Long have done more subtly!

Early on the first evening after John returned from New York, having seen them off, I missed him. I said bitterly to myself, "At Mrs. Long's, I suppose," and went up-stairs to find Alice. As I drew near her room I heard his voice, reading aloud. I went in. He and Alice were lying together on a broad chintz-covered lounge, as I had so often seen him and Ellen.

"Oh, Auntie, come here," said Alice, "hear mamma's letter to me! She gave it to papa in New York. She says it is like the sealed orders they give to captains sometimes, not to be opened till they are out at sea. It is all about how I am to fill her place to papa. And there are ever so many little notes inside, more orders, which even papa himself is not to see! only I suppose he'll recognize the things when I do them!"

At that moment, as I watched John Gray's face, with Alice's nestled close, and his arms clasped tight around her, while they had Ellen's letter, a great load rolled off my heart. I went through many dark days afterward, but I never could quite despair when I remembered the fatherhood and the husbandhood which were in his eyes and his voice that night.

The story of the next twelve months could be told in few words, so far as its external incidents are concerned. It could not be told in a thousand volumes, if I attempted to reproduce the subtle undercurrents of John Gray's life and mine. Each of us was living a double life; he more or less unconsciously; I with such sharpened senses, such overwrought emotions, that I only wonder that my health did not give way. I endured vicariously all the suspense and torment of the deepest jealousy, with a sense of more than vicarious responsibility added, which was almost more than human nature could bear. Ellen little knew how heavy would be the

burden she laid upon me. Her most express and explicit direction was that the familiar intimacy between our family and Mrs. Long's was to be preserved unaltered. This it would have been impossible for me to do if Mrs. Long had not herself recognized the necessity of it, for her own full enjoyment of John's society. But it was a hard thing; my aunt, the ostensible head of our house, was a quiet woman, who had nothing whatever to do with society, and who felt in the outset a great shrinking from the brilliant Mrs. Long. I had never been on intimate terms with her, so that John and Alice were really the only members of the household who could keep up precisely the old relation. And so it gradually came about that in most of our meetings under each other's roofs, strangers were asked to fill up the vacant places, and in spite of all Emma Long's efforts and mine, there was a change in the atmosphere of our intercourse. But there was enough of intimacy to produce the effect for which Ellen was most anxious, *i.e.*, to extend the shelter of our recognition to the friendship between John and Emma, and to remove from them both all temptation to anything clandestine or secret. They still saw each other almost daily; they still shared most of each other's interests and pleasures; they still showed most undisguised delight in each other's presence. Again and again I went with them to the opera, to the theater, and sat through the long hours, watching, with a pain which seemed to me hardly less than Ellen's would have been, their constant sympathy with each other in every point of enjoyment, their constant forgetfulness of every one else.

But there was, all this time, another side to John Gray's life, which I saw, and Emma Long did not. By every steamer came packages of the most marvelous letters from Ellen: letters to us all; but for John, a diary of every hour of her life. Each night she spent two hours in writing out the record of the day. I have never seen letters which so reproduced the atmosphere of the day, the scene, the heart. They were brilliant and effective in narrative to a degree that utterly astonished me; but they were also ineffably tender and loving, and so subjective in their every word, that it was like seeing Ellen face to face to read them. At first John did not show them even to me; but soon he began to say, "These are too rare to be kept to myself; I must just read you this account;" or, "Here is a page I must read," until it at last became his habit to read them aloud in the evenings to the family, and even to more

intimate friends who chanced to be with us. He grew proud beyond expression of Ellen's talent for writing; and well he might. No one who listened to them but exclaimed, "There never were such letters before!" I think there never were. And I alone knew the secret of them.

But these long, brilliant letters were not all. In every mail came also packages for Alice—secret, mysterious things, which nobody could see, but which proved to be sometimes small notes, to be given to papa at unexpected times and places; sometimes little fancy articles, as a pen-wiper, or a cigar-case, *half* worked by Ellen, to be finished by Alice, and given to papa on some especial day, the significance of which "only mamma knows;" sometimes a pressed flower, which was to be put by papa's plate at breakfast, or put in papa's button-hole as he went out in the morning. Oh, I was more and more lost in astonishment at the subtle and boundless art of love which could so contrive to reach across an ocean, and surround a man's daily life with its expression. There were also in every package letters to John from all the children: even the baby's little hand was guided to write by every mail, "Dear papa, I love you just as much as all the rest do!" or, "Dear papa, I want you to toss me up!" More than once I saw tears roll down John's face in spite of him, as he slowly deciphered their illegible little scrawls. The older children's notes were as vivid and loving as their mother's. It was evident that they were having a season of royal delight in their journey, but also evident that their thoughts and their longings were constantly reverting to papa. How much Ellen really indited of these apparently spontaneous letters I do not know; but no doubt their atmosphere was in part created by her. They showed, even more than did her own letters, that papa was still the center of their life. No sight was seen without the wish—"Oh, if papa were here!" and even little Mary, aged five, was making a collection of pressed leaves for papa, from all the places they visited! Louise had already great talent for drawing, and in almost every letter came two or three childish but spirited little pictures, all labeled "Drawn for papa!" "The true picture of our courier in a rage, for papa to see." "The washerwoman's dog, for papa," etc., etc. Again and again I sat by, almost trembling with delight, and saw John spend an entire evening in looking over these little missives and reading Ellen's letters. Then again I sat alone and anxious through an entire evening, when I knew he

was with Emma Long. But even after such an evening, he never failed to sit down and write long pages in his journal-letter to Ellen—a practice which he began of his own accord, after receiving the first journal-letter from her.

"Ha! little Alice," he said, "we'll keep a journal too, for mamma, won't we! She shall not out-do us that way." And so, between Alice's letters and his, the whole record of our family life went every week to Ellen; and I do not believe, so utterly unaware was John Gray of any pain in Ellen's heart about Emma Long, I do not believe that he ever in a single instance omitted to mention when he had been with her, where, and how long.

Emma Long wrote too, and Ellen wrote to her occasional affectionate notes; but referring her always to John's diary-letters for the details of interest. I used to study Mrs. Long's face while these letters were being read to her. John's animated delight, his enthusiastic pride, must, it seemed to me, have been bitter to her. But I never saw even a shade of such a feeling in her face. There was nothing base or petty in Emma Long's nature, and, strange as it may seem, she did love Ellen. Only once did I ever see a trace of pique or resentment in her manner to John, and then I could not wonder at it. A large package had come from Ellen, just after tea one night, and we were all gathered in the library, reading our letters and looking at the photographs—(she always sent unmounted photographs of the place from which she wrote, and, if possible, of the house in which they were living, and the children often wrote above the windows, "*Papa's* and *mamma's* room," etc., etc.)—hour after hour passed. The hall clock had just struck ten, when the door-bell rang violently. "Good heavens!" exclaimed John, springing up, "that must be Mrs. Long; I totally forgot that I had promised to go with her to Mrs. Willis's party. I said I would be there at nine; tell her I am up-stairs dressing," and he was gone before the servant had had time to open the door. Mrs. Long came in, with a flushed face and anxious look. "Is Mr. Gray ill?" she said. "He promised to call for me at nine, to go to Mrs. Willis's, and I have been afraid he might be ill."

Before I could reply, the unconscious Alice exclaimed—

"Oh, no; papa isn't ill; he is *so* sorry, but he forgot all about the party till he heard you ring the bell. We were so busy over mamma's letters."

"John will be down in a moment," added

I. "He ran up-stairs to dress as soon as you rang."

For one second Emma Long's face was sad to see. Such astonishment, such pain, were in it, my heart ached for her. But then a look of angry resentment succeeded the pain, and merely saying, "I am very sorry; but I really cannot wait for him. It is now almost too late to go," she had left the room and closed the outer door before I could think of any words to say.

I ran up to John's room, and told him through the closed door. He made no reply for a moment, and then said:—

"No wonder she is vexed. It was unpardonable rudeness. Tell Robert to run at once for a carriage for me."

In a very few moments he came down dressed for the party, but with no shadow of disturbance on his face. He was still thinking of the letters. He took up his own, and putting it into an inside breast-pocket, said, as he kissed Alice, "Papa will take mamma's letter to the party, if he can't take mamma!"

I shed grateful tears that night before I went to sleep. How I longed to write to Ellen of the incident; but I had resolved not once to disregard her request that the whole subject be a sealed one. And I trusted that Alice would remember to tell it. Well I might! At breakfast Alice said:—

"Oh, papa, I told mamma that you carried her to the party in your breast-pocket; that is, you carried her letter!"

I fancied that John's cheek flushed a little as he said:—

"You might tell mamma that papa carries her everywhere in his breast-pocket, little girlie, and mamma would understand."

I think from that day I never feared for Ellen's future. I fancied, too, that from that day there was a new light in John Gray's eyes. Perhaps it might have been only the new light in my own; but I think when a man knows that he has once, for one hour, *forgotten* a woman whose presence has been dangerously dear to him, he must be aware of his dawning freedom.

The winter was nearly over. Ellen had said nothing to us about returning.

"Dr. Willis tells me that, from what Ellen writes to him of her health, he thinks it would be safer for her to remain abroad another year," said John to me one morning at breakfast.

"Oh, she never will stay another year!" exclaimed I.

"Not unless I go out to stay with her" said John, very quietly.

"Oh, John, could you?" and, "Oh, papa, will you take me?" exclaimed Alice and I in one breath.

"Yes," and "yes," said John, laughing, "and Sally too, if she will go."

He then proceeded to tell me that he had been all winter contemplating this; that he believed they would never again have so good an opportunity to travel in Europe, and that Dr. Willis's hesitancy about Ellen's health had decided the question. He had been planning and deliberating as silently and unsuspectingly as Ellen had done the year before. Never once had it crossed my mind that he desired it, or that it could be. But I found that he had for the last half of the year been arranging his affairs with a view to it, and had entered into new business connections which would make it not only easy, but profitable, for him to remain abroad two years. He urged me to go with them, but I refused. I felt that the father and the mother and the children ought to be absolutely alone in this blessed reunion, and I have never regretted my decision, although the old world is yet an unknown world to me.

John Gray was a reticent and undemonstrative man, in spite of all the tenderness and passionateness in his nature. But when he bade me good-by on the deck of the steamer, as he kissed me he whispered:—

"Sally, I shall hold my very breath till I see Ellen. I never knew how I loved her before." And the tears stood in his eyes.

I never saw Emma Long after she knew that John was to go abroad to join Ellen. I found myself suddenly without courage to look in her face. The hurry of my preparations for Alice was ample excuse for my not going to her house, and she did not come to ours. I knew that John spent several evenings with her, and came home late, with a sad and serious face, and that was all. A week before he sailed she joined a large and gay party for San Francisco and the Yosemite. In all the newspaper accounts of the excursion, Mrs. Long was spoken of as the brilliant center of all festivities. I understood well that this was the first reaction of her proud and sensitive nature under an irremediable pain. She never returned to—, but established herself in a Southern city, where she lived in great retirement for a year, doing good to all poor and suffering people, and spending the larger part of her fortune in charity. Early in the second year there was an epidemic of yellow-fever: Mrs. Long refused to leave the city, and went fearlessly as the physicians to visit and nurse the worst

cases. But after the epidemic had passed by she herself was taken ill, and died suddenly in a hospital ward, surrounded by the very patients whom she had nursed back to health.

Nothing I could say in my own words would give so vivid an idea of the meeting between John Gray and his wife, as the first letter which I received from little Alice:—

“DARLING AUNTIE—

“It is too bad you did not come too. The voyage was horrid. Papa was so much sicker than I, that I had to take care of him all the time; but my head ached so that I kept seeing black spots if I stooped over to kiss papa; but papa said I was just like another mamma.

“Oh, Auntie, only think, there was a mistake about the letters, and mamma never got the letter to tell her that we were coming; and she was out on the balcony of the hotel when we got out of the carriage, and first she saw me; and the lady who was with her said she turned first red and then so white the lady thought she was sick; and then the next minute she saw papa, and she just fell right down among all the people, and looked as if she was dead; and the very first thing poor papa and I saw, when we got up stairs, was mamma being carried by two men, and papa and I both thought she was dead; and papa fell right down on his knees, and made the men put mamma down on the floor, and everybody talked out loud, and papa never spoke a word, but just looked at mamma, and nobody knew who papa was till I spoke, and I said,

“‘That’s my mamma, and papa and I have just come all the way from America,’—and then a gentleman told me to kiss mamma, and I did; and then she opened her eyes; and just as soon as she saw papa, she got a great deal whiter and her head fell back again, and I was so sure she was dying that I began to cry out loud, and I do think there were more than a hundred people all round us; but Louise says there were only ten or twelve; and then the same gentleman that told me to kiss mamma took hold of papa, and made him go away; and they carried mamma into a room, and laid her on a bed, and said we must all go out; but I wouldn’t: I got right under the bed, and they didn’t see me; and it seemed to me a thousand years before anybody spoke; and at last I heard mamma’s voice, just as weak as baby’s—but you know nobody could mistake mamma’s voice; and said she, ‘Where is John—I saw John;’ and then the gentleman said,—oh, I forgot to tell you he was a doctor—

“‘My dear madam, calm yourself’—and

then I cried right out again, and crept out between his legs and almost knocked him down; and said I, ‘Don’t you try to calm my mamma; it is papa—and me too, mamma!’ and then mamma burst out crying; and then the old gentleman ran out, and I guess papa was at the door, for he came right in; and then he put his arms round mamma, and they didn’t speak for so long, I thought I should die; and all the people were listening, and going up and down in the halls outside, and I felt so frightened and ashamed, for fear people would think mamma wasn’t glad to see us. But papa says that is always the way when people are more glad than they can bear; and the surprise, too, was too much for anybody. But I said at the tea-table that I hoped I should never be so glad myself as long as I lived; and then the old gentleman—he’s a very nice old gentleman, and a great friend of mamma’s, and wears gold spectacles—he said, ‘My dear little girl, I hope you may be some day just as glad,’ and then he looked at papa and mamma and smiled,—and mamma almost cried again! Oh, altogether it was a horrid time; the worst I ever had; and so different from what papa and I thought it would be.

“But it’s all over now, and we’re all so happy, we laugh so all the time; that papa says it is disgraceful; that we shall have to go off and hide ourselves somewhere where people can’t see us.

“But, Auntie, you don’t know how perfectly splendid mamma is. She is the prettiest lady in the hotel, Louise says. She is ever so much fatter than she used to be. And the baby has grown so I did not know her, and her curls are more than half a yard long. Louise and Mary have got their hair cut short like boys, but their gowns are splendid; they say it was such a pity you had any made for me at home. But oh, dear Auntie, don’t think I shall not *always* like the gowns you made for me. Charlie isn’t here; he’s at some horrid school a great way off; I forget the name of the place. But we are all going there to live for the summer. Mamma said we should keep house in an ‘apartment,’ and I was perfectly horrified, and I said, ‘Mamma, in one room?’ and then Louise and Mary laughed till I was quite angry; but mamma says that here an ‘apartment’ means a set of a good many rooms, quite enough to live in. I don’t believe you can have patience to read this long letter; but I haven’t told you half; no, not one-half of half. Good-bye, you darling aunty.

“ALICE.”

"P. S.—I wish you could just see mamma. It isn't only me that thinks she is so pretty; papa thinks so too. He just sits and looks, and looks at her, till mamma doesn't quite like it, and asks him to look at baby a little!"

Ellen's first letter was short. Her heart was too full. She said at the end—

"I suppose you will both laugh and cry over Alice's letter. At first I thought of suppressing it. But it gives you such a graphic picture of the whole scene that I shall let it go. It is well that I had the excuse of the surprise for my behavior, but I myself doubt very much if I should have done any better, had I been prepared for their coming.

"God bless and thank you, dear Sally, for this last year, as I cannot.

"ELLEN."

These events happened many years ago. My sister and I are now old women. Her life has been from that time to this one of the sunniest and most unclouded I ever knew.

John Gray is a hale old man; white-haired and bent, but clear-eyed and vigorous. All the good and lovable and pure in his nature have gone on steadily increasing: his love for his wife is still so full of sentiment and romance that the world remarks it.

His grandchildren will read these pages, no doubt, but they will never dream that it could have been their sweet and placid and beloved old grandmother who, through such sore straits in her youth, *kept her husband!*

CHRISTINE NILSSON AND HER MAESTRO.

"MAMMA, mamma, please wake up and eat your breakfast, and dress yourself, and take Isabel out to hear a new singer. The carriage is at the door, and she's here, waiting for you."

I opened my sleepy eyes to see Amy's blonde head bending over me, whilst Isabel stood at the half-opened door, a shadow of apprehension in her smiling brown eyes.

"Dear me, children," I expostulated, raising myself on my elbow and glancing round the room, strewn with the things I had worn to the American Embassy the night before, "how can I possibly go? I don't want any more music,—I heard the *Valse des Adieux* all last night. Besides, I couldn't get ready in less than an hour, and Isabel never waited an hour for anything in her life."

"Oh, but I will!" exclaimed Isabel. "I will be glad to wait if you'll only be so good and sweet as to take me. Mamma has got one of her nervous headaches, and I'm dying to go to-day to hear this new singer. She's a Swedish girl, perfectly lovely, and with such a voice!"

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said a voice from behind, and my maid appeared on the threshold with the breakfast-tray, ordered, by the two smooth-cheeked conspirators, to be prepared in advance of my waking.

"I see I must go," I said, as I resignedly raised the cup of coffee to my lips; and so, aided by my self-improvised lady's maid, I did succeed in getting ready within Isabel's hour.

"For, you see," she said as she buttoned my boots, whilst Amy arranged my veil, "the lesson begins at eleven, and I wouldn't lose a note for the world. Madame Taillant perfectly raves about her, and you know she wouldn't unless it were something quite different from other things."

With which somewhat confused sentence Isabel jumped to her feet, hurried me downstairs and into the carriage, called to the coachman—"Quarante-trois, Chaussée d'Antin, et allez vite," and then nestling up to my side and giving the cheek next her a hearty kiss, exclaimed:

"I really do think you are the nicest, kindest friend any girl ever had!"

Whereat I smiled contentedly, for Isabel, with her impulsive, loving ways, pretty face and graceful figure, was a pet of mine, although she used to try my patience continually by her incessant imprudences, and by the innumerable host of caprices which attended her wherever she went.

"And this new star that is to be," I queried, "you must tell me who she is, and how she came to be discovered, and everything about her."

"I'll tell you all I know, but that isn't much. We were at the Italiens night before last, and I sat in the front seat next Madame Taillant's box. She leaned over and told me she had a new wonder for me,—a beautiful young Swedish girl, as good as she could be, with a voice like an angel. Then I asked where she was, and how I could hear and see

her, and she said she was studying under the great master, Wartel, and that the only way to see and hear her was to go there when she took her lesson. And when she saw how disappointed I looked, for I don't know him, she wrote on one of her husband's cards and gave it to me, and told me the days she—I mean the Swedish girl—took her lesson, and said I could go and give the card, and that, as she was an old pupil of Wartel's, he'd let me in; and that's all she knew."

Here Isabel stopped a moment to take breath, then continued, as we rolled down the wide Avenue des Champs Elysées, with its rows of many-storied, red and gilt balconied, carved yellow-stone houses:

"All yesterday I spent trying to find out about her. She was only a little child, they say, when a Swedish gentleman heard her sing, and took her and had her educated, and sent her to Paris to be finished, and she's been to Madame C——'s school, and at Madame G——'s school, and all the girls love her because she's so nice, and she goes and sings to them once in a while, and then there's a fête in the school; and she's going to make her début soon, and they say she will make a furore; and I'm just dying to see her."

And Isabel went on chattering like a magpie as we crossed the upper side of the great Place de la Concorde, its fountains flashing in the winter sunlight, unconscious of the redder flood that had once drenched the stones on which they stood; up the Rue Royale, with its ancient stone hotels, past the Madeleine—that vain attempt to Gallicize the marble beauty of the Parthenon; along the already bustling, jostling, shop-crowded Boulevards, till we turned up the dark and narrow length of the Chaussée d'Antin, and finally stopped at the designated number.

"Ten minutes to eleven," said Isabel, glancing at her little absurdity of a watch. "We're just in time, for it will take about that to get up-stairs. Enter the courtyard, Jules;" and as I sat dismayed at the ascending prospect revealed by Isabel's words, we rumbled through the low, dark archway into a small courtyard surrounded by immensely tall walls, and stopped at a narrow door on the opposite corner. Isabel jumped out, exclaiming:

"Now for a climb!"

A climb it was. Up the steep, slippery, polished brown stairs, up and still up we went, till, as we reached the fourth flight, my courage failed.

"Isabel, this staircase is a French Jack-the-Giant-Killer's bean-stalk. I believe if it

has an end it will only be found in the sky."

"Yes, it's horrid," responded Isabel; "but there can't be many more flights," and she looked up anxiously at the vista above.

Up the fourth:—I heard the sound of a piano. Up the fifth:—the sound was close at hand. Gasping and faint, I found myself before a very little door, at which Isabel stopped.

"It's here," she whispered, putting the card of introduction into my hand; "the last on the left-hand side." She rang: the door opened by a spring from within, and we passed through a tiny, red tile-paved ante-room, into a tiny, dark green parlor. A cabinet piano nearly filled one side of the room; a cheerful fire blazed its welcome on the other, and, politely bowing to his unknown visitors, there stood the tall, slender figure of the old and famous maestro, Schubert-Wartel, so called from his having been the first to introduce those wonderful, soul-burdened Schubert melodies into gay, gilded, glittering France. As he turned from the comparative twilight of the heavily-curtained little room to the window, in order to decipher the card, I had an opportunity to observe at my ease his striking face and figure. As I said, he was very tall and very slender, supple as a cat in his movements, although he must then have been very old, for he had been trained by Cherubini. His soft, fine hair still retained its color, and was brushed carefully back from his high, narrow forehead. The expression of his delicately modeled face was a mixture of acuteness and bonhomie. My observations were cut short by his turning towards us with a winning smile, and with most courteous welcome installing us in two comfortable easy-chairs opposite the piano; then unrolling the green silk fire-shade on the mantel-piece, he arranged it to shade our faces from the blaze. All this was done with the quiet courtesy of a gentleman of the old school. A few words from him of polite inquiry as to the health of his former pupil, Madame Tailant, and then Isabel broke bounds.

"Oh, monsieur, I am so glad you let us in! I am dying to hear your pupil, this Swedish girl that people are talking so much about."

"Vraiment," said the maestro, smiling, while a gleam shot from his small, piercing eyes; "but that is not astonishing. It is a pearl, madame," he said, turning to me, "a true pearl! a most sympathetic voice—great compass, great purity, and such a tone! It is a voice of crystal. I foresee for her a great future—mais la voilà!"

As he spoke the bell rang, the door opened, a light step passed through the ante-room, and, followed by her attendants, a girl—a snow-wreath rather—glided into the room. She made a slight salutation to us, a cordial one to the accompanist, a slight, black-haired young man who had hitherto remained hidden behind the piano, and then raised her large, clear eyes, with a lovely expression of mingled reverence and affection, to the maestro.

"Good morning, ma petite, and how goes it?" he asked.

"Well, very well," she answered, smiling, and then began to remove her bonnet and casaque. Isabel gave me one glance and then riveted her brown eyes upon the lovely figure before her. The girl's slender form was displayed in its light but symmetrical proportions by her closely-fitting brown dress; the abundance of golden hair was confined by a knot, freeing the graceful setting of her head upon her shoulders; and her delicate and regular features were warmed by the ruddy glow of the fire as she bent towards it, rubbing gently her little white hands, for the morning, though sunny, was cold. I thought I had never seen a lovelier creature, so unconscious and so girlish.

A word or two with the maestro, the placing of a book on the piano, a few opening chords from the accompanist, and the lesson began. I held my breath. It was as if a skylark had clothed itself in human form, so crystal-clear poured forth the fresh young notes. But if a skylark had established its home in the young singer's throat, surely the soul of a Cremona violin had taken possession of the maestro. Seated beside the instrument, his tall figure bending and swaying to the measure, his hand with gesture of command swelling or softening the notes, he pictured the singing on the air. And such wonderful delicacy, such depth of expression, such elevation and breadth of feeling as those gestures portrayed! And then the quick apprehension, the sympathetic response, the seraphic sweetness of the voice of the pupil! I sat in a maze of astonishment and delight, whilst Isabel, getting possession of my hand, squeezed it in her ecstasy till she fairly pained me.

"Pas mal! that goes better than the last time," said the maestro, as the last full note died away. At this, as I thought, scanty praise, the girl raised her eyes with a quick smile, and the rose-tint on her cheek deepened perceptibly. "And now for a *vocalise*," he continued.

She began. After a few bars of clear,

brilliant melody, during which the maestro's face had decidedly clouded, he made a sudden motion with his hand. Piano and voice stopped instantly.

"Not so loud, my child, not so loud! You're not in a church—*Chanter, c'est charmer*. Listen!" And in a voice of such exquisite sweetness as I never shall hear again, he repeated the passage.

"Oh!" groaned Isabel, in a spasm of delight. There was no mistaking the tone. The old maestro turned his quick eye upon her as she sat, her face all aglow. He looked well pleased; the sound was familiar to his ear. Had not all Europe smiled and sighed and wept with delight at the wonderful inflections of that soul-moving voice of his!

The piano and voice again took up the strain,—but how differently from before! It was the gladness of morning, the mirth of sunny brooks, the warbling of happy birds, the song of a pure young heart, knowing no evil, fearing no harm. As the silver notes flowed on, tears of delight rose to my eyes. It was like looking into a sinless world. Isabel could not contain herself.

"I must go and tell her how I admire her!" she whispered during an interlude.

"My dear child, if you interrupt this lesson, I will never take you anywhere again as long as you live," I whispered back. And Isabel reluctantly sank down in her easy-chair.

When the *vocalise* was ended, I expressed my gratification and my admiration of his method to the maestro, whilst Isabel escaped to the side of the singer, and, to judge by her sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, poured out the flood of her honest girlish admiration. The piquant little brunette, all animation, beside the lovely golden-haired snow-wreath, made a picture that would have pleased an artist's eye; but I gave it but one look, so interested was I by what the old maestro was saying. "It is the true Italian method, madame, the method of the great, great singers. To-day instrumental music is carried to its highest pitch; it approaches perfection; but the voice—but singing—ah, madame, it does not exist! In those days no singer would dare to risk himself before the public unless he had studied—studied conscientiously for eight years; and now—mon Dieu, four years, three years and a half, and then a début!" "And the music they sing," he continued, after taking a fierce pinch of snuff, "mon Dieu, what voice can sing what Meyerbeer and Verdi have written, without being utterly spoiled? It is ruin, it is destruction itself. The voice is the most tender, the

most delicate, the most exquisite of organs, and the composers of to-day demand of it the sonority of the trombone united to the compass of the violin. And the public—ah, the public!—it applauds with frenzy one note—one mere note—which is murderous to the singer's throat, a mere *tour de force*, of brutal force; but the tenderness, the pathos, the delicacy that should be the charm of music, that should transport them out of their coarse, material lives into the Heaven above them—all that finds them and leaves them cold, unimpassioned, stupid. "What does it mean?" they say"—here he gave the French shrug, that mixture of contempt, disgust, and abhorrence. "Mon Dieu, they are right: it means nothing to them—they cannot understand it."

"But such a style as this, such training as yours, and a voice so uncommon as that of mademoiselle," I suggested,—“surely that will do much for public taste.”

"We shall see, we shall see," he responded, his face relaxing from its melancholy expression. "It is a veritable talent, and great docility, great docility. Give me but docility, madame, and I will make this wood sing," and he struck his hand smartly upon the top of the little cabinet piano, which emitted an acquiescing murmur. "For, after all, what is singing? Singing is a gymnastic of the lungs. My maxim is to obtain the greatest force by the gentlest means. Above all, there must be no compression whatever of the top of the throat; it must remain open in the very highest notes. Nay, more than this,—the higher the voice ascends, the more the throat must open. We call that lowering the tone. It gives a roundness, a fullness, a depth not to be obtained by any other means, and it preserves the voice intact; it prevents it from wearing out."

My look of fixed attention encouraged him to go on and unfold to me some of the secret procedures of his most difficult art. In reply to my, "You interest me extremely, monsieur," he proceeded:

"And in this method all the scales, all the preparatory exercises must be sung softly, softly; beginning on the lower note and ascending to the highest; never striking first the high note and then descending. That is fatal—with that comes the *coup de gosier*!" And the master's mobile face showed a full appreciation of the enormity of that hammer-like blow of the voice which untaught singers are apt to give when a note is difficult to strike.

After a moment's pause his eyebrows re-

sumed their natural position, and he continued: "Therein lies the superiority of this method over all others; it never allows any fatigue, any strain upon the voice."

"I have heard that Garcia lost his place as a teacher at the Conservatoire, because he broke so many voices," I said.

"That is only too true. His teaching, like that of Duprez, was a Procrustean bed: for the voices that could stretch to it, very good; but woe to the others."

"I heard Madame Viardot last week in the *Orphée*," I remarked, desirous to learn his opinion of that artiste.

"A great singer," he responded emphatically.

"Yes, she delighted me in many things," I continued, "but I do not think she brought out all the effects of which that music is capable. There were certain passages which failed to touch me as they ought to have done, for I think that opera one of the most moving compositions that has ever been produced. I refer especially to the aria in the infernal regions."

"Madame a raison," he responded, his face lighting up; "that music is sublime. Yes; Viardot is not right in her rendering of that song here." I saw his small, keen eye change its expression; his face became rapt, it softened, all its lines melting and fusing as it were, so that he no longer looked old; and then, to my inexpressible surprise, for I knew that he never sang, the great maestro began to sing that exquisite song of the heart-broken, imploring Orpheus.

I have heard much music in my life, but such music as that I never heard before—I devoutly hope I may never hear again. No words of mine can convey the faintest idea of the impression it produced. It was the very soul of music revealed in all its power. Such a world of woe, such plaintive beseeching, rising into the very agony of entreaty; such pathetic affection, deepening into most impassioned remembrance; such an awe-struck sense of the deathful power of the deity whose relenting he was imploring; such faint glimmerings of hope, sinking into the night of despair! My every nerve quivered in a torture of delight. I felt suffocated by the inaudible sobs that filled my throat. It was a positive relief when the great singer stopped; and yet, if I had had the power, I would have bid him sing on forever. For the first and only time I had a glimpse of that lost art of which such marvels are related, and henceforth no account of its wonder-working power has seemed too strange for me to believe. I

glanced at Isabel as the last sentence melted into air. She was leaning back, her face buried in her handkerchief, looking like a little statue dressed by Worth.

I remember but imperfectly the rest of the lesson. The song had left me giddy and bewildered, my every nerve unstrung. One thing only I recall plainly: when the lesson was over, the young pupil took leave of her master in a way that struck me as very pleasing. She went up to him, and standing before him, slightly bent her fair head downwards. He gravely inclined his tall thin figure towards her, and touched his lips to her

pure white forehead. The little scene remains in my memory as one of its loveliest pictures.

"It's enough to make any one try to be as good as ever they can, so as to get some day to Heaven and hear such music as that," said Isabel, leaning forward in the carriage and looking wistfully up at the window so high above us, as we turned to leave the courtyard. "It makes one feel as if everything was so little!" And with this chaotic sentence she laid her head on my shoulder and sighed as I never heard my pretty Isabel sigh before.

A SMALL PIECE OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.

If ever there was a creature upon earth who more knew her duty, and more did it not, than the needy American girl of the present day (that is, if knowledge of one's duty comes by abounding exhortation to the same), we should like to see that stiff-necked curiosity.

Concerning her general airs about the kind of work that she will do for wages, and her particular deadly stand at one kind of work that she will *not* do for wages, viz.: housework,—on this her sin and folly, both the friends and foes of woman suffrage so take the pulpit against her that it would seem as if only total depravity could account for her still obstinate refusal to turn from the error of her fine ways, plunge in the wash-tub, and be saved.

Such variety of appeals are made to her: there is the "Young Family Man," who wails out in the newspapers how many children he has; how feeble is his wife; how unspeakably atrocious the Hibernian maid-of-all-work; how unutterably preferable would be an American maid-of-all-work, but she will not come, although the woman's rights people declare that she is starving everywhere;—he wishes to hear no more about her starving, nor about woman's rights; woman shows that she has not sense enough to vote by indulging in starving when there is bread enough in his house and to spare for anybody who will come and make it; men are not so absurd as to go starving when there's honest work waiting for them; he can get all the men and boys he wants in his business; he can get everything done but his housework; he knows a great many other Young Family Men who are in the same condition, and he demands

of his country to know what these things mean. And any number of editors ring changes on the Young Family Man's complaint, and demand more or less sarcastically to know what these things mean. And they invariably bid women observe how comparatively free men are from their sort of prideful nonsense about labor.

And the worst of it is, that the female exhorters on the subject use precisely the same weapon of reproof. "Young daughters of the Republic, go to work!" cries the woman suffrage orator from the platform;—"by all means be lawyers or lecturers or ministers, if you can; but if you cannot, go sweetly out to kitchen service, for to be independent is grand, and to earn one's living glorious, in any employment whatever." Thus pronounces the Pythoness of Reform, and when she beholds her counsels unheeded, she fails not to turn round on her sex with this most unkindest cut of all, that *men* do not so behave themselves,—never make the vain feminine fuss about the rank of an avocation.

And we have just been reading the newspaper oracles of Gail Hamilton, a woman understood to be on the other side, who, after enunciating what, considering the toiling sphere where humanity's lot is cast, may be called an audacious theory of woman's right to do nothing,—still swoops down all the same on the unfortunates who, alas! *must* do something, with a tyranny of demand and objugation which may well make the long line of women seeking employment shake in their worn-out shoes before this dreadful searcher of hearts, who informs them that "what they really want is not work, but to be paid for *not* working;" that all their noise is "the cry and

clamor of the weak ;" that she is "amazed, she is indignant at them," etc., etc. ; all the gusty Hamilton storm winding up with the invidious comparison of man as a laborer, enforced by some particularly cutting illustrations.

Now we admit the fact as an undeniable one, that men under pressure of necessity show no such distressed reluctance as women to come down to an inferior employment ; but inasmuch as for most phenomena of human conduct there are reasons, it strikes us that it might be well to search with what eyes are given us if haply any reason can be found why here, where the man marches on, the woman stands like a dolorous block, with everybody beseeching and preaching and screeching her out of the way, since to bestow these exercises on any mortal with the least profit, and, we may add, with the least justice, we must first endeavor to come at his or her point of view.

We shall humbly try a lance, then, for this obstructing creature, and we are obliged to begin by confessing our opinion that she somewhat shrinks from coarse labor in itself, as a condition that links her back to the wigwam era, out of which she is perfectly aware, whether she has read history or not, one of the first emerging steps was to exalt women from squaws who served into ladies who were served. She can acquire so much learning as this any day by one glance into poverty's back alleys, where the barbarian style still lingers ; so the iron of the pots and kettles probably enters somewhat into the very soul of this poor, ambitious daughter of the enlightened age, and it enters all the deeper, the less genuine are the distinctions between herself and her dusky prototype who once pounded the corn and transported the family possessions on her shoulders. Whereas, man's first upward move having been to take the pounding and lugging labors to himself, his primal great waking up to shame of laziness eternally lingers in him, perhaps to make him feel it less a man's disgrace to work, at any work, than to do nothing. In short, man to labor and woman to look pretty is the crude notion of the refined order of things. And we assume, of course, that many of the young women of whom we speak are somewhat crude in their refined aspirations.

We observe, in the next place, that it is inevitable that those who are not going to have what is called a career should be intensely particular about all their transient circumstances, since these leave more than a transient record. A boy can be boot-black, negro minstrel, tavern hostler, ship's cook,

charcoal peddler,—revolve through any number of dingy and ungentle trades, and come up merchant prince, railroad king, and member of Congress. Of course, not every urchin who begins life with "Boots, sir?" at the street corners will be "one of the most remarkable men of the country" before he dies, but the vast numbers of men who actually do attain from nothing to quite substantial somethings, and the infinitely various avenues open to masculine endeavor through which mere industry and pluck can push a successful way,—these facts surround the whole sex, as it were, with the possibility of redeeming any present mean condition by some future prosperity and renown, and some subtle recognition of this potential quality of a man to rise in the world is, we fancy, at least one of the reasons why a boy is never contemned in that final way in which a girl is in precisely the same circumstances of worldly humiliation.

For it is only by the possession of certain absolute gifts, as artistic or literary talent, gifts so few in kind and so rarely bestowed that in no estimate of a class can their chance be taken into account, that a woman ever has a career,—we use this word in default of a better one, to denote that line of brilliant personal achievements by which one's accidents are forgotten, or remembered only to add luster to the victorious power which has climbed so far.

Nilsson's fair cheek burns not that she was born in the ochre-daubed hut of a peasant, and brought fagots from the wood in her childish arms ; but the famous singer's origin and history argue not to the poor American girl who will never be a prima donna that she can therefore without sacrifice sell bundles of kindling wood from door to door.

We suppose that the Woman's Rights party may say here that our illustrations go to show (if indeed they will allow that they go to show anything) the crying need of a career for woman equally with man ; we do not propose to enter now on the vast deeps of that disputation, our present small endeavor being merely to inquire how things *are*, leaving it to more inspired souls to declare how they shall be, reminding such, however, that the actual and not the theoretical must assuredly be our basis when we assume to judge a class so closely pressed by the former as are young and dependent girls. And we repeat that these in the actual, present world find themselves marked by their labor so differently from the other sex, that in this condition of a servant, for instance, a boy may do even woman's

work and be less looked down on than a girl. Why, we know a certain country church where you may see, any Sunday, sitting stalwart and comely among the other occupants of a leading family pew, a youth with none of the family features. Handsome are his clothes as anybody's, and more stunning his neck-tie. He holds his head straight above those superior neck-ties, and looks the world in the face with no trace of unhappy humiliation whatever; yet a very few years ago he waited at table in a white apron, and washed dishes in a checked apron in the kitchen of the lady who sits at the head of the pew.

A very few years farther back, he was a pauper boy in the State almshouse of a neighboring town, and was taken thence by the matron aforesaid expressly for these domestic services; she had taken several boys thus from that institution, as had other housekeepers in the place, but they shunned the girls; chose the boys instead, even for house-servants; and solemnly pondering this new proof of woman's bankrupt estate, that even in the almshouse circle girls were at a discount, we asked this particular matron, who had been eminently successful in bringing up her poor boys, why she did not take a girl from the almshouse.

Well, the upshot of her reasons was that the place she could give would make the pauper boy happy, but the girl miserable, and therefore intractable. The boy could have some mates of his own age, was not painfully snubbed at school or elsewhere; but with such a girl there was no creature American-born that would affiliate—and this in a little country town so plain and simple in all its ways that women could do their own housework with honor, but not housework for other people, whether the wages were in money or bringing up.

Of course, when we come down to the almshouse ranks, the pauper girl suffers another extra penalty in that the distinctive requirement which we think will always be made for purity in woman almost instinctively inclines to impute special loss to the girl over the boy among these poor young lives at which the humblest respectability that knows its father and its mother looks askance for a while, to see what their dubiousness will clear up into. But whatever should be reckoned out for this weight from the absolute depression caused by her labor alone in the case just cited, is not here only one more confirmation of our general truth of woman's greater subjection to circumstance?

But again, a girl's avocation deciding her

social status—deciding the bare line of her acquaintances even, necessarily also decides what shall be her opportunities to enter the one vocation to which she looks as her substitute for a career—the matrimonial vocation, to which grand question any smallest discussion of woman's position must speedily come. And here, what just comparison is there between a young man seeking skill, training, money, knowing that he can afford to gain these anyhow and anywhere, if honestly, having his whole life long in which to improve on his beginnings, and the girl who has but a few short years wherein the where and how of her bread-winning labors will almost certainly determine the place of her after life?

In view of the simple facts of existence, one might smile to hear the line of persuasion adopted to induce young American girls to go out to service, as for instance, how their employers would value them; how a certain mistress leaves in her will a handsome legacy to two maid-servants who had served her for forty-five years—as if one could propose a greater horror to average young girls than the prospect of being maid-servants for forty-five years, even with a small bag of money at the end to bury them with! Certainly, so long as the office of hired domestic, whether from its being in this country almost universally filled by the Irish, or from whatever causes it has fallen to such social status among Americans that the hired servant-girl would have to be very pretty indeed whom the Yankee milkman would think a worthy match for him—so long as this notion is in *force*, no matter how absurd its foundation, the most glorified modern-improvement kitchen under the sun will not tempt from any other work that will keep her from starvation the poorest American girl who does not wish to marry an Irish laborer, and who is yet too young to look upon spinsterhood with legacies as the best thing life has left for her.

Among the ranks of dependent women are found, in our country, very widely different individuals. In the sudden transitions of fortune peculiar to our national life, or through some of those complications of family trouble possible to all life, or again in the case of those natures which ever and anon blossom in by-places, whose atmosphere is really not meet for their nourishing,—through any of these causes young lives, sensitive and gifted, are cast away from all props of family, friends, and fortune, to find their own place where chance of doing so is at present so sadly small. There are histories among these which verily seem to cry aloud for entirely new op-

portunities for woman. This class, however, since it is the more exceptional, we have not had in view in this writing, but those far larger numbers of girls whose troubles might be helped without a revolution, since it is really not the old work that they feel superior to, but something that has become more or less factitiously linked to that work. So, although the present movement towards finding some new things for women to do is doubtless a just and needed one, we fancy a yet wider field for solidly practical accomplishment might lie in searching how to do the old things after a new manner.

For it is certain that woman's old work will still have to be done by somebody, and argue as we will, in the way of her entering very largely upon most of the employments hitherto monopolized by man lies the fact of such an eternal inequality in the conditions of their lives, that it seems to us the final result of such innovation would be, poorer work at lower price; men, to be sure, to some extent driven out of the field, but by the cheapness and not the skill of the new competitor. But poor work, we suppose, is not a final benefit; and then the masculine Hegira,—we must needs quake, of course, to make any account of that, remembering the days in which we live; but although a noted oratress on woman's rights does insist that all young men now in employments that could be filled by women ought to vacate to them, go West and to plowing—in spite of this authoritative dictum, we secretly wonder if the subtracting a few more thousands from the tragically insufficient thousands of marriageable young men now in Massachusetts would verily be welcomed by the marriageable daughters of the State as a blessed relief. Yea, and as the article of money is rather essential to the perfect ideal of the marriageable young man, to have him too much "ruined by cheap labor," Chinese or otherwise—might not this method of attack in their behalf strike some of the weak female minds of his particular set as having a good deal of boomerang about it? We dare no more on this head.

To go back to the old work that must be done by somebody—to shift this old necessary work to the lowest body that can be got to do it has long been a growing endeavor with both men and women, even those quite unable to afford the infinite waste and disorder consequent on such relegation. The rush from country to city, the abandoning of what is called productive labor, of which we so constantly hear as an alarming feature of the time—these are parts of the same movement,

and, like the refusal of American girls to do housework, are, we believe, by no means universally induced by distaste and scorn of the work itself.

It often seems to us, indeed, that there is much untrue talk about humanity's natural aversion to manual labor; we think that the vast majority of humanity decidedly prefer work more or less manual to purely mental toil; this is one of the eternal compensations, that whereas the latter is in greater honor, the former requires a kind of effort far less trying to human inertia, so that as between sweat of body or of brains, most mortals choose the former perspiration, which, it is needless to say, such proportion of the race must always bear to meet the material needs of a high civilization, and we do not believe there is quite so melancholy a want of correspondence in things that the immense majority of mankind are necessitated to precisely that kind of activity for which they have a natural loathing, and which is an eternal wrong to their real capacities.

But they have a natural loathing, and a just one, for a life that is all work, or whose work has somehow suffered such a false depression that it degrades those who do it below all their essential equals, as in the case of the particular female avocation on which we have dwelt so much. Not proposing, as we have said, in this article to lay down the new law, but merely to point out some of the needs to which it will have to be fitted, we only remark here that of the latter evil, just mentioned, at least one inducing cause must be in the failure of those outside rightly to esteem such work. Why, the poorest Irish washerwoman, who would not know what the words "dignity of labor" meant, if you were to say them at her, nevertheless most infallibly knows, when you commend her masterly performance in the tucked and ruffled skirt-ironing profession, whether you are merely gratified to have clear skirts to wear, as you are to have a good peach to eat, contemptuous of the dirt out of which it grows, or whether you recognize her triumph over the stickiness of starch as a good achievement of human wit, an accomplishment which, like your accomplishments, has cost time and patience and a putting together of ideas to perfect; and if she were a person to have a strong feeling about the dignity of her labor—nay, she does have the feeling if she is human—but if she were in a position to act upon that feeling, be sure that your sentiment would influence her action. And be altogether sure that you could not deceive her about that sentiment. We may

impose on our superiors in station with much mock obeisance, but there is no way to make our inferiors believe that we respect them, but—to respect them.

For the other want—that of something besides work—the sweetness-and-light want—to turn to one more interpretation—Mr. Matthew Arnold's inexhaustible phrase: Whoever could teach this Anglo-Saxon race, particularly dull in this direction, the secret of diffusing over homely life some of that fancy and grace and charm which in certain happy races seem perfectly separable from wealth and condition and knowledge of the alphabet—such a discoverer would bring to the masses of this race a quite immeasurable good. Certainly, until there is some little educating in this direction, innumerable hands will continue to abandon the plow as a disgusting implement, that would take kindly enough to the plow if there was any pleasant cheer to be had when plowing was done, and rush away to the city, where there is at least some stupid racket to make one imagine one's self in spirits; and men and women in vulgar-genteel, as at least one flowery remove from the vulgar-comfortable. Man cannot live by bread alone, nor by work alone, nor even by the multiplication-table. Much less woman.

In the light of all the influences which tell upon her, within and without, our American dependent girl should be considered; and we insist that these are too complex, that her case should be dismissed, when it becomes troublesome, with mere affirmations without inquiry. She is a girl of the period, and as The Period will probably not get any girls but its own, it might as well make the best of them in all their varieties, and in the least picturesque of these may be far more promise than do yet quite appear.

We grant that the dependent girl of some other periods was a much simpler problem to deal with, and made a decidedly prettier figure for pastoral poetry. That "fair and happy milkmaid" of Sir Thomas Overbury "who rises with chanticleer, her dame's clock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew; who makes her hand hard with labor and her heart soft with pity; who, when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of Fortune; who thus lives, and all whose care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet"—verily this maiden in her living and her dying had attained to a point of view that no philosophy could improve on.

Serene, full-orbed, divinely satisfying soul of a milkmaid (if indeed Sir Thomas Overbury, being Sir Thomas, and beholding from without, did not *dream* you too), take your blessed pail on your arm, and come through these New England streets, where the east wind blows, with your "breath scenting all the year long of June like a new-made haycock"—surely it would be almost as much of a rapture to see you as to see Shakspeare!

Down in the mud we would go to kiss your feet, Our Lady of Content, and oh, if you would but say over us some of those prayers you know,—“prayers short and efficacious, which leave no ensuing idle cogitations!”

For what but this mischief of cogitations makes all our burden? Away back in the peaceful wigwam era aforementioned, when the chief function of the cogitating organ was the passive one of being scalped, and such activity as there was in the brains of the scalpers certainly did not lie in the direction of making nice distinctions,—how lovely smooth ran everything in that good old time; there was no “cry and clamor of the weak” then, for the weak made but one cry before the face of the strong, and that was a mortal one. This very woman question, in that wise day, had an admirably short and decisive adjustment, until some Advanced Spirit, shaking back his top-knot of wolf's tails and porcupine quills, as he was about to squeeze the small windpipe of an infant daughter *de trop*, must needs begin morally to cogitate.

And the doomed pappoose being doubtless rather an uncommonly handsome one, and the reflection occurring to the top-knotted sire, that the squaw mamma, and not he, would have its troublesome nose to flatten, and all the other labors incident to its polite training and bringing up—thus did the ethical disturber spare the little brown windpipe, declaring that the strangling of female infants should be no more, and so came extra women into the world, and all our woe!

Nevertheless, that ancient simplicity being thus, alas! done away with, and the mixed-up moral age upon us, the old method of settling difficulties, whether with words or tomahawks, will no longer avail. For the lowest beings of a civilized society have a sufficient glimmer of intelligence to know, when you arraign them for judgment, whether or not you speak with any true feeling of the facts of their position, and the tomahawk privilege being unfortunately abolished, you *cannot* silence with words, unless you somewhat come into that grace of insight.

A BALLAD OF CALDEN WATER.

FORWARD and back, from shore to shore,
All day the boat hath wended ;
But now old Andrew drops his oar,
As if his task were ended.

"The clouds are gathering black," he said,
"The pine-tree wildly tossing ;
The traveler must be sore bestead
Who seeks to-night the crossing."

He looks, and sees from vale or hill
No lated horseman riding ;
But what is this, so white and still,
Adown the pathway gliding !

He fears to meet some spirit pale,
Or wraith from out the water ;
He sees the "Daisy of the Dale,"
The proud Lord Gowen's daughter.

Ah ! many a time that timid dove,
Swift from her shadow flying,
Hath braved the darkness, all for love,
To Calden water hying.

And many a time before to-night
Hath Andrew rowed her over,
When softly through the waning light
She stole to meet her lover.

But that was in the days gone by ;—
Alas ! the old sad story—
'Twas ere he heard the bugle cry,
And turned from love to glory.

'Twas when her foot came down the hill
As light as snow-flake falling ;
While over Calden water, still,
She heard her lover calling.

She heard him singing, clear and low,
"The flower of love lies bleeding ;"—
The very echoes long ago
Have ceased their tender pleading.

And he who sang that sweet refrain
Is sleeping where they found him,—
Upon the trampled battle plain,
With his silent comrades round him.

While she,—for months within the vale
Have tender maids been singing,
Because the "Daisy of the Dale,"
Its sweetest flower, was dying.

And Andrew, rowing many a night,
Hath sadly mused about her ;
While from her chamber, high, the light
Streamed o'er the Calden water.

What marvel that he clasps his hands,
And prays the saints to guide him,
As, crossing now the cold wet sands,
She takes her seat beside him.

She speaks no word of sweet command,
The proud Lord Gowen's daughter ;—
She signs him with her flower-like hand
To cross the Calden water.

Trembling old Andrew takes the oar,
Silent he rows her over ;
Silent she steps upon the shore
Where once she met her lover.

There is no sound of mortal tread,
Or mortal voice to greet her,
But noiselessly, as from the dead,
Her lover glides to meet her.

One moment they each other fold
In clasp of love undying,
The next but shadows, deep and cold,
Upon the shore are lying.

And see ; the darkness grows more drear—
The pine more wildly tossing,
And backward to the shore in fear
Old Andrew swift is crossing.

He drops his oar, he leaves his boat,
He heeds nor fiend nor mortal ;
He's crossed the castle's bridge and moat,
He stands within the portal.

Still on, as one who has no power
Of pausing or of turning,
He mounts unto the very tower,
Where yet the light is burning.

And there he sees a snow-white bed,
And sees, with eyes affrighted,
Set at the feet and at the head
The waxen candles lighted.

Upon a lovely, piteous sight
As e'er was seen he gazes :—
A maiden in her dead-clothes, white
And all bestrewn with daisies !

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

TRIFLERS ON THE PLATFORM.

THERE was a time in the history of our popular "lecture system" when a lecture was a lecture. The men who appeared before the lyceums were men who had something to say. Grave discussions of important topics; social, political, and literary essays; instructive addresses and spirited appeals—these made up a winter's course of popular lectures. Now, a lecture may be any string of nonsense that any literary mountebank can find an opportunity to utter. Artemus Ward "lectured;" and he was right royally paid for acting the literary buffoon. He has had many imitators; and the damage that he and they have inflicted upon the institution of the lyceum is incalculable. The better class that once attended the lecture courses have been driven away in disgust, and among the remainder such a greed for inferior entertainments has been excited that lecture managers have become afraid to offer a first-class, old-fashioned course of lectures to the public patronage. Accordingly, one will find upon nearly every list, offered by the various committees and managers, the names of triflers and buffoons who are a constant disgrace to the lecturing guild, and a constantly degrading influence upon the public taste. Their popularity is usually exhausted by a single performance, but they rove from platform to platform, retailing their stale jokes, and doing their best and worst to destroy the institution to which they cling for a hearing and a living.

This thing was done in better taste formerly. "Drollerists" and buffoons and "Yankee comedians" were in the habit of advertising themselves. They entered a town with no indorsement but their own, and no character but that which they assumed. They attracted a low crowd of men and boys as coarse and frivolous as themselves, and the better part of society never came in contact with them. A woman rarely entered their exhibitions, and a lady never; yet they were clever men, with quite as much wit and common decency as some of the literary wags that are now commended to lecture committees by the bureaus, and presented by the committees to a confiding public.

There are, and have been for years, men put forward as lecturers whose sole distinction was achieved by spelling the weakest wit in the worst way—men who never aimed at any result but a laugh, and who, if they could not secure this result by an effort in the line of decency, did not hesitate at any means, however low, to win the coveted response. If there is any difference between performers of this sort and negro minstrels, strolling "drollerists," who do not even claim to be respectable, we fail to detect it; and it is high time that the managers of our lecture courses had left them from their lists, and ceased to insult the public by the presumption that it can be interested in their silly utterances.

It would be claimed, we suppose, by any one who

would undertake to defend the employment of these men, that they draw large houses. Granted: they do this once, and perhaps do something to replenish the managerial exchequer; but they invariably send away their audiences disappointed and disgusted. No thoughtful or sensible man can devote a whole evening to the poorest kind of nonsense without losing a little of his self-respect, and feeling that he has spent his money for that which does not satisfy. The reaction is always against the system, and in the long run the managers find themselves obliged to rely upon a lower and poorer set of patrons, who are not long in learning that even they can be better suited by the coarse comedy of the theater, and the dances and songs of the negro minstrel. Nothing has been permanently gained in any instance to the lyceum and lecture system by degrading the character of the performances offered to the public. A temporary financial success consequent upon this policy is always followed by dissatisfaction and loss, and it ought to be. Professional jesters and triflers are professional nuisances, who ought not to be tolerated by any man of common sense interested in the elevation and purification of the public taste.

But shall not lyceums and the audiences they gather have the privilege of laughing? Certainly. Mr. Gough's audiences have no lack of opportunity to laugh, and there are others who have his faculty of exciting the mirthfulness of those who throng to hear them; but Mr. Gough is a gentleman who is never low, and who is never without a good object. He is an earnest Christian man, whose whole life is a lesson of toil and self-sacrifice. Mr. Gough is not a trifle; and the simple reason that he continues to draw full houses from year to year is, that he is not a trifle. Wit, humor, these are never out of order in a lecture, provided they season good thinking and assist manly purpose. Wit and humor are always good as condiments, but never as food. The stupidest book in the world is a book of jokes, and the stupidest man in the world is one who surrenders himself to the single purpose of making men laugh. It is a purpose that wholly demoralizes and degrades him, and makes him unfit to be a teacher of anything. The honor that has been shown to literary triflers upon the platform has had the worst effect upon the young. It has disseminated slang, and vitiated the taste of the impresable, and excited unworthy ambition and emulation. When our lyceums, on which we have been wont to rely for good influences in literary matters, at last become agents of buffoonery and low literary entertainments, they dishonor their early record and the idea which gave them birth. Let them banish triflers from the platform, and go back to the plan which gave them their original prosperity and influence, and they will find no reason to complain of a lack of patronage, or the loss of interest on the part of the public in their entertainments.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN RAILWAYS.

THERE is an impression among Americans who have never visited Europe, that in some way, or in many ways, the typical European railroad is superior to the American, and it seems desirable to define the differences between them, that we, as a people, may arrive at an intelligent appreciation of our own railway system. There is a great deal of loose talk about the loose way in which railroads are managed here, while it is assumed that everything connected with the railway systems of Europe is comparatively sound and thorough.

Until within the last ten years, the road-beds and rails of most European lines were superior to ours, but at this date they are not. Our railway corporations have been growing rich and ambitious of excellence. Even those lines that have come into the hands of grasping and corrupt monopolists have been immensely improved. With the wide introduction of steel rails have come improved ballasting and bridging, until now it would be difficult to find in England or continental Europe better roads in any respect than those which constitute the leading lines between the great centers of this country. In England, the birth-place and nursery of the railway system, one will find quite as many roads in inferior condition as he will in America; and he will only need to reside there a few months to learn that America does not monopolize the guilt and carelessness which find their record in railway accidents. England is small in its area. Its roads are necessarily short, and, being so, are easily managed; but the frequency and destructiveness of railway accidents are the theme of as much fierce special protest and general denunciation with the press as the same events are in our own country. One would judge by the complaints of the English press that the English railway managers were the most criminally careless persons on the face of the earth. Nothing seems more homelike to an American in England than the tone of complaint toward railway corporations maintained by the newspapers. We carefully and honestly question whether England has anything to boast of in the superiority of her railroads over our own, or on the superior safety of their operation. The English railroads have the advantage of having been originally built above, or below, the grade of the traveled roads and highways of the country; but aside from this manifest advantage, we know of none which the average English railway possesses over our own. It is an advantage, however, which ought not to be lost sight of in all our future legislation on the subject.

The management of passengers at railway stations in Europe is altogether superior to that which prevails here. The stations themselves are better, and are taken better care of externally and internally. The typical European railway station is rather a neat affair, with its pretty architecture and permanent stone platforms and borders of flowers and flowering shrubs. Then there is a constant care taken that no passenger go upon the railroad track. When it is necessary to

cross the track at a station, passengers are compelled to cross by a bridge or a tunnel. When a train arrives at a station, every incoming passenger who alights leaves the train and reaches the street by a separate gate before the outgoing passengers are permitted to step upon the platform. Then the doors of the station-house are thrown open, and the passengers are directed to such cars as have unoccupied seats. There is no crush or disorder. If one should wish to see how badly this thing can be managed, let him notice the disgraceful jam that always occurs at New Haven, Conn., on the arrival of an express train, when a hundred passengers are trying to get out of cars into which a hundred passengers from the outside are trying to force themselves. Such a scene as occurs at that station a dozen times every day is never witnessed in Europe; and we all know that the same scene occurs at thousands of stations all over our country. This is all wrong, and ought to be—and must be—reformed. In Europe every station, on every road, is managed as the new Grand Central station is managed in New York. The passengers are not permitted upon the platform until they have purchased tickets and the train is ready. In other words, the passengers are taken care of at the European railway station, and at the American they "use their intellects," and take care of themselves. The truth is that this is almost the only department of railway management in which the Europeans now surpass us.

When we come to the matter of railway carriages, and the management of baggage and trains on the way, the American legitimately has the field of boasting to himself. The American system of carrying baggage in a single car in front of the train, in the charge of one man, with metallic checks for every piece, is in every respect superior to the European lack of system. The way in which baggage is managed in England is a marvel of clumsiness and stupidity. An ordinarily sharp American boy who had lived in the vicinity of a railroad could teach the railway managers of England their alphabet in this matter. The American railway car is, in our judgment, the only legitimate and competent railway carriage in the world. The cars or coaches of continental Europe were adopted from the English model, and the idea that they are coaches has never been outgrown. The American car is the legitimate child of the railway and the public want. The little compartment car which seats ten passengers, opening by a door at each side, like a coach, is the child of the turnpike and four English horses. It is a large coach, or is made in imitation of a coach. We have heard Americans speak of our cars as "coaches," in imitation of the English name, but it is a silly mistake. The word car is a finer and a better word than coach, and will outlive it, because the carriage to which it is applied is sure to become the railway carriage of the world.

The European railway train is a clumsy affair. There is no passage from coach to coach, except by a rail running along the outside, to which the "guard"

—still the old stage-coach designation—clings at the risk of his life, passing from window to window. This is the only chance he gets to examine tickets, except at the stations; and when he approaches the terminus of his road or the end of his trip, he is obliged to stop his train in order to take up his tickets. It really seems as if great pains had been taken to make everything as awkward as possible. There is no possibility of warming these coaches; and nothing can be drearier or more dangerous to health than a long European railway ride in winter. The Russian and the Prussian wrap themselves in furs, and there is sometimes, but not always, hot water for the feet. A well made-up American railway train, with its baggage-car, smoking-saloon, its Pullman palace or sleeping-car, and its half-dozen—more or less—long, light, well-ventilated rooms, seating fifty persons each, with a free passage through all, from the locomotive to the tail of the train—all these cars heated by hot-water pipes, or hot air during the winter—with a bell-rope communicating with the engine within the reach of every passenger, and with water to drink passed at intervals by waiters who expect no fee and get none—all this furnishes about as strong a contrast to the European train as it is possible to conceive. The American compartment car is not an imitation of the English coach, and the dearest and best seats are in the largest compartment. We learn that the American sleeping-cars are soon to be introduced into Europe, and that they are to be built in America. It is impossible that the introduction of these cars should not revolutionize and reform the railway carriages of Europe. Whatever advantage Europe may claim in its railway system, we certainly are very far ahead of them in our railway carriages. We are equally in advance of them in the men we employ to conduct and manage our trains. We never saw in Europe the conductor of a railway train who would not gladly accept a sixpence, and politely make a low bow for it, in consideration of official courtesies and accommodations; and we never saw an American railroad conductor to whom we would dare to offer money. He acknowledges himself to be in no sense a menial, and he would receive the proffer of a fee as an insult. The American conductor is usually a "well-to-do," intelligent, gentlemanly person, with a fair place in society, a great deal of popular consideration, and as good a claim to it as is enjoyed by the captains of our ocean steamers. They have horses and watches and services of plate presented to them, with appropriate speeches, by admiring groups of friends, and they constitute a class of favorite public servants whose families stand well in the world.

The luxury of railway travel is only to be had in America. Railway travel cannot be called luxurious anywhere else. With our palace, sleeping, and hotel cars, each costing as much as a whole train of European coaches, we can challenge comparison with any country in the world. With better management at our stations, and the banishment of beggars and ped-

dlers from our trains—peddlers of all such articles as are not needed for comfort or pleasant employment—we should find ourselves with little to learn from our neighbors, concerning the building, equipment, and operation of these great highways of modern intercourse and commerce.

DRESSING THE GIRLS.

THE complaint made by certain women, and by certain men on behalf of women, that the provisions for woman's education are not equal to these for the education of men, has about as much foundation as other complaints from the same sources, and has no more. If there are any institutions for educating young men that are better furnished and more efficient than Vassar and Mount Holyoke and Rutgers, and other colleges that could be mentioned, are for the education of young women, we do not know where they are located. The public school systems of every State of the Union open to both sexes every advanced department alike; and when we come to the highest class of private schools, the provisions made for girls are incomparably superior to those made for boys. We do not know of a single boys' school in the United States that is the equal in all respects of scores, if not hundreds, of schools devoted to the education and culture of young women. The model school for young women has become already the highest achievement of our civilization.

When we bring within four walls, beneath a single roof, from fifty to one hundred young women, who from year's end to year's end are in the constant society of the best teachers that money can procure; who are instructed in every branch of learning that they may desire, and are taught every fine art for which they have any aptitude; who are feasted with concerts and readings and social reunions, and are led into every walk of culture for which their richly-freighted time gives leisure; who move among tasteful appointments, and lodge in good rooms, and eat at bountiful tables, and are subjected to every purifying and refining influence that Christian love and thoughtfulness can bring to bear upon them, we are prepared to show about as strong a contrast to the average boys' school, academy, and college, as it is possible to imagine. Yet we paint no fancy picture. It is drawn from the literal reality. There are thousands of American young women in schools like this which we describe, supported there at an expense greater by from twenty-five to fifty per cent. than the average amount devoted to young men of corresponding ages in first-class institutions. It costs from one thousand to two thousand dollars a year to support a girl at these schools—including the expense of dress—and men all over the United States, who have the means to do it, are educating their daughters in this way and at this cost. The truth is, that there are no such provisions made for men as there are for women. They are obliged to get their education in cheaper schools and in a rougher way.

It is because the education of girls is so expensive and has become so much of a burden, that we write this article. To pay for a single girl's schooling and support at school a sum which is quite competent to support in comfort a small family—a sum greater than the average income of American families—is a severe tax on the best-filled purse. It can be readily seen, however, that the school itself neither receives nor makes too much money. The extraordinary expense for many girls is in the matter of dress. It is a shame to parents and daughters alike that there are a great many young women in American boarding-schools whose dress costs a thousand dollars a year, and even more than that sum. The effect of this over-dressing on the spirit and manners of those who indulge in it, as well as on those who are compelled to economical toilets, is readily apprehended by women, if not by men. This extravagant dressing is an evil which ought to be obviated in some way. How shall it be done? America is full of rich people—of people so freshly in the possession of money that they know of no way by which to express their wealth except through lavish display. They build fine houses, they buy showy equipages, and then burden themselves with dress and jewelry. Human nature in a young woman is, perhaps, as human as it is anywhere, and so there comes

to be a certain degree of emulation or competition in dress among school-girls, and altogether too much thought is given to the subject,—to a subject which in school should absorb very little thought.

We know of but one remedy for this difficulty, and that is a simple uniform. We do not know why it is not just as well for girls to dress in uniform as for boys. There are many excellent schools in England where the girls dress in uniform throughout the entire period spent in their education. We believe that a uniform dress is the general habit in Catholic schools everywhere. By dressing in uniform, the thoughts of all the pupils are released from the consideration of dress; there is no show of wealth, and no confession of poverty. Girls from widely-separated localities and classes come together, and stand or fall by scholarship, character, disposition, and manners. The term of study could be lengthened by the use of the money that would thus be saved; and while a thousand considerations favor such a change, we are unable to think of one that makes against it. There is no virtue and no amiable characteristic of young women that would not be relieved of a bane and nursed into healthy life by the abandonment of expensive dress at school. Who will lead the way in this most desirable reform?

THE OLD CABINET.

THERE are secret drawers not a few in the Old Cabinet, but there is only one that keeps its secret from me. I have tried every devisable means of opening it without injury to the Cabinet itself, and each has failed. In vain have all the adjoining apartments been removed. Through a small hole near the top of the narrow box, darning-needles and pieces of bent wire have been thrust and twisted; but neither pushing, pressing, nor probing has been of the slightest avail. It wobbles, but slides not out.

Wimple keeps a ribbon-shop down town, and cherishes a tender passion for old furniture and relics of every kind. So when I told Wimple my trouble he gladly came to the rescue, and spent a whole morning in quest of the hidden spring. He lifted one end of the Old Cabinet out from the wall (profaning without remorse that immemorial strip of cobwebbed gloom), took a board from its back, and found no clue to the mystery. The pliant darning-needle and the crooked wire were as ineffectual in his fingers as they had been in mine.

That was a good while ago. Of late I have almost given up the search. A chisel would settle the question in a twinkling. But I have come to the conclusion that it is rather pleasant to have a mystery within hand-grasp. I am afraid that if I should some day accidentally hit upon the "open sesame," it would not be without a pang of regret. I like to dream that here hides the key to my Spanish Castle. If the daylight

should be let in—at last, instead of yellow parchments, packages of musty letters, or golden curls tied with faded blue ribbons,—I might find nothing.

This last night of December I fancy the New Year lies cuddled in the secret drawer. If such a thing were possible, would it be worth while to take it out and examine it? I wonder if I could bear the vision. I wonder if the jewel would glow with life and hope, or turn to ashes in my hand.

I suppose it is best to read the book of one's life line by line and page by page. If in *Wilfrid Cumberlande* we had foreseen, from the beginning, the terrible "taking off" of Charley—the story would have appeared utterly cruel and miserable. But reading along the pathway of the chapters, when we are led, finally, into the presence of the tragedy, we are pained but not shocked. We grasp the meaning of it all. The sunset sky is lurid, but full of unutterable glory.

Why poke and why pry!
Let the veil hang before us!—
If to-morrow we die,
To know it would bore us.

Here's to gold—and a kiss—
In a beaker o'erflowing:
But the chief earthly bliss
Is the joy of not knowing.

But I think that is rather a devilish way of putting

it. I don't think ignorance of the future is a thing to make one reckless. And there can only be joy in not knowing, when we remember that Somewhere it is every bit known.

Yes—let the dark drawer keep its secret. I don't know, though, whether I should be altogether satisfied if I thought I should never be able to find the way into it.

Theodosia! will you please lend me that darning-needle!

We dropped in on the Academy Exhibition the other afternoon—the Critic and I. I confess I was a good deal disappointed myself, although I had seen other winter Exhibitions, had heard hard things said about this, and was prepared for rather a slender show. But I think the Critic was severe. He called it a "fraud," and a "howling wilderness," and a "disgrace."

"But, my dear fellow," I protested, "you know it's not the grand exhibition. Besides, people want their pictures at home at Christmas time,—and there are the shops and the Palette. Perhaps they'll come out all right yet—'falling back for a Spring,' as Micawber said."

"Of course it isn't the grand exhibition; but it's *an* exhibition, and a sorry one too. After all, there are pictures here from many of the leading men, as well as from the rank and file; but where can you find a single fresh idea? how much honest, patient work or high and intelligent aim is there? How much advance have they made,—since they have had this Academy building, for instance?"

"As for portraits, and we're supposed to be strong in that line,—well, there are two fine things by Ames; that Rembrandt attempt isn't a failure; Ryder's 'Study' is strong and good—and what else?—Huntingtons? Pshaw! one tires of stately insipidities."

"Well—but look at that 'Shylock and Jessica!'"

"By a foreign artist!"

"What about landscape, then? See that rich, masterly Kensett—"

"Painted in 1856."

"At any rate, you recognize the merit in Miss Rose's 'Study of Flowers,' Samuel Colman's 'Sketch from Nature,' Tiffany's 'Street Scene in Algiers,' Lawrie's 'Autumn on the Hudson Highlands,' Shattuck's 'White Hills in October,' Bierstadt's 'In the Rocky Mountains,' and De Haas's 'Farragut's Fleet passing the Forts below New Orleans.' And there is Page's picture of 'Admiral Farragut's Triumphant Entry into Mobile Bay.'"

"Triumphant humbug! a peck of talent and a bushel of whim-whams; Titian with the Titian left out; affectation and 'the lamplblack of ages!'"

"Tut—tut! You forget the head of Phillips in the Spring Exhibition. I know you praised that, and I know you praised the splendid group of the Professor's

Children, and a good many things by 'the old man eloquent.' You ought to remember that, whatever *you* may think about it, there are connoisseurs English as well as American, who find more of Titian in Page than in any modern.

"As for our advance in art, I am sure there are many more and much better pictures painted now than there were twenty years ago. Suppose you pick up the magazine of the month and say, 'Pooh! Where is there any evidence here of advance since Shakspeare?'"

So I closed the mouth of my friend the Critic, and (talking very earnestly to him as we passed through the corridor) hurried him into the street, and left him waiting on the corner for a car.

"It's the old croak," said I to myself as I sauntered toward the ferry.

But is it altogether croak? Let us set the Critic the example of charity by our charity toward the Critic.

I READ the other day, in a leading literary journal of England, notices of two late American books. One of the volumes described was a series of sketches of life in a foreign land, remarkable at least for freshness, force, and grace of style, and probably unsurpassed in vivid, picturesque, and original portrayments of that life. The other volume was a collection of essays, by an acknowledged master of English, subtle and exquisite in thought and expression. Yet in the mention of neither was there evidence of the slightest appreciation of any one of its peculiar merits.

This instance is not cited for the purpose of showing that the mother country is tardy in the recognition of transatlantic talent. I do not know that that could be proved.

I merely say that the paragraphs referred to are valueless, in that their author failed to appreciate excellence. Not that appreciation of excellence is the only valuable part of criticism, and not that there are no cases where this appreciation is rendered dangerous by a lack of acuteness in the other direction. But certainly no man is competent to publicly criticise a given work of art unless he is able to comprehend its beauties as well as its defects.

First acknowledge, with Guillemin: The Sun is the life of the world. After that, you may without blame point out its spots with all possible minuteness. What right has a man to print a 'notice' of a book by Lamb or Warner, if he is capable of declaring "the author should not have attempted to be witty," or what is his criticism worth after he has printed it? "There is, in truth," Lord Houghton says, "no critic of poetry but the man who enjoys it, and the amount of gratification felt is the only just measure of criticism."

As God is the Supreme Artist, so is He the Supreme Critic. Therefore is He the Model Critic. Let us not forget that, O brothers of the pen! Does not He know our works, line and volume, the evil as well as

the good? And how would it be for us in His sight, if He looked not "largely with lenient eyes?"

But I do not forget that day when the money-changers were scourged from His temple.

THIS city is in less danger from the machinations

of rogues than from the rascality of good men. What we of the metropolis have to fear in the future is not so much the snares of knaves as the almost imperceptible daily compromises with conscience on the part of the better members of the community.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THE HEATING OF OUR HOUSES.

BETWEEN *warming* a house and "heating" it—the equivalent phrase in these days of modern improvement—lies a difference wide as that which separates health from disease, and comfort from discomfort.

In the old times of wide chimneys and ample backlogs the terms were not convertible. Houses then were never heated, and could scarcely be spoken of as warmed, save in a limited and Pickwickian sense. Stratifications of cold air lay along the floors as permanent institutions. Window-cracks and door-edges let in draughts which shivered up the spines of men, and made the candles wave and flicker; the long carpets rose in gusty lines whenever the wind blew (and it blew pretty much all the time—or seemed to), and every part of the human body, which was not immediately toasting before the blazing hickory, was conscious of a slight, invariable chill.

This condition of things, it must be confessed, was not altogether comfortable. To the young and feeble, to weak throats and delicate lungs, it was even deadly. Year by year the red flag of consumption flaunted amid winter snows, and tender lives succumbed to rigorous climate. But for sound lungs and vigorous bodies the cracks and the windy chimneys had one bracing and admirable result: they forced into everyday use that unexceptionable atmosphere, forty miles high, which, as the author of the *Out-Door Papers* tells us, "Nature is forever urging upon us—for if a pressure of fourteen pounds to the square inch is not urgency, what is?"—and which we sedulously exclude from our "improved" homes. And it is questionable whether the State does not lose more citizens by reason of unduly heated rooms and vitiated air to-day than ever it did from the imperfect building and warmth of fifty years ago.

Entering the door of one of our "comfortable" modern houses, what meets us? A puff of scorched air from a register, redolent of burning iron,—or of boiled air from a steam heater. The thermometer is standing at about 74. We advance to the parlor. There matters are even worse, for no outside cold has entered with momentary freshness. The plants in the window look yellow and forlorn. "Ominous cracks are visible here and there in the furniture—nay, a strip of ornamental veneer has actually split off from the piano and lies on the carpet. Our hostess, coming forward to greet us, is wrapped in a little shawl, and remarks that it is an awful day: that she hasn't been

out, of course, but even in the warm house has felt the cold. In effect, she looks blue and pinched. Whereat we wonder, for the room *feels* insufferably hot; but we place ourselves beside her where she sits cowering over the register, and conversation goes on with what spirit it may under these circumstances.

At the end of an hour we are surprised to find ourselves a little chilly. That is, our head is hot enough—a little too hot, perhaps—but both hands and feet are cold, and we are inclined to agree with our friend when she opines that "the girl" must have let the fire go down. But glancing at the thermometer, we stare to see that the mercury has risen instead of falling. It is now at 80°. And, after all, why should we wonder? Nature is inevitable in her retributions, and we, no less than the poor geranium in the window, must suffer the penalty of a deranged circulation when we violate her laws of temperature.

Bad enough, if this were all! One can live and be useful under the trifling discomfort of cold extremities, as our worthy forefathers sufficiently proved. But how much of life and of life's best energies, of thought, of wit, of good-humor, of aspiration, goes down through those holes in the floor into nether silence? As from some Kobold's cave, the invisible gnomes of the furnace climb, emerge, and steal from us the choicest, finest, most intangible part of ourselves. No man ever lived and worked his best in a room heated over 68°—a sentence we should like to engrave in letters of gold on the iron plate of every register and the front of every steam heater in the land from this day forth and forever.

The time may come when a perfect system of house-warming, one combining healthfulness, comfort, and economy, shall be introduced. But certain it is, we have none such now. The hot-water furnace, in which a large chamber well supplied with fresh air is heated by coils of pipe filled with boiling-water, and the warmth taken thence and diffused over the house, approached more nearly to the ideal than any other in all respects save one: it is so costly that only the most luxuriously-built mansions can afford to enjoy it. Open fires are not sufficient, except in the most moderate winter cold, to supply the artificially-stimulated demand for heat made by the human race to-day; and even in the case of that cheapest of fuels, coke, they cost more than the furnace. The big base-burning hall-stoves, which make many of our country-houses so comfortable, take room which cannot be afforded

in city entries, where each inch of space is precious. And the air-tight variety—warranted, by a good deacon who dealt in the article in the days of our youth, to burn up every bit of a noxious gas which, as he was informed, abounded in the air, and the name of which was—oxygen!—what can be said in its favor? It is best left to silence, and to that necessity on which it bases its sole claim to human toleration.

There remain, then, for the average house, only the hot-air furnace and the steam heater. Both have inseparable evils connected with them, both advantages equally inseparable. In one, abundant moisture is provided; in the other, an unfailing supply, barring accidents, of outer air. And either can be made tolerably comfortable and sufficiently wholesome only by intelligent watchfulness, by strict regulation of heat, by observation of thermometers, by periodical care of evaporators and water-pans, by renewing the air of rooms through open windows, and that perpetual vigilance which is the price of most of the good things we enjoy, and, above all, of that healthful food which we consume with our lungs, and without which we can enjoy nothing.

INDIA SHAWLS.

"If you want to look like the town poor," a lady once said in our hearing, "you have only to equip yourself with the most expensive and elegant things that are to be had—with a brocade-silk, a Leghorn bonnet, and a camels'-hair shawl."

A certain truth lurks at bottom of this laughing satire. Few things can be rustier or snuffier of effect than some of the rich old-fashioned brocades; Leghorn bonnets, being too precious to chop and change with every passing gale of fashion, are apt to look ungraceful and *passé* by their second summer; while only the experienced eye can detect the real beauty and charm of a priceless, antique-patterned, whity-gray India Cashmere.

But beauty is there for whoever will see. All Eastern fabrics and manufactures possess a positive and extrinsic charm of their own for persons of an Oriental turn of mind, simply by coming from the East. There is spell and fascination in their very quaintness; in the improbabilities and vagaries of pattern; in the dull, odd tints; the soft, flexible textures; the impress of a civilization and a life widely removed from our own. Turkey rugs, India china, Canton crapes, Chinese fans, Japanese pictures, and lacquers—odd, ugly, queer as they may be—are full of suggestions; and he who has once come under their influence and bewitchment, will choose them for evermore in preference to all the triumphs of European luxury; to Sèvres porcelain, Aubusson carpets, to the velvets of Genoa, the silks of Lyons, to buhl and marquetry and mosaic.

Especially is this true with regard to shawls. People may laugh as they will at color or pattern; may call the one hideous, the other ungraceful, and declare that, for their part, they see no beauty in them—except that conferred by price; and yet, so long as

Eastern weavers sit year in and out, tracing with brown fingers their unseen pattern, intricate, and gorgeous, and strange, so long the India shawls are sure to maintain rank as the choicest and most highly-prized wraps which female shoulders in this Western world can hope to possess.

And it is this permanence of value which makes them so well worth having. Mantillas, jackets, pale-tots, scarfs, all other shawls even, except those of the finest lace, have their day and cease to be. Cost they never so much, one year, or at utmost two or three, finds them discarded for a newer mode, and cast into the limbo of by-gone and forgotten things. But the Cashmere which has been carefully worn and kept from moth is as good at the end of twenty seasons as when first purchased. It is always in fashion, even when grandmamma's aged shoulders have transferred it to Flora's younger ones; even when fresher tints have crept slowly into the far-off manufactories whence it came, and the brown fingers which wove its texture are crumbled into dust. More than that—the dull tints have value all their own; they bespeak, as Mrs. Grundy would say, "family." And so long as the threads hold together the shawl has marketable value. Like a diamond, it is in one sense an investment—that is, you can take it whenever you like to one of the great emporiums—the *Compagnie des Indes*, in Paris, for example, or our own Stewart's or Arnold's, and receive for it a fair price, based on its original value and the more or less of wear and tear it has suffered at the hands of time.

There are many grades and varieties of the Cashmere, or, as it is sometimes called, "camels'-hair" shawl—from the *camel-goat*, of whose wool it is woven. The prices range as variously, from the superbest efforts of the loom to the "*Rampore cheddar*," which is shoddy of camels'-hair, and costs \$25 in gold, and the small narrow-bordered squares worn by young girls, which are worth from \$50 to \$100. Of the less expensive kinds there seems nothing, on the whole, so well worth having as the striped long-shawls, which are to be had of good quality for \$75, and which furnish a warm and handsome wrap for a lifetime. Of the choice grades, \$200 or \$300 will procure a fine and beautiful long-shawl, bordered all over except for a small square center. The antique patterns, which to the eye of taste are infinitely handsomer than the modern, cost a little less. The sum sounds considerable; but when one balances years and perceives how much money is annually spent in providing temporary substitutes for this one large investment, which is not only a possession but an heir-loom as well, the apparent extravagance becomes a no less apparent economy. With which contradiction we conclude.

TWO NEW PARLOR GAMES.

SITTING round the fire on a cold, stormy evening, not long since, with a party of little people who longed for a frolic, somebody proposed to "play games," which, accordingly, we did, and among the rest two

new ones, which turned out so amusing that perhaps some of the young readers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY may like to hear of, and perhaps try them.

The first was the Game of Degrees. It is a little puzzling at first, and requires rapid thinking; but, like the writing of double acrostics, when the mind once gets waked up to it the practice grows easy, and you invent so many things that you can hardly stop. It is played all up and down the room; every one goes to work at once and gives out his puzzle like a conundrum. The idea is to find a word which by some trick of pronunciation or spelling can be extended into another word, or perhaps two, which represent the three degrees of comparison—positive, comparative, and superlative. Thus somebody says, "My positive is an evil habit, my comparative is better;" every one guesses, and the words turn out to be "bet—better." Or, "My positive is always on top, my comparative is always fast, and my superlative is always successful"—which on explanation turns out to be Dec(k)—Dexter—Dexterous.

The other game is called "Artists and Critics." Slips of paper and lead-pencils must first be distributed to all present. Then each person makes a sketch at the *top* of the paper, representing anything he pleases, as ambiguously as possible, and at the *bottom* of the paper writes what he intended it for, and folds it over as in the Game of Consequences. The papers are passed to the next in turn, and each person, after scrutinizing the design, writes what he *thinks* it means, and folds that over. This goes on until the papers have made the tour of the circle, and then all are opened and read aloud,—first the real meaning of the drawing, then the guesses, which are sometimes very amusing. We recollect one picture meant to represent Napoleon as he crosses the Alps, in the Second Reader, which by a series of successive examiners was pronounced to be "Chicago in Flames," "A Madonna, or something of that sort," "A Brig in a Cyclone," and "Mrs. Connolly Burning the Vouchers." This game is very good fun; try it, dear boys and girls everywhere.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE DRAMA has again come to its rights the present winter in Paris, and other species of literary entertainment have been forced to accept a second place. Its votaries have returned to it with an eagerness that proclaims how much they have suffered on the meager food offered to them during the excitement of the past year. For the stage in France feels that it has indeed lost a year, since what little was presented in the interim seemed more like a sermon than an enlivening entertainment. But the recess appears to have given to the period now opening works of more solid worth than any which have graced the French classic stage for years. For the famous "Théâtre Français" during the last two decades has been largely influenced by the prevailing taste of the Tuileries, notwithstanding its boast, that in its love for classic purity it worships neither school nor dynasty. But it has been pretty evident to those striving for admission to these coveted boards that the "Rue Richelieu" could only be successfully reached by those who would make Musset their model and arbiter in taste.

The deep melancholy which has left its impress on the higher grade of French society now demands a drama of a more elevated order, and the frivolous light comedy, though it may be pure in sentiment and classic in rendering, has therefore been set aside for a more fitting season. A marked progress is observed among the frequenters of this greatest dramatic temple of France in regard to the *mise en scène* of many of the old classic dramas, especially those of Molière. It has been hitherto considered the highest profanity to depart in the least from the usual costuming according to the spirit of the age in which the

piece was conceived, but the present season has witnessed several marked innovations in this regard. Tartuffe, for instance, who had seemed petrified in his old-fashioned garb, has suddenly resumed his youth, and is no longer the old style of Jesuitical hypocrite. He has become a worldly abbé of the modern stamp, and quite a fashionable father-confessor; in this rejuvenated form he certainly adds to the vivacity of his style, and approaches our own epoch in interest. And as the ice is now broken in this regard, it is quite probable that such innovations will be carried still farther, and give a new phase to the hitherto very conservative and exceedingly aristocratic boards of the "Théâtre Français."

THE GERMANS are taking a great interest in the revival of some, or, indeed, of all, the great literary heroes of the past. Even the great philosopher Fichte is again speaking to his people of the present, though for a generation he has received comparatively little attention. Aside from his philosophical labors, he was an ardent patriot, and during the gloomy years of the French occupation of Germany he published his thrilling addresses to the German nation.

These discourses have always been cherished by the thinkers of the nation, as a sort of political breviary and manual for the training and encouragement of patriotism. These same thinkers still believe that the memorable deeds of 1870 owe much of their spirit to the immortal appeals of Fichte, and there has been a loud call for them in a popular shape, that they might be accessible to the German youth of the present period. This call has been responded to by no less a personage than the son of Fichte, who has

revised and annotated his father's labors and published them in a cheap form, to teach the rising generation that a great philosopher can be enthusiastic as a patriot. This newly-awakened desire to live again with the great lights of the past is showing itself in the long list of publications of many poets and scholars who have for a time been consigned to the dusty shelves of public and private collections. Several large houses are now engaged in the publication of complete collections of national literature, at a price so low that the humblest can command them, and in a few years the poorest student may have in a corner of his study his complete miniature library of all the German classics.

MUSIC IN GERMANY has received a popular impulse from the excitement of the war, but the higher grade of tone-masters complain greatly that the old idols are being sadly neglected by their former worshippers. In this spirit, the well-known composer Hiller has just published a valuable collection which he entitles *The Tone-Life of Our Times*. It is of so popular a character that many a maestro will doubtless turn up his nose at it in contempt, but the cultivated and intelligent public are receiving it with enthusiasm, not solely for its genial nature, but in the conviction that it will guide and refine popular taste, and be especially attractive to the youth of the country. It is in the form of a series of essays, with headings like these: "Too Much Music!" "Souvenirs of Bach, Rossini, Beethoven," etc., all of which are perfect masterpieces of facile and genial description.

THE GREAT CHURCH QUESTION is naturally making itself felt in the literature of the day, and this in a style more popular than ever before, to satisfy the newly-awakened interest of the masses in the great conflict that is now agitating all Germany. Rau has just published a work bearing the title, *The Papacy; its Origin, its Success, and its Fall*. It gives a very clear and succinct history of the Christian Church, from its commencement down to the present day. It treats of the character and history of the Popes with ungloved hands, as does also another work by Huber, the consort and right hand of Döllinger. This is called *The Spider of the Lateran*, and gives an interesting account of the way in which the papal spider weaves its webs for its victims. Then we have a *History of Jesuitism*, by Julius Roth, which is a very compact and clear description of the doings, present status, and aims of the order. And finally, even the famous historian Menzel has entered this field with a volume called *Rome's Injustice*. Menzel, once quite liberal, has for several years been rather reactionary in his tendency, and has thus lost favor with his liberal countrymen, but the valiant battle which he in this book makes against the demands and doings of the Jesuits will completely restore him to popular favor.

FRIEDRICH VON RAUMER is one of the most remarkable and estimable characters at present adorning the highest ranks of German literature and science. He is now over ninety years of age, and has just retired from active labors as Professor of History in the

University of Berlin, of which institution he has for very many years formed one of the principal attractions. As historical author and teacher he has no living peer in Germany. He has devoted his long life mainly to the history of the illustrious House of the Hohenstaufens, in which the old German Empire found its glory and its last long sleep, from which it has just now awakened. And this awakening inspires the old veteran to a new edition of his life-work, in which he proudly says what no other living man perhaps can say regarding his works: "Seventy years ago I began to study the history of the Hohenstaufens." And during more than two generations he has labored in this work with an unparalleled love and devotion. More than half a century ago the first volume was received with acclamation by the entire nation, and immediately took rank with the highest literary aristocracy, and made its author's name a revered one wherever the language is read. For seventy years he has cherished this darling child of his genius, and tried in each successive edition to introduce everything that was needed to make it perfect. So that the only thing that is new in this edition is its dedication to the new German Emperor, containing the patriarchal admonition that he may be inclined to study the glories and errors of the past, and profit by them to the upbuilding of a realm that may endure forever. Von Raumer has ever been a consistent liberal, and has fought many a battle for liberty in his long career. The scholars and patriots of the nation now regard his declining years with enthusiastic devotion. Thousands of the foreign students who were accustomed to visit his lecture-room remember him with great affection, and none more so than the group of Americans who formed part of his class.

"BADINGUET" is the nickname now almost universally applied to the ex-Emperor, since it has become fashionable and allowable in Paris to abuse him. And it may be pleasing to learn that his majesty came by it in rather a romantic manner. Everybody knows that after the failure of his last effort to dethrone Louis Philippe by popular revolution, this monarch imprisoned him in the Fortress of Ham in Northern France, from which he finally escaped, and in this ingenious way: The ceilings of his rooms were much in need of a plasterer, who was finally ordered one day to come and repair them. Just that day the attending physician and fellow-prisoner of the Prince announced that he was quite sick and confined to his bed, and that the plasterer could therefore only work in his study. This artisan bore the name of *Badinguet*, and was privy to a plot. In an unobserved moment the Prince and the mason exchanged characters, and while the latter crept into bed as a sick prince, the bogus Badinguet put on the clothes of the workman, placed the mortar-hod and tools on his shoulder, an old clay pipe in his mouth, and passed unsuspected across the prison court, before the trampling sentinels, out to liberty and to friends, who hastened with him in a carriage to the Belgian frontier, which they reached before the

plot was discovered. When Louis returned to Paris, years afterward, it was remembered that he was once the plasterer "Badinguet," and the epithet was applied to him furtively in the clubs and elsewhere; and now he is a dull subject who does not know who Badinguet is.

"HELP FOR CHICAGO!" greets our eyes in nearly every German journal that we now open. We on this side have heard of the work of sympathy in most of the principal cities, but the feeling extends to nearly every hamlet of the land. Chicago is known all over Germany nearly as well as it is in this country, and there is a vague idea among the poorer classes that it is a city that owes its wondrous growth to magic. They are prepared to believe any story about the charmed city that sprang in a generation from the bosom of a great marsh. And then Chicago was a fragment of the existence of nearly every German, for there is scarcely a village or hamlet in the Fatherland which had not its representative there. The simple peasantry of Europe regarded it as a Teutonic colony with its tens of thousands of Germans, and all over the land, from the Scandinavian north to the southern borders of Bavaria and Austria, there was a feeling that its domain belonged essentially to them. The patriotic action of the Germans of Chicago during the late war, in sending cheering words and bags of treasure to assist their struggling countrymen, knit the bonds still more tightly. And thus when the cry came that this great city was laid low, and especially the foreign portion of it, Germany trembled and wept as if one of her own children had been overtaken by the dire disaster. "Help for Chicago!" then became the watchword, and high and low, rich and poor, young and old, made it the work of the hour.

To those who have made the grand tour, and rested for a while in the cradle-grave of modern civilization, there is an intense interest in turning back thither their eyes to see what resurrection the new political life is doing for Rome. Not now to discuss political or ecclesiastical changes, we can look with unqualified pleasure on the activity which the explorations and excavations witness. The Italian Government has appointed Signor Rosa, so long in charge of the excavations on the Palatine, as chief superintendent of excavations for the Romagna, and given him power to excavate where he pleases in the area of the old city. He wisely began at once on the Forum Romanum, the center of Roman greatness, where since 1835 no extension has been made of the ancient area disclosed to view, except two small portions about the Column of Phocas and the Basilica Julia. When we remember that the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina stood on the northern side of the Forum, and that it probably extended to the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons on the south, those who know Rome will conjecture the amount of interest likely to be developed by the removal of the rubbish which now encumbers this classic enclosure. All this space is to be cleared away.

The works which have fitfully extended the clearing of the Baths of Caracalla are also carried on rapidly. They have already elucidated much of the mystery which rested over the uses of some of those immense chambers, and disclosed some of the machinery by which the rooms were heated, with mosaics, etc. But what will doubtless give a richer harvest of artistic interest is the clearing up of the space around the Portico of Octavia, one of the *foci* of the artistic activity of the imperial days, and one which, from its having been early covered by the debris of the devastations of Rome by the Gothic and other barbaric invaders, is more likely to have covered in and protected art-treasures than any other part of the old city. The Italian Government has bought up the houses around the Pescheria, a vile, filthy, and malarious neighborhood, and will demolish them, clearing away the rubbish of a score of conflagrations, sackings, and bombardments, little and great, down to the antique soil.

Another project, long dreamed of and once unsuccessfully tried, is the excavation of the bed of the Tiber, the depository of the treasures of Rome in every case of most imminent danger since the days of Porsenna. What mines of wealth may not be hidden there—wealth of material and of thought! A committee has been formed, at the head of which is Signor Castellani, which hopes to have the direction of this work. On hearing of this plan, Rothschild sent for Castellani, to manifest his interest in it, saying, in the laconic way of the men who can do what they will, "My money-chest is at your disposal, only I wish to have to do simply with you." When one thinks of what may be hidden in the bed of that river, from the sack of Brennus to the day of the Constable Bourbon; of the most precious things thrown in hot haste from the bridges and walls, lest the invader might be enriched thereby; the images of the gods and the caskets of inestimable antique value; the seven-branched candlestick and the sacred vessels of the pagan gods, the most torpid imagination must kindle with the thought of what a few years will add to the archaeological and artistic interest of the Eternal City.

THERE is a curious incident in the history of early German art, in the bringing together of two pictures reputedly by Holbein in the Dresden exhibition of that artist's pictures. It would seem that the famous Madonna of the Dresden Gallery has a replica at Darmstadt which challenges the Dresden picture to a trial of title. Each picture has a clique which swears to the genuineness of its favorite, and the critical world is divided. Several of the foremost Dresden artists have finally made a pronunciamiento recognizing the Darmstadt as the original, but claiming the Dresden picture as a replica by the master himself, although inferior in execution of details—the point which is perhaps the most perfectly characteristic of Holbein, whose painting of details was *par excellence* his most distinguishing feature. The claim is based on the difference in the design, and a superior beauty and expression of

the head to those of the Darmstadt picture. That is to say, the picture is claimed to be by the master because it is better in some respects, and worse in others, than a picture admitted to be his by all the disputants. Does it not rather indicate that an artist whose name is unknown in relation to this work, has produced a work in the vein of Holbein, which, while it lacks his firm, precise, and masterly handling, has given more of the essentials of art, and who, perhaps following him, is lost entirely to fame? The history of art is full of such surmises, some at last proved, of works which have been the only evidence preserved of the existence of the masters; as, in later times, when the facility of recording facts has kept many from oblivion, which, without printing, would have been lost, instances have become known of painters who have caught the manner of men of high repute so well that their pictures pass current for years as the work of the known men, while their real authors are never heard of. There are two pictures exactly alike in the possession of one of the cities of Holland, one by Massys, the other either by him or a copy of the original by some other painter, for the original of which a large price has been offered by an English collector, when it shall be ascertained which of the two it is, which the owners thus far have been unable to do, the copy having an inconsiderable value, although in every inherent quality it is indistinguishable from the true canvas. How far this result would obtain if either of the two so-called Holbeins were to be discovered to be the work of an unknown man, it is impossible to say, as neither of them is in the market; but that, despite all the superior beauty and art of the Dresden picture, it would lose value immensely in the eyes of its possessors, if it were discovered to be, by a man of little repute, there is no doubt. So much of the value of a work of art is merely autographic, that, on a moderate estimate, the work of the great artists would merely bring one-tenth their present value were they, by the discovery of a monogram hitherto unseen, found to be the productions of men we have never learned to reverence. A curious case of this occurred in the exhibition of pictures of deceased masters, held by the Royal Academy of England last winter. A picture, believed by the owner to be a Turner, was exhibited in a place of honor, received the most unqualified praise of leading critics, and was held of great value, being currently accepted as an excellent example of the master. Before the exhibition had closed it was known to be an imitation by a man whose name was unknown to the public. Pyne, the English landscape painter, was a most dexterous imitator of the old landscape painters, and once painted an imitation Ruysdael, which he sold as such. A few years later he was asked by a dealer to come and see a fine Ruysdael in his possession, and recognized in it his old imitation. He assured the dealer of the origin of the picture, and proved to him by concealed marks that

he had painted it, notwithstanding which it was still held and finally sold as a Ruysdael.

How much, then, of our love of art is personal to the painter—due to the effect of an imaginative presence of the man in his work, and how much is genuine artistic passion, and how much less still love of nature, which is the book of art! An artist, to be judged fairly and honestly, must go incognito, not like Haroun al Raschid, to hear his praises said to his face by those unknowing to whom they speak, but being seen and known as some other unknown, be judged by his work and not by himself. And such is the intelligence of even the most highly educated communities, that, once a man is dead and unable to testify to his own work, there is no collective opinion that is worth having, no public that would not find a supposed Raphael great, and an unrecognized one foolish and affected.

This is one of the penalties Art pays for its very subtlety and the undemonstrability of its usefulness. What can be measured and weighed we can measure and weigh the equivalent for; but those subtlest refining agencies, without which no life is complete and no society civilized, have no value more than sunshine and the air—no care can produce the elements that favor their growth, and no pecuniary compensation produce them. When the soil and climate seem most adverse they spring into a blooming existence, and when court and fashion gather round them they wither and become perverted, and the only compensation they have is that of becoming the instruments of unappreciating pride, whose fostering care is death. Painters sometimes are in fashion, but true art never is. The autographic is the real element of popularity—the admiration of the prophet, not the merit of the revelation.

THE POLES are taking to the study of Dante, although the genius of the two nations is so unlike that one could scarcely look for a love for the "divine singer" among the cold Slaves of the North. But genius in its inmost nature is cosmopolitan, and therefore the gifted minds of every nation take an equal share of interest in its labors and creations, with no question as to what zone they originate in. And thus a famous Polish scholar has just given to the world a series of lectures on the *Divina Commedia*. The primary intention of Kraszewski has been to lead his countrymen into the labyrinths of the creations of Dante, and he does this with great enthusiasm and a perfect knowledge of his subject. He takes the stranger kindly by the hand, and in a labor of love leads him into a mighty Cathedral, whose wealth of images at first confuses, but in whose aisles the thoughtful traveler with so proficient a guide soon learns to distinguish the forms, colors, and characteristic beauties of the magnificent edifice. The learned author enters into a very interesting discussion of the sources of Dante's inspiration.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

WILLIAM HUNT'S PICTURES.

THE trite wisdom of a proverb has sometimes an allegorical under-current which is long undiscovered. "Truth lies at the bottom of the well," we say, and never ask if the words mean more than that truth is hard to get at. But looking down to the very bottom of the deepest wells, what do we see? Stars at noon-day!

Then comes the realist, and says: "The stars are visible only at night; of course their light is extinguished by the greater light of the sun: I never saw a star at noonday in all my life."

"No, but don't you wish you could?" retorts Turner, or any other master who has seen down to the truth.

We thought of these things while looking last month at the exhibition of William Hunt's pictures in Boston. Mr. Hunt has never before exhibited a collection. We have had single pictures of his, or twos or threes, announced by no flourish, and in too many cases hung in juxtaposition with pictures whose very neighborhood was sufficient to make solemn significant simplicity look, to the careless eye, like common-place insignificance. We do not hear larks sing while the circus-band is going by at full blast. Hence it has come to pass that William Hunt's work is not known as it should be; only the reverent few, who, loving art enough to understand its mission, hold it separate from French looking-glass and the multiplication table, know that America has no other painter of whose works she is more sure to be proud a hundred years hence.

The first and leading characteristic of Mr. Hunt's work is simplicity. The second is not easily designated by a single word or phrase: it is a mixture of pathos and tenderness, a solemn recognition of the unutterable significance of all life, all humanity.

These are qualities which it needs no knowledge of the technics of the painter's art to feel. These are qualities which make themselves felt. When the realistic critic comes, saying: "This woman's foot is too long. That boy's leg is impossible," we reply, if we are brave enough: "I don't care. That woman is alive. She is waiting in just the same resigned hopelessness with which I myself have waited for what did not come. She is my sister. I love her. As for that naked boy, he is my own baby just out of the bath. I have seen him stand a thousand times in just that eager, upreaching attitude, with his little legs curiously twisted. I am very sorry if, as you say, the bones in the legs are all wrong. But there are manikins next door which have every bone, tendon, muscle in accurate place. You can look in there for legs. I shall stay here." Then when the critic goes on: "This color is not permanent; these pigments and methods are not legitimate," we lose temper, and say: "Go to! Is it a cement of which you are in

search? Our family tomb in Mt. Auburn is floored with one warranted to last till the day of judgment. Here is the maker's card. We wish, for the sake of our great-great-grandchildren and their descendants, that Mr. Hunt's colors were permanent. So far as we are concerned they are; for not till our dying day shall we forget the desolate pain of the dark folds in which his Hamlet is wrapped. But, by the way, how know you in one hour that a color is not permanent? Come to us—wherever we are—a hundred years hence, and tell us that this Hamlet has ceased to be the picture of broken-hearted loneliness, and we will believe you, perhaps. As for 'legitimate,' it is a brave word, useful in courts. But the father's blood and the mother's blood in son's cheeks blazes it to scorn. Art as well as wisdom is known of her children." "And it is absurd to call these pictures works," goes on the critic. "Why not frankly call them sketches, when they are evidently done in such haste, left so unfinished?"

Now we are quieter, and reply, pityingly: "Call them by any name you like, O man of rule and compass and crucible. We might quarrel as to the definition of the word 'works,' perhaps: only one thing is certain of a man's 'works,' *i. e.*, that they will 'follow him,' whether they be good or whether they be evil." Painted in one day, or in two, it is very likely that some of these pictures have been. Many of Titian's, of Veronese's, of Velasquez's were. Thank God that a true picture can be, since life is so short and pictures so rare!

But do you remember what Ruskin said when he looked over the shoulder of a "conscientious young artist," working away for the twentieth or thirtieth day over a copy of one of Veronese's great paintings: "My poor fellow, if you can't do it in an afternoon you can't do it in a lifetime."

Meantime here hang the pictures—calm, silent, untouched by the praise or by the blame. Sensitive souls to whom they really speak are aware, on entering the room, of a sense of peculiar stillness in the atmosphere, like the hush which is in a lonely wood. It is here as it is there, the crowding of subtle presences which all address themselves to no mere physical sense.

Here is a picture of an infant boy, reaching up towards a butterfly higher than his head. The boy is naked; from his left hand trails a little white garment; his right hand is lifted to the utmost height to which his arm can reach: is the palm downwards? Is he trying to "catch" the butterfly? No, by no means. He is an infant; he is Faith, Hope, Love; he is only waiting for the butterfly to come to him. It is when we are old that we go out to "catch" butterflies with hasty grasping fists, or with a blue net at end of our staff.

His little palm upward—every finger stretched in invitation and eagerness and trust, there he stands, as

beautiful as one of Raphael's cherubs on the Farnesina ceiling, and with a far deeper spiritual significance. The butterfly is of clear vivid yellow, and is relieved by the dark foliage of a tree under which the child stands. Our last sight of this picture was in the late twilight. The background and the tree were blended into an indistinct mass of black shadow; but the butterfly shone out bright and clear in the darkness, like a lamp from a window.

Then there is another picture of a poor working-woman asleep in a chair, with her baby asleep on her breast. How know we that it is a working-woman? Ah, that is one of the subtle revelations of which we speak. There are no accessories to thrust it into our notice. We see no poverty-stricken apartment—no rags: against a solid dead gold background, which might serve as well for the picture of a crowned king's slumbers, there sleep the mother and child. But the record of a life of labor, the dull, heavy rest of accustomed fatigue, the lack of cheer even for dreams, all are in their faces. The pathos of the picture is unutterable: it fills every fold; it is the tone of every tint; the dull grays and reds of the very garments are tired and sad, and will wake to labor.

Of the Hamlet we have already spoken. It is a picture which demands longer study and closer analysis than we could give it there, or can give it here. It is, as is Shakespeare's Hamlet himself, an interpretation of a great spiritual idea, a rendering of a type. This is to be said of all true and masterly characterization in any art. We give names because the generation asks signs. But narratives are of no moment. Hamlet is Hamlet, not because the King of Denmark had a son, but because treachery is, and loneliness is, and despair and madness and broken hearts must be. These are in William Hunt's picture of Hamlet, in Hamlet's face, in the gray and white and black of the desolate sky—in the black of the cloak—in the iron and stone of the walls of the parapet where he walks—in the bit of chain which swings in the wind. Would a desperate and wretched man wrap himself in a bright Andalusian mantle to pace up and down on this night? No. But we want a bit of scarlet in this picture. Titian himself often employed the questionable device of a meaningless red cloth flung out of a window to light up a dark corner of a picture. The red was glorious, no doubt; yet, what business had the cloth? It was, after all, borrowing from the "property-man." But how do we find the needed red in this dark night where Hunt's Hamlet is walking? Two palace windows in the background, ablaze with lights; a stream of red glow pouring out, even to the very ground, from the room where other men whose hearts are not broken, whose brains are not crazed, are dancing and making merry.

This is alive. This is universal. This is art rendering life, rendering nature. If William Hunt had never painted another picture besides this, this would stamp him as a master.

But there is in this room a marvelous variety of

subject. We have not time even to mention the pictures by name: there are, perhaps, fifty in all. Many of them rough charcoal sketches, but all bearing the impress of the same simplicity, significance, sadness. Music has many keys, but we know Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, in all.

There is a bit of forest caught in its first spring-time green: no tops to the trees; of course, if you are in a forest and look across it, you look midway between root and top-branch of the trees; and this was one of the early days when birch-leaves, if you touch them, curl like cobwebs, and there is golden dust of myriad catkins in the air.

There is a brave fellow at work in a quarry—not hammering—looking up—but the stroke, and the ring, and the purpose are there; there also is the pathetic silence of strong stone. Ah, the lesson of a quarry,—of the hewn, and the unhewn and the bawler!

There is a charcoal picture of a moonlit balcony, with a look of a cloister about it. And on the edge, two owls nestled close side by side, with their heads resting lovingly on each other. They are only owls, but they look as if they loved like lovers and purled like kittens. There is a woman, spinning, spinning, who is mingled fairy, fate, and grandmother. There is a group of poor peasant children feeding their poorer donkey; there is a sheet full of filmy butterflies; there is a picture of a bit of road leading away among some trees—only the commonest of woods, only the commonest of trees; why does it so hold the eye, and set the heart instantly into half-conscious conjecture?

There is an old woman driving her pig through the forest; you laugh, for it looks like a pig leading an old woman; as must all true pictures of that obstinate animal.

There are two little beggar children sitting in an old stone doorway, eating soup from a bowl between their knees. They who think Mr. Hunt's effects easily and hastily produced would do well to study the background of this picture, and to fancy the scene changed by the addition of one single point of sharper color.

There is a full-length portrait of a young woman in a simple white gown with a red sash. She is standing out of doors, fastening a new daisy into her hat. She is looking down at that, and her face is half turned away. It is the picture of her as she passed by some morning.

"I will tell you my idea of a portrait," said Corot: "Let a person walk slowly through an open door, about ten feet away from you; let him pass and repass a few times; then if, after he has gone, you can paint the image which he has left in your brain, you will paint a portrait. If you sit down before him, you begin to count his buttons."

This was extravagant; but its extravagance is only the overflow of a truth!

"Because you see, you are blind," said another master. And the Divine Master of all: what said he? "Having eyes, ye see not; and having ears, ye hear

not." For three thousand years the world has gone on believing that these words meant to reproach those who did not sufficiently use their eyes and their ears. Why not to reproach those who use nothing but their eyes and their ears? The satire is sharper, the truth deeper, the lesson more needed. Perish the race and name of that man who first set us to counting our toes and fingers, and told us we had *five* senses. We have five million, and we are blind, and deaf, and crippled if we omit to use one of them.

Of Wm. Hunt's portraits, and of him as a portrait-painter, there is not now room to speak. It will be plain from what has been here said of his works wherein would lie and whence would come his greatest success in portraits, and whence, also, might come great failure. Neither is this any attempt to speak of him as a painter, in the limited sense of the words "painter" and "paints." Of color, considered as pigment, the world does not know much; for method, considered as mechanism, the world cares little. Of colors which are revelation, of methods which interpret, the most ignorant can become aware, and the world will never cease to be glad.

SANTLEY.

It is worthy of remark that the best singer of Italian music which an unusually prolific season has presented us is an Englishman. It would be difficult to find a more thorough master of the simplest and purest, and therefore the most effective school of vocalism, than Mr. Santley, who came here with the company of artists known as the "Dolby Troupe." He was identified with most of the recent operatic triumphs in London, and was known to us only by report as one of the popular lyric artists at the Drury Lane Theater. His appearance in New York was as a singer of English songs in a ballad company. He was, however, recognized immediately as a musician of fine culture, possessing a remarkable voice and a chaste, manly style sufficient to distinguish him above all the singing contemporaries of his sex who were then with us. The charm of Mr. Santley's vocalism was not wholly due to his exceptional voice, which is a baritone of over two octaves compass, as suave and tractable throughout as any tenor, and imbued in every tone with a ringing virile sonority that takes the sense as does extraordinary masculine beauty of face or form, but in great measure to the exquisite method with which he employed it. He sang here a number of nights with Miss Edith Wynne, a clever but not brilliant soprano, who has considerable reputation in England for her execution of Welsh ballads, and Mme. Patey; but owing to the want of distinct character in the entertainments, or perhaps to the absence of anything like "sensationalism," the company was overshadowed by other and louder attractions. During this visit, Mr. Santley alone, of all the troupe, commanded the unqualified admiration of critical judges, for reasons which we have already stated. When the company, after a short tour, returned to the city and interspersed Italian music of a declamatory character in its entertainments, we began to perceive

more accurately wherein the baritone excelled and wherein he was deficient. Probably no troupe of singers ever before appealed to a New York audience in the concert-room with so much vocal power and so little declamatory art. Not one of these artists possessed the ability to color the passionate music presented with sufficient dramatic force. In delicacy of phrasing, purity of intonation, correctness of emphasis, and execution of difficult musical feats they showed themselves vocalists of no mean accomplishments, and Mr. Santley more distinctly than any of them. His singing of "The Stirrup Cup" and Handel's quaint and charming song "O, Ruddier than the Cherry" renewed the robust English character of those compositions. It was a positive delight to hear him. His ringing tones seemed at times the unforced emanations of a splendid physique; yet they scarcely ever touched us with the potency of passion. They were never fraught with the intensity of the singer's feelings. The beautiful aria from "Don Sebastian"—"O, Libona"—was never so smoothly and suavely sung, and the scena from "Zampa" proved conclusively how perfect a master Mr. Santley was of all the vocal graces of utterance. But this rigid musical excellence filled the ear without touching the feelings, and Mr. Santley created no enthusiasm, because he possessed none. It is probable that New York will yet hear him in Italian opera. Negotiations to that end are already in progress. He has a large repertoire, and it was only last season that he added to it the extremely difficult *role* of "The Flying Dutchman," and did more than even the London management to save that heavy Wagnerian work from failure by his admirable execution of the exacting music. When he appears in opera here, it will be found that his vocalism, as in the concert-room, is superb, but that his dramatic power is inadequate to the creation of any popular excitement.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.*

Real Folks, though not one of the most elaborate of Mrs. Whitney's works, belonging rather to the series of her stories for young people than to her novels, is yet, in some respects, the ripest, as it is the latest, of her productions. It is one of her finest characteristics, that her stories for the young, simple in construction and in style as they are, and interesting to the class for whom they are written, merely as tales, all contain matter to instruct and inspire the wisest and maturest minds and hearts. Beneath the pleasant and easily traversed surface, there are mines of moral and spiritual experience which reward the working of all who are competent to explore them. For, above all things, Mrs. Whitney is in earnest, and never writes without a serious and profound purpose. Her books are "real" books—coming out of genuine convictions, and solid and patient experience. She writes because she has something to say. She is no idle echo of public

* *Real Folks*—by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney—Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

sentiment, or imitator of other models, but an original voice, crying out of the depths of native feeling, or declaring the observations of a direct vision. In this respect she shares the claims of the poet,—a maker, not the refashioner of things made. She brings to her day and generation the fresh, first-hand convictions of a deeply penetrative, highly reflective, and constitutionally spiritual mind, and, above all, of a mind in sympathy with actual life. She needs not to go apart and make a sphere in an ideal world, or among a select class of persons, or for those in a special condition, but finds in the every-day life of every-day people, without regard to age, sex, condition, circumstances, the materials and the illustrations and the objects of her labors.

There are those who amuse and cheer and soften their race, by furnishing it with galleries of human portraits, each selected for some humorous, eccentric, or extravagant quality, on which their whole personality is made to turn, so that all the graces, foibles, and oddities of life, in a picturesque and heightened form, are made, as in a masked ball, to dance before the beholder's eye. Dickens is the very head of this class, and he has done noble service in broadening the sympathies of the race, and in cheering toil with his exquisite powers of amusement. But Dickens was really an actor, and his works are a portable theater set up in a million homes, to entertain and delight the leisure of over-worked and often secluded and ill-provided persons. But it is doubtful if anybody ever learned much from him in respect to the real nature of human life, or the serious personal problems of his own being. The theater does not aim to instruct but to entertain,—without injuring, but also without improving the heart. It is a high function to amuse innocently and refreshingly the human race, and blessed is the memory and great the genius of those who have largely succeeded in that line. There is another class of writings in which life is drawn just as it is, without caricature or excess,—with a faithful regard to the balance of faculties that make up every human being, and with a consciousness that nothing can be more interesting to humanity than to see even ordinary people living and acting and talking just as they do in real life, in the pages of the novelist. But this class of novels of real life has seldom proposed to itself anything beyond the wholesome entertainment of society, with perhaps some side view exhibiting the perils of too much sensibility, or too little will, or too great devotion to fashion, or too quick confidence in strangers. Mrs. Jane Austen is, by a great remove, above all who have succeeded in this line.

But there is no aspiration, no great sense of any possible improvement of society, no considerable depth of spiritual insight, in her admirable and charming books. They are very much confined to ever-living portraits of the gentry and better class of people in English county society. They awake no new consciousness, stimulate no slumbering spiritual ambition, widen nobody's horizon, do not raise the common into

a fresh significance, and could hardly be expected to animate and change for the better any person's life and character. The highest that can be said for them is, that while they have ever been, for their truth to nature, their wit and humor, and the purity and grace of their style, the admiration of the best judges—of men like Scott, Hallam, and Macaulay—they contain not a line that morality could wish to blot, and not a sentiment that could pollute or take the freshness from the most innocent soul.

There is a third class of novelists of whom our generation is happily prolific, that aim at something positive and directly useful; who seek to entertain for the purpose of instructing, and not merely in manners, or in conventional morals and proprieties, but in respect to the highest and holiest themes; to clear up the problem of life, not only in its external but its internal factors; to give trial and temptation their due as teachers; to present encouragements to struggling virtue, and warnings to successful vice; but above all to arouse the common soul of humanity to a sense of the significance of nature and society, and toil and domestic relations, and all the providential circumstances of our mortal lot.

This class of writers of fiction is now busy, with the aid, and sometimes in the shape, of poets, in unveiling to this generation the value, the meaning, the moral and divine depth of ordinary life. Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* is the link that binds the novelists and the poets of our generation together in a spiritual tie. Mr. Owen Meredith's *Lucile* is a novel in verse, and full of bright and wise as well as some wicked and foolish things; but it is a novel of "class," of romantic and extravagant character—and if it instructs at all, it is not the homely and the ordinary, not the human and universal soul that it reaches.

Miss Evans, Miss Muloch, Mrs. Stowe, Macdonald, Mrs. Whitney, and Mr. Edward Everett Hale belong to the class of writers of modern fiction whose ends and aims are as serious and direct as if they were moralists or preachers by profession. And we are very much disposed to think Mrs. Whitney has claims to be considered the most satisfactory representative of the class. She has not the scholarship, passion, and dramatic power of Miss Evans; the intelligibility and progressive story-telling skill of Miss Muloch; the artistic perfection and exquisite music of Mrs. Stowe, nor her varied humor, sustained pathos, and finished characterization; she has not Macdonald's fullness, intensity, and vigor, although much more like him than any of the others we have named; nor has she Mr. Hale's realism and power of making the most incredible things seem as true as plainest matters of fact. Mr. Locke, with his moon-story, must have been Mr. Hale's prototype when he wrote his *Brick Moon*, but we should much sooner hope to escape from Mr. Locke's toils than from any hoax Mr. Hale attempted to fasten upon us! Only, Mr. Hale always hoaxes people into the practice of virtue, and leaves them genuine, in spite of his counterfeit means of instruc-

tion. But if Mrs. Whitney is less in vigor of genius, or in special attributes, than one or two of the writers we have named, she has a steady loftiness and high spirituality of powers and qualities which no one of them possesses, and a gift and quality strictly her own.

In purity of moral judgment, in absolute freedom from ethical mistakes, we would trust Mrs. Whitney before any of these writers. She not only has the clearest vision of what is right, but the most adhesive purpose in working out the retributive elements in her characters. Rhadamanthus could be more easily bribed than Mrs. Whitney to condone real offenses against moral law. There is a fearful looking for of judgment which the readers of her stories learn to tremble with as they watch the fate of her characters! But this moral severity—the stern climate in which all high natures must dwell—is not the conventional acerbity of inexperienced virtue, the rigor of a prude, the cruelty of those who have not passion enough to know what temptation means for those who fall below themselves under the assaults to which rich and powerful emotions expose them. It is more like the severity of the Master himself, who pities while he condemns, and lifts up with his rebuke. There is a tonic and pungent morality in Mrs. Whitney, which in these loose literary times is like sal volatile in a heated and air-poisoned ball-room. She has suffered no relaxing in her moral fibers from the enfeebling sentimentality of much of mannish women's and womanish men's writings, in these days of irresolute will and unsettled convictions.

And doubtless the reason of this is her essential spirituality. That is to say, she lives in direct vision of the real things. God, heaven, angels, truth, reality are not distant and second-hand, but immediate and positive objects of experience, of spiritual sight. This will seem a bold assertion only for those who have themselves no direct vision of spiritual things. For the carnal mind seeth not the things of the spirit!

But Mrs. Whitney, having vision, sees the invisible: and those who have themselves seen it, see that she sees it, and feel neither spiritual pride nor mock modesty in claiming the right to declare what can only be confirmed by a like experience. Let those who do not realize this simply note the fact, and ask themselves if their spiritual senses are not closed.

The best thing to be said of Mrs. Whitney's spirituality is that it is so real and genuine; that it comprehends the outward world and the life that now is, not as a foreign and unrelated fact or substance, but as a constituent part of itself. If the body requires a soul, the soul requires a body—and God has given the human soul not merely one body, but several,—its flesh and blood, its domestic kinship, its social relationships, its environment in external nature, its perfect cosmos; and these bodies—like the Chinese balls within balls, all made of one original solid substance, and cut and carved in strict connection with each other, with loopholes from the very center out, and from the outer-

most rind in to the heart—are all planned and constituted to make man know himself, his race, his Maker, and the universe. There is nothing common nor unclean in itself; there is no voice without signification! Matter is as great a mystery as mind, if it be not its other side. And so Mrs. Whitney is not the least ghostly, or other-worldly, or ascetic, or withdrawn, or indifferent to the present world, or its ordinary pursuits and pleasures. She has the very opposite of a morbid, over-righteous, sanctimonious, or pietistic spirit, while profoundly religious and worshipful in faith and feeling.

Real Folks, in its very title, is a clue not only to the story it names, but to all Mrs. Whitney's writings. She is looking for the *real* behind the apparent; for the moral and spiritual substance of life under the shadows of things. And every *real* man or woman, independent of outward circumstances, belongs to her aristocracy. She thinks and feels under no tyrannical scepter of circumstances and conventions. Honest will, unselfish feeling, devotion to others' good, aspiration toward God and duty; above all, the *inner sense* of life, its meaning, sacredness, and true wealth—these make true manhood, true womanhood, and every person partaking these traits belongs to her fellowship of "real folks."

There is not much more story to *Real Folks* than belongs to everybody's experience. The events are trivial and commonplace—purposely so. To go out of the common way to find her characters or incidents would be to abandon the very idea of her books, which is to elevate and interpret the common, to show heroism in vulgar circumstances, insight in humble eyes, great meaning in little things, and real greatness in people in low stations.

It would be a pleasure to speak of the finely-drawn—that is not the word—the admirably suggested characters in *Real Folks*. Mrs. Whitney does not *draw* characters. She feels them, and makes the reader feel them by subtle means,—by what they do, or briefly say, and rarely, especially of late, by painstaking analysis.

Like Rembrandt painting in the midst of Dutch fogs, and painting just and only what he saw in vivid contrast of strong shade and lights high only by reason of the general darkness,—but ever giving the innermost significance of faces, scenes, trees,—Mrs. Whitney does not outline her characters, but seizes the heart of them, and then, by a few touches of light and shade, places them in a perspective, often powerfully foreshortened, which is as characteristic of her manner as Rembrandt's own of his. She has an eye for color rather than for form—and specially for the gleam of jewels and the glint of light. Her characters emit light, and shine themselves by a sudden flash into the apprehension of the beholder. They speak, too, in dark sayings which, like amber rubbed, give out perfume and power. There is much to hold the reader in pity and sometimes mystic sentences, which are the very core of the speaker's heart. Mrs. Whitney is doubt-

less obscure to many, but it is the obscurity of depth and fullness, like that of parables and sacred aphorisms and things that require the hearer's heart close to the speaker's mouth, to be understood.

We regard Luciarion as one of the most admirable in that long list of characters drawn from New England 'help,' which Mrs. Whitney is never willing to leave out of her books. And as nobody makes them so well, we are never tired of them. Luciarion is a marvel of goodness and greatness of soul, of mother-wit and sacred insight, of heroic courage and originality of purpose and character, and a style of utterance clear as a trumpet and short and sharp as a battle-charge. She routs all obstacles and is *sans peur et sans reproche*—a true Joan of Arc in the humble life and a servant's position. Dear Miss Craydocke reappears in her modest boldness, everybody's busy friend without ceasing to live her own life; the type of the woman who expects nothing for herself, and finds everything by doing everything for everybody—herself with a milk of human kindness in her that thunder-storms cannot turn. Of Desire and Hazel and Mrs. McGilp and Uncle Oldworthy and Mrs. Ripwinkle and Kenneth we dare not begin to speak, they are so interesting each in a different way. For we wish to add to this already over-long notice the special charm for us in *Real Folks*. Mrs. Whitney has grappled with the difficulties of young-lady life; the servant-question; the love problem, as modern days present it, in many previous stories. But in this she gives a bold stroke at the gravest of all questions for practical Christians—the question of obviating the moral and intellectual and social inequalities of life by a direct heroic contact between the rich and the poor, the pure and the impure, the fastidious and the reckless and coarse. She evidently feels that little good can be done to the lower and dangerous classes by associations, public charities, in short by any kind of deputy work. It is "real folks" that are wanted, individual hearts and souls, burning with sympathy and love, and who value so much more the possibilities and inherent aptitudes of humanity than they dread and recoil from its coarseness and ugliness and squalor, that with unfeigned interest, and even joy, they can really live in the midst of what repels ordinary mediocre Christian folks (who are not "real" folks), and work miracles of reform, and discover in the dirt and bring from the gutter diamonds and rubies—folks just as "real" as themselves. That luxury and comfort and fastidious tastes and artificial disgusts weaken or pervert modern philanthropy, and render most of its richly endowed charities of feeble usefulness, is very certain. Mrs. Whitney touches the quick with her lancet. She shows that she feels more than she now expresses upon this point, and has perhaps only opened in *Real Folks* a vein which she means to work deeply by and by. We welcome her into this new and hardly opened road; and we give *Real Folks*, as the avant-courier of a perhaps fuller and more deeply laden work upon this critical theme, our most cordial and grateful welcome.

"OVERLAND."

"CAN there be," and "will there be a good novel which is truly American?" are questions which critics have often discussed, and have usually dismissed with a supercilious negative. Mr. De Forest himself, we remember, expressed some years ago, in one of his uncommonly clever essays in *The Nation*, much doubt whether it would be done in the course of this century. He must have been at that time strangely unaware of his own latent power, perhaps of his own purpose. He has given us in this year two good novels, both so vividly, so clearly American, that it is safe to say no one but an American could have written them. To be sure, each is strongly sectional, in geography of plot and in tone of coloring; but they are none the less genuinely American for all that. There are as yet many Americas. Probably there always will be; and it is the overrating of the bearing of this condition on the future American novel which has created the misgiving as to its probability. But it seems illogical. Nobody disputes that a faithful picture of Devonshire people has as good a right as one of Regent Street and London Terrace to be called a picture of English life. So with *Overland* and *Kate Beaumont*. In the latter we have the incongruities, the crimes and the virtues, the brutalities and the elegancies of the Southern United States; in *Overland* we have the intense dramatic movement, the horror, the grandeur, the playing with lives for stakes, of the Pacific Coast. Each atmosphere is defined, real, from first to last; there is not a dull page, not a flagging paragraph; many of the scenes are described with a fire, a resonant sound, which are masterly. Mr. De Forest has gained an artistic power of which his earlier stories gave very little promise.

The characterization in *Overland* is most successful. The civilized villain "Coronado," and the brutal villain "Texas Smith," are admirably drawn. There are many close shadings, fine psychological discriminations in these two portraits. "Aunt Maria" is delicious; and so is "Sweeny," the Irish recruit, whose loyalty to his commanding officer does not fail even in presence of one of the most terrible dangers, that of starvation in a wilderness.

"It's as aisy talkin' right as talkin' wrong," retorted Sweeny; "ye've no call to grunt the curritch out av yer betthers. Wait till the liftinant says die."

As for Mr. De Forest's heroines, they are always of one type. We are tempted to think that he does not believe in the possibility of a clever woman's being lovable or loving. His heroines are simply tall little girls in long clothes; artless, affectionate, sweet, but singularly unintellectual. They never say anything which is not directly emotional; they never do anything except make some man love them—it must be granted they do that effectually; they love very heartily in turn, and one has a strange sort of liking for them all through; perhaps they are the most comfortable sort for every-day life. Mr. De Forest evidently thinks so. But, as artistic creations, they

amount to very little; as central interests or even foremost figures in a narrative, they would be utter failures. They must be caught up and borne along by a great deal of action, of machinery, aside from all which is of necessity involved in their own existence. Clara on the "Overland" journey affords excellent points for Thurstane's development and behavior, because he loves her; she is in danger—he must protect her. Of Clara at home, for two hundred winter evenings, we confess we think even Thurstane might weary.

Mr. De Forest has still to guard against a tendency to the sensational. The poisoning episode near the end of this story only weakens and retards the denouement, and is poorly worked up in itself. This is the one fault in the plot. But it is a minor one, and easily overlooked in the interest inspired by the main narrative. If Mr. De Forest continues for the next ten years to make as steady advance as he has for the last—if he gives us, some day, a novel as much better than *Overland*, as *Overland* is than his earliest stories—it is not too much to say that he will take place among the foremost novelists, and we may forgive him for ceasing to be an essayist.

"MY WIFE AND I."

THE instinct of preaching seems to have been as hereditary in the Beecher family as the instinct of comb-building in a bee-hive. All the men preach. All the women preach; though their sermons are called by some other name. Mrs. Stowe's last is called *My Wife and I*; or, *Harry Henderson's History*.

The text, if it had had one, would have been, "Oh, young man, look well to the paths of thy feet, that they carry thee not into the houses of worldly maidens; but if it must be that thou marry one of the daughters of Heth, from Fifth Avenue, see to it that she shall be one who can content herself in Greenwich street and paper her own dining-room."

Not that the sermon is without sentiment. There are many passages of genuine feeling, healthful tenderness; many episodes where simple manliness and affectionate womanliness are well pictured and well taught: but the flavor of the book as a whole is of the outer rather than of the inner life. At the end we take leave of Harry Henderson and Eva Van Arsdale, fairly launched on the voyage of life, with a sense of entire satisfaction, and unimpeachable confidence in their future; but it is much as if one, having seen friends off by steamer, had come back from the wharves, and looked in to say, concisely, "All right. Barometer rising steadily. Wind S. by S. S. W. Copper-bottomed; three compartments; coaled and provisioned for two months. Make yourself easy."

All the romance, all the idealization, all the color of the narrative are in the first chapters, which tell the story of the "child-wife." These are sweet and touching. It is always in her simplest stories of simplest scenes that Mrs. Stowe is most successful. The life and death of the little child-wife Daisy remind us of some of Mrs. Stowe's earliest sketches, which she has never since equalled in quiet grace and pathos.

The chapter on the woman question is more funny than fair, but will be read with great interest on account of certain legal threatenings which resulted from its first publication. Miss Audacia Dangereyes is hardly a caricature; but poor, pretty Mrs. Cerulean is too hard hit; neither does the comparatively secluded Miss Ida represent a type. In fact, the introduction of the subject at all seems a mistake, unless it could have been more dramatically and exhaustively handled.

The faults of this book, considered as a sermon—which it certainly is—are a lack of general applicability and a preponderance of special pleading; it might be added, also, that perhaps guides to matrimony are superfluous.

The faults of the book considered as a romance—which it certainly is not—are a lack of idealization of persons, places, or incidents, and a preponderance of insignificant detail.

The excellences of the book, whether we call it sermon or romance, are those which will always be found in any work from Mrs. Stowe's pen—excellences which are organically inherent in the Beecher Blood—earnestness of aim; opposition to everything which is false or mean or unhealthful; advocacy of all that is true and kindly and beneficial; and the exaltation of home virtue, home comfort, home beauty, home living, as the greatest goods this world can afford.

NEW SERIES OF WONDER-BOOKS.

IT is too often forgotten by parents and teachers, that in education, especially with the young, inspiration outranks instruction. In other words, it is not so much the amount of knowledge imparted in a given time as the intensity of desire for knowledge awakened, that is the true test of primary teaching. As Sir John Lubbock remarked not long ago in Parliament, "It is often better a boy should like his lesson than learn it." The elementary principles of science may be, and frequently are, so presented to young minds as to deaden any disposition they may naturally have to seek an acquaintance with Nature. The requirements of Boards of Education, and the impatience of parents for results that can be measured by the page, constantly compel teachers to sacrifice the spirit of education to the letter of learning,—to treat the child's mind as an empty store-house, not as a nascent power. The knowledge conveyed may be correct. It may be highly valuable. Yet it may none the less have the reverse of an educative effect, for the simple reason that it chills enthusiasm, crushes curiosity, or, what is worse, gives rise to the notion too common among students, that the subject is exhausted when the textbook is committed to memory.

As a corrective of this influence, alight, sketchy, suggestive works like those of the *Wonder Library* (Chas. Scribner & Co.) have a value not at all to be measured by their comprehensiveness or their scientific worth. Written in that vivacious style of which the French alone are masters, and which partially atones for the little service the French have rendered of late

years on the frontiers of science, these works stimulate as well as instruct the unlearned reader. The immense success of the series is an encouraging index of an increasing popular taste for reading that profits while it entertains. The new series of a similar sort, projected by the same publishers, bespeaks even a warmer welcome than that accorded the first, since the translations are to be supplemented by liberal additions having special reference to American contributions to the subjects treated. The bulk of the books will thus be considerably enlarged and their national interest much enhanced. The series begins with *The Wonders of Water*, by Gaston Tissandier, to which the editor, Professor Schele De Vere, has added several illustrations and many pages of text in relation to the waters of this country, as for example the falls and geysers of the Yellowstone, the water-supplies of our principal cities, our mineral springs, and so on. His remarks on the influence of forests on climate and rain-fall, and on the evil effects that follow excessive cutting down of trees, are timely and calculated to do good.

TAINE.

We can do no more than record the republication, on this side of the Atlantic, of the two volumes in which one of the greatest of critics and of historical students has given his estimate of the literature of our mother tongue. (*History of English Literature*, by H. A. Taine. Holt & Williams.) It is impossible, in a mere book-notice, to do justice to the genius which this writer brings to his great work. It is sufficient to say that there can nowhere else be found a survey of English Literature so comprehensive, in the main so accurate, and always so brilliant as is to be found in these two volumes. Already people have begun to discover the wonderful fascination of Taine's style—a fascination from which little seems to be lost by its translation into English, when that translation is intrusted to such careful hands as those of Mr. Van Laun. But nowhere has that fascination been so complete as in this latest and greatest of his works. For the prompt republication of these two volumes in such attractive and elegant form, the enterprising publishers deserve the hearty thanks of all lovers of good reading, of sound criticism, of laborious and faithful historical study. And costly as the enterprise of republication in so good a style must be, the steady and growing popularity of the book ought, without fail, to justify them in their experiment. For the book will certainly be popular. It is not for critics only, nor for students only. It is also for those readers who, if they read at all, must read easily and rapidly, and who need to read what is best worth reading in the readiest form. Far better than any volumes of selections from best authors, and the like, is this continuous narrative, rich with the treasures of the English tongue, vigorous, descriptive, discriminating, always delightful. In no way can one get a keener insight into the English national character as it is to day, than by such a study of the history of the English literature. It is marvelous to see what things have

gone to the making of that character, and through what processes of growth and of reaction its development has taken place. And we, on this side of the water, cannot possibly forget our own hereditary interest in that strange history and in its great results.

CURTIVUS'S GREECE.

The second volume of *The History of Greece*, by Dr. Ernst Curtius, appears from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., with an important improvement over the English copies. Since the translation was made by Professor A. W. Ward, a new edition has appeared in Germany, embodying, in the form of extensive alterations and additions, the result of the author's latest researches. These changes have been incorporated by Professor W. A. Packard, of Princeton College, with the American reprint, and a similar revision will be given to the third volume, which is yet to appear. The work of Dr. Curtius holds a middle place in historical literature. It is the production of an accomplished scholar, who has devoted the greater part of a lifetime to the study of Grecian monuments and literature, and ranks high as an original investigator. It merits, therefore, the respect of the learned; but on the other hand, it is not too elaborate for the general reader. Dr. Curtius has spared us an explanation of the processes by which he has reached his conclusions. He gives only the results, in a rapid and philosophical narrative, which does not fatigue the memory with a superfluity of details, nor distract the attention with unnecessary discussions, though an appendix contains an abundance of notes to satisfy the wants of the most careful student. The second volume opens with a survey of the religious, commercial, literary, and artistic influences which affected the union of the Grecian States, and after a narrative of the conflicts with Persia, the wars of liberation, and the rise of the power of Athens, closes with an admirable account of Grecian culture—lyric and dramatic poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, philosophy, science, industry, and politics—in the time of Pericles.

"THE EARTH."

IN these days of busy scientific speculation, and more or less blind groping after results that are as yet beyond our reach, it is a comfort to lay hold of a book which is content to furnish accurate and abundant scientific information, and to leave the work of conjecture and theory to those whose special duty or delight is in such work. Manifestly such work is not the duty of the people, who have not the time, the training, nor the talent for it. It requires specialists, who ought to give to it their whole ability and endeavor, and who ought to have in it complete and unembarrassed liberty. What most of us have to ask of men of science is that they will give us their results, and, if they choose, the processes by which assured results were reached, but not perplex and bother us with theories which are unestablished, with guesses or probabilities which may after all prove wrong. A scientific fact once demonstrated, almost never causes a panic, either among the

theologians or the populace. But crude and fanciful conjectures, laboriously and solemnly asserted, as if they were established facts—conclusions jumped at by eager and ambitious aspirants for scientific renown—do sometimes, with a certain justice, occasion complaint and distress to quiet and religious folk accustomed to stand fast in the old ways, and reluctant to be jostled and disturbed.

Such a book, most admirable in the vast range of its learning, and in the clearness and condensed force of its statements, has been reprinted by Messrs. Harper & Bros. from the English plates (*The Earth: a Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe*; by Elisée Reclus. Translated from the French and copiously illustrated). It is hard to see how such vivacity and, at times, such poetic felicity of style as this work exhibits could consist with the recital of so vast a multitude of scientific facts and with details of information which might well enough have grown dry and wearisome. But we doubt whether any reader of ordinary intelligence and maturity could fail to find the volume fascinating; and whether in the hands of any thoughtful boys or girls, who like to know about the world they live in, it would not presently come to be the successful rival of the sensational novel or average Sunday-school book. Properly speaking, this volume would not tell them so much about the world they live in, but about the globe they live upon. It is a book of physical geography. It is very far from being a children's book, or a popular book in the frivolous sense; it is a book for students; but it is so fresh and clear in its style and so crammed with wonders, which are not fictitious, but veritable, that it is pre-eminently worthy of a place in a household where there are growing children, who begin to ask questions about "the earth and the world," and who have tendencies which, if rightly directed and encouraged at the outset, may make them students of science when they grow older. It is safe to say that what can be known concerning the structure and history of the globe is better indicated by this volume than by any other one work yet attempted. It is comprehensive enough to claim the title of an encyclopedia of physical geography. It is careful and accurate enough to suffice for all the needs of an ordinary student; and it is entertaining enough to claim a place in a series of wonder-books for the stimulus and delectation of the youthful mind. Some of the chapters on mountains may yet be responsible for the making of adventurous climbers and travelers out of the boys who shall read the fascinating pages.

It is worth while to say a word of especial commendation of the maps and plates by which the book is illustrated. These are very abundant and admirably executed. And altogether the volume is one of those which every household that owns it will be the richer for—a wholesome, useful book, learned without being dreary, scientific without being conceited, and reverential in its spirit without any ostentation of reverence.

"THE LAST TOURNAMENT." *

ALAS, that poets grow old! But they never do. Theirs is the gift of perpetual youth. It is we, their readers, that grow inevitably old. What man is there of us not old enough to have been a part of that world which thronged Albemarle street to buy Byron on publishing mornings, and yet old enough to have watched Tennyson's star nearly all the way up from the horizon to the meridian, but can recall the fury, divine and gentle—fury bred of the delicious wine of youth—with which he used to greet every fresh overflow of balm-dew that dropped upon him from the long pathway of that steep starry culmination, so prosperous and so slow? Locksley Hall! Morte d'Arthur! The Princess! In Memoriam! The Ode! Yes, and Maud too. Idylls of the King! At what price would we not buy back the emotion with which we struck hands together and looked at one another out of eyes dim with enthusiastic tears, in the times foregone, over those gifts from our poet!

Have we any successors? Are there young men now that inherit us? Will the divinity students of '72 hold symposia over *The Last Tournament*? Does Tennyson still furnish reflections of the gods to an ingenuous generation? Or have our youth found out another poet, whom we shall never know, more than our elders knew Tennyson, but whose is the future, and whose the fair young planet, and whose that old world which is the new? We critics have it all our own way for our while in the magazines and reviews. We praise and we blame as we will. But meantime the youth that have yet to win their voice in literature are silently shifting the crown in our despite to other brows. The old order changeth, yielding place to new.

To us that know the hand and prize its work, *The Last Tournament* seems worthy of its authorship. It is not to be judged as a separate poem. So judged, it would not advance the poet's reputation. But judged as an artistic interpolation in the series of idylls that now, perhaps, complete Tennyson's treatment of the Arthurian Legends, it is fit and worthy. The story is not pleasing, for it concerns the decay of that severe and high chastity, which, for a happy moment, had soldered all the goodliest fellowship of famous knights whereof this world holds record. But the exquisite traits of an art that disdains to kindle bad desire, while describing it as if for reproof, go far to redeem the idyll to sincere enjoyment, and do quite redeem it from the ill society of certain lecherous performances, in verse, that have successfully brazed their way into recognized literature.

Tennyson's freedom in his art grows perceptibly. He will never gain freedom from his art. How charming the wanton heed with which he transgresses metric laws for the sake of a higher metric harmony!

"Rushed over a rainy wind, and thro' the wind—"

"The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream."

* *The Last Tournament*; Alfred Tennyson. J. R. Osgood & Co.

"The glory of our Round Table is no more."
 "In blood-red armor sallying, howled to the king."
 "With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts."

The whole effect of this addition to the epic of Arthur is to deepen the impression which one takes from the entire poem of the disintegrating social tendency of crimes against domestic sanctity. In this view it is a tract for the times, and not improbably meant to be such—for Tennyson is eminently a child of his age, and he has always wrought with a conscience and an aim farther and higher than the artist's merely.

"THE DIVINE TRAGEDY."

A VERY different poem, for a very different class of readers, is Mr. Longfellow's *Divine Tragedy*. Mr. Longfellow, too, resumes and supplements a former design in this new work. Pure, sweet, gentle, humane, reverent, catholic in its regard for all religious tastes, *The Divine Tragedy* is withal easy reading enough to be quite sure of a large and appreciative audience among those who, whether through conviction of conscience, or prepossessions of education, or natural bent of sentiment, are lovers of the grand old English Bible. In fact, this poem might almost be regarded as Mr. Longfellow's contribution to that teeming biographical literature which is just now so remarkably evidencing the hold that the Man of Calvary retains on the modern heart of mankind. It is like a dramatization of the life of Jesus the Christ. Its interest is not chiefly poetic, but religious. It is Scriptural, warp and woof. The sacred phrase, polarized with so much association, is religiously preserved. Page after page, the poem is almost pure transfer of Scripture. The molds of rhythm in which we have all of us learned to make the limpid phrases of the Bible flow as we read them, are scarcely disturbed. So much is this the case, that the prose rhythm of the original text seems often, if not generally, to prevail over the rhythm of the verse, and to take up the poet's meter, and lull and lose it in a music of its own. Mr. Longfellow refrains, for the most part, from attempting to throw any new interpretative lights on the Scriptures which he adopts and adapts, contenting himself with the strictly traditional and familiar explanations. In short, there is the least possible reminder to one who reads that he is not reading his Bible.

This, of course, is either the perfection of art, or something else instead, so much more humble as to merit being called a process of skilled mechanical production. But to decide which is a problem not likely to perplex the minds of those who will read and enjoy Mr. Longfellow's poem.

THE COMING RACE.

A VERY remarkable book, which has attracted much attention in England, and has been republished for American readers by Messrs. Francis B. Felt & Co. of this city, is *The Coming Race*. It is said to be from the pen of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, the brilliant author of *Piccadilly*, at one time Member of Parliament for Stirling, in Scotland, and now one of the leading members of a religious society at Brocton, on

the shores of Lake Erie, in this State. *The Coming Race* is an adventure in the field of social speculation after the manner of the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, or the Laputa of Jonathan Swift, and seeks to set before us another world than ours, the result of scientific progress, in which the inhabitants have attained unto the highest reach of knowledge. Perhaps we ought rather to say the lowest reach, for Mr. Oliphant's imaginary beings dwell not in another planet, but down far below the surface of this earth, our *Tellus* of the solar system, where, in sunless seclusion, which is not gloom by reason of gas, they live out their quiet and somewhat uninteresting existence. The discovery of this nether land (in some respects, as, for example; its placid routine and freedom from mad ambitions and desolating wars, not unlike the Netherlands of our own upper globe) is ingeniously contrived. "A native of ———, in the United States of America," visits a coal-mine, no matter where, and, penetrating deeply into its recesses, sees, through a natural chasm underneath, a great realm lighted by gas-lamps, from which he catches at intervals the hum of human voices. He determines to explore this wonderful region, and the next day, accompanied by a friend, returns, with ropes and grappling-hooks of sufficient length and strength to enable them to descend to it. The Columbus of the new realm gets down in safety, but his companion falls by the breaking of the rope, and is immediately gobbled up by a Saurian. Flying from this monster in terror, our hero comes ere long upon a native of the under-world, tall, winged, and with a face of sculptured beauty, like the calm, intellectual aspect of the Sphinx. By this benevolent being, who speaks a language he cannot understand, the stranger is led, through fields covered with a lead-colored vegetation, irradiated by gas-light, into a weird city of fantastic architecture, and little by little learns the whole economy of the sphere around him. The *primum mobile* is a force called *Vril*, or electricity in its most powerful manifestation, by the exercise of which on the part of the humblest citizen, the most tremendous results may be instantly attained. As a hostile army might be utterly annihilated as by a flash of lightning with *Vril*, wars had ceased among the communities inhabiting this lower country, and crime had wholly disappeared. There were no armies, no police organizations, no lawyers—all was peace. Only one want was felt—light, and the Head Gas-lighter was one of the most important personages in the State. Work was performed by automata, sickness was unknown. The burning heats that we feel on the surface of the earth, the fearful tempests that sweep across our seas and continents, affected not the *Vril-ys*, as these people were called, in their quiet land. Life was a *dolce far niente*, literally a sweet do-nothing.

Our hero was not long in the realm of *Vril*, however, before he became aware of the fact that he might at any moment be offered up as a sacrifice to the peculiar views of the inhabitants on the subject of food. Vegetarians themselves, they discarded a flesh diet as har-

barous, and devoted all carnivorous animals to destruction. The stranger's molars would have been conclusive against him, but for the willingness of the Council of Sages to take him on probation, as one who might possibly conform to their own usage. Escaping this peril he falls into another. The women of "The Coming Race," it should be explained, are wiser, stronger, larger than the men, and do all the love-making. Two of them fall in love with him, and as marriage with either would be impossible, he is condemned to die. But the higher nature of the two, despairing of a requital of her passion, magnanimously cleaves a passage for him through the rocks to the upper air, and thus he safely returns to the United States after three years of gas-lighted and graminivorous experience among the *Vril-ya*. Such in rapid outline is the story and manner of construction of *The Coming Race*. It has wonderful verisimilitude in the narration of its wildest improbabilities, recalling the style of De Foe; and the satire of treating our latest moral and political expedients as antiquated contrivances in government and society is very happy and effective. There is an apparent confidence in the author that electricity will yet work greater wonders than are dreamt of in our natural philosophy, but evidently he does not believe in any moral force stronger than woman's love, which manifests its unselfish devotion and asserts its inalienable rights even in that serene subterranean realm from which the distracting cares and morbid excitements of the upper world are forever excluded.

IS THE SOUL MORTAL?

A CURIOUS illustration of the revival of old ideas in modern literature is afforded in a work, which is the authoritative exponent of the new school of Annihilationists—a school so old that it is new, for it is a thousand years and more since it once before claimed audience from the Christian world. This book, on *The Duration and Nature of Future Punishment*, is by the English Prebendary of Cork, Henry Constable, A.M.; it has lately been reprinted here,—edited, and somewhat condensed and otherwise modified,—by C. C. Chatfield & Co., of New Haven, a Yale professor introducing and indorsing it. Mr. Constable, Professor Ives, and their school would have Christians believe that immortality is their heritage alone, basing their argument upon their conception of the Divine justice, and upon their literal interpretation of the "second death" prophesied in revelation. This doctrine, it is claimed, was held by the earliest Fathers in the purest age of the Church, and names of such venerable weight as those of Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and Clement of Alexandria are adduced in the list of its upholders. Whether they taught this will be quite as much a matter of dispute as whether it is taught directly in the Bible. The Annihilationists claim both, and further, that the Platonic dogma of the immortality of the soul was the very "philosophy" against which Paul warned the early Christians.

But Plato and his followers are not alone in this be-

lief, and indeed, the denial of the soul's essential immortality shakes faith in the whole province of "intuitive" conceptions, upon which all our philosophy, all our thoughts, we may almost say all our faith, are built. For that the spirit shall never die has been, in some shape or another, the belief of the most savage as well as of the most cultivated races. "What God has given, God can take," is a plausible cry of the Annihilationists; but this dictum is only to be relegated to the realms of the Unknowable, and it is safe to trust to the faith He has implanted in us—that the soul, in whatever state, lives forever. Christianity is founded upon both natural and revealed religion; if we thus give the lie to the natural, how long will it be ere we doubt the revealed.

The weakness of the Biblical reasoning of this school is that it proves too much; they insist upon the virtual rendering of figurative expressions, and are far too ingenious in evading several passages which on this plan of interpretation tell against them. As, for instance, the phrase "everlasting burnings"! But their explanation of the Divine justice of annihilation, if Mr. Constable be not disowned by the school for his bad logic, is alone sufficient to cast suspicion upon all their argument. Death, they say, is universally recognized as the most awful of punishments, and the more awful is it as more of life is to be taken away. Thus he who dies first, losing most of the future, is the worst punished. And immediately following this is the declaration that the ignorant, and therefore (it is said) so far blameless, heathen are to be put to death of the spirit before the Judgment of the good and bad who have known the light! There are few writers so content to furnish refutation in the same page with fallacy.

This doctrine of the annihilation of the souls of the wicked would indeed seem to be alike contradictory of natural religion, the common faith of men, and of the Bible as God has permitted it to be understood by those wisest of many generations, and by many generations of Christians. There is as yet no show of evidence sufficient to offset this verdict of the world and the ages.

THE "ONE GREAT FORCE."

ALL that the ancient philosopher asked was a place to rest his lever and he would move the world. All that a good many would-be modern philosophers ask is something that will be everything and do everything, and they will explain the universe off-hand. One can do it with "electricity;" not the electricity that other men recognize, but a miraculous sort of electricity that will answer every requisition that may be laid upon it. Another can account for all things by "gravitation," provided you allow gravitation to be sufficiently protean in character. Another asks nothing but "heat;" which, however, is not the limited factor that others know, but something that is at will all the forces, all the modes of motion, everything known or unknown, conceivable or inconceivable, that the universe affords. Mr. Crisfield Johnson

thinks he holds the key of creation in *caloric*, by which he means not only all that was understood by "caloric" before that once honored term was laid away in oblivion with the other names of nonentities gone out of fashion, but everything else. His caloric is a subtle, eternal, omnipresent, self-repellent fluid, the "cause of gravitative planetary motion, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and other natural phenomena," as he modestly asserts on the title-page of his *One Great Force* (Buffalo: Breed and Lent).

To men of ordinary genius, the impossibility of proving the existence of such a universal motor grievously interferes with their easy progress; but to men like Mr. Johnson such a difficulty never occurs. The fact that they cannot explain things without it, is proof enough that it *must* exist. That settled, all is plain sailing. When an otherwise unaccountable phenomenon turns up, all they have to say is, "Nothing but—jigger-jigger—can do that!" or, "If jigger-jigger cannot account for that, *what can?*" and the rash objector is confounded by his own ignorance. Unfortunately, however, such philosophers can rarely content themselves with this achievement. They must undertake to tell how jigger-jigger acts, and then they are outrageously funny. They will go on, page after page, contradicting themselves and every other phenomenon of nature with a serenity that is all but sublime. Mr. Johnson's effort is an admirable type of productions of this class of self-elected reformers, who think they can set Newton, and Faraday, and Tyndall, and all the other scientists to rights without first mastering the rudiments of science.

"SCHOOL-HOUSES."

ALFRED WALLACE asserts that many of the lower orders of creation exhibit individually as much independence in the construction of houses as man does in his: that men go on from generation to generation copying inherited models as blindly as birds and beavers. If he had ever traveled in this country, the naturalist would probably have cited in proof of this observation the progress of the primitive Yankee school-house across the continent. The bees that lead civilization westward are not more conservative in their building instincts than the carpenters that follow. Everywhere from Maine to Minnesota the traveler will find at road-crossings the same nondescript structures too small for barns, too ill-proportioned for dwellings, too much neglected and desolate for out-lying farm buildings, indeed "too repulsive in all respects and exhibiting too many marks of parsimony to be anything but"—school-houses.

Public architecture—barring always the new court-house—is not our stronghold; nor is it likely to be, so long as the first impressions of the building art are gained, as a rule, from public structures so wretchedly unartistic as the average school-house. However just may be our national pride in our common schools, the housing of them redounds very little to our credit; as many of us became painfully aware four years ago at the Paris Exposition. A grand idea was prob-

ably never more pitifully represented than when an ugly little wooden school-house was sent all the way from the interior of Illinois to the Champs de Mars, to show the assembled world our high regard for popular education. A Webster's spelling-book would have been as felicitous a representative of the results of national culture. Yet, bad as it was, the sample—to use a commercial figure—was far too good to represent fairly the character of the stock. It was new and clean; and happily it was impossible to transport the forlorn and unsightly surroundings of the average school.

The sound advice which Mr. Johonnot gives in his handsome work on school architecture (*School Houses*: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.) touching the structure, furnishing, situation, and adornment of school buildings, will go far, it is to be hoped, to make it possible for us to send a typical school-house to some future Exposition without being so roundly and so deservedly laughed at. His book should be in the hands of every school committee, not because it is precisely what it should be, but because it is the only work that attempts to give the instruction on this subject so sadly needed by school officers the country over. If committee-men and carpenters will take care to follow the author's suggestions, and equal care to shun the curiously ugly designs that Mr. Hewes has invented to illustrate the work (in imitation of "examples in false syntax" given in grammars, we suppose), a blessed reformation may be inaugurated in the external features of our country schools. The chapters on lighting, heating, and ventilating school-rooms are calculated to do much good. Mr. Johonnot adopts the principles of ventilation enforced by Mr. Lewis W. Leeds, and copies several of his admirable colored illustrations of the movements of hot and cold currents. The sensible chapter on out-buildings is especially praiseworthy.

"HOW TO DO IT."

IN telling the young folks *How to Do it* (J. R. Osgood & Co.), Mr. Hale has gone over a worn-out field, and made it blossom like a clover lot. He has a happy knack at giving sound advice in palatable doses; and by introducing his exemplars in the guise of natural boys and girls, he gives a dramatic point and force to his instructions that cannot fail to charm as well as instruct the young reader. In sixteen spicy chapters the conduct of juvenile life,—how to live, how to talk, how to read and write, how to go into society, how to travel, how to behave at home, at school, in church,—everything, in fact, that civilized boys and girls are expected to do, is reviewed and illustrated in a style as sensible as it is breezy and delightful. The chapter on going into society is especially admirable. The sunshine of Christianity is Mr. Hale's social motive power, and the four rules of his philosophy are, to look up and not down, forward and not backward, out and not in, and to lend a hand. The application of these rules to juvenile life forms, in a double sense, a good part of the book.



MATINEE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.